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The Nativity: from an early Block-book.

[See p. 373.]



The Bookworm.

AN ILLUSTRATED TREASURY
OF
OLD-TIME LITERATURE.



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London :
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1889.



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Some "Bookstalling" Reminiscences.

IT is not so easy as it may seem to draw a hard and fast line as to where one's reminiscences ought to begin. My own date back to peculiar and not very favourable advantages. When quite a youth, circumstances carried me into a six-months' residence in a Norfolk village, which had but one shop, which sold everything in a general way, and transacted the duties connected with Post-office work. A few miles off was Sandringham, and I came upon my first bookstall—in a neighbouring village—one evening after a botanizing tramp, and this stall was to me a perfect oasis. I could not have been more delighted had I discovered a new habitat for a rare plant. The shop was a second-hand dealer's, who acquired the books as so much lumber, and who, of course, knew absolutely nothing as to their commercial value. I bought several volumes from him from time to time, and of these I distinctly remember giving two to a certain club when living at Oxford.

Next to London, perhaps Oxford is as delightful a place for book-hunting as there is in England, but its "boxes" ranging from fourpence upwards, and the shops to which these boxes are attached, are of a "superior" order, and the character of the books too classic or abstruse for me. So far as the genuine old bookstall is concerned there was not, in my time, a vestige in the city. Oxford therefore will be somewhat of a disappointment to the bookstaller; the University booksellers discard everything possible in the way of ragged and ill-favoured books.

London is far and away the bookstaller's paradise, the happy hunting-grounds of the genuine book-collector. He may roam for weeks at a time, and yet always come across a fresh haunt, a strange barrow, or some new second-hand shops. East, west, north, and south, there are stalls to be met with and explored.

Bookstall proprietors, or, more colloquially, costers, are of very various characteristics and temperaments. So far as my observations go, no two are alike. As in everything else, one cannot help contracting likes and dislikes for different booksellers. Generally speaking, I get on very well with the majority, but I am sufficiently flattered to know that several regard my humble personage with no ill-concealed looks of hostility. In most cases these men have drifted into bookstall keeping through circumstances rather than choice. Few of them are quite ignorant, and many are intelligent men. Some are communicative and full of bookish anecdotes, whilst others are both sullen and reserved.

One of my old bookstall friends, F——, is a superannuated solicitor's clerk, who at one time held a very good position, but whose "come down" in the world is attributable to the loss of an eye. The old fellow is the most courteous of his fraternity. His actual knowledge of books is very small indeed, but in the reading of human nature he is not at all behindhand. Indeed, he "adds up" many of his customers in a very rapid and judicial fashion; and speaks proudly of having been patronized by George Augustus Sala and other leading literary lights. With a grim sort of irony he relates an episode, which it is to be hoped may come "home" again:—

A lady, with whom there were two or three children, after waiting about on the pavement, at length became suddenly interested in the contents of F——'s stall. Several pretty picture-books attracted the attention of the children, and they were clamorous to possess them. F——, in the politest manner possible, offered the books at her own price. The reply was emphatically one of those things which one would have rather left unsaid:—

"Aw, no, thanks. We are only looking over the books to kill time!"

"Much obliged to you, 'ma'am," was the prompt reply, "for your kindness and consideration!"

Old F—— secured a good and generous customer in quite an unexpected manner. A frequent visitor to his stall was a very elderly gentleman who, like so many other book-hunters, will, in a manner of speaking, trample under feet anything in the way of books foreign to his particular hobby. This gentleman had more than once irritated F—— by the contemptuous manner in which he would fling on one side anything that did not come up to his expectations. But at last some little legal pamphlet attracted his attention for a moment, and F—— made a casual observation

respecting it which at once proclaimed a certain amount of experience with the law. The old gentleman was surprised, and not only talked "shop" for quite an hour, but purchased the book for double the price asked.

Booksellers have usually a very small opinion of their own fraternity, and it is quite exhilarating to listen to the zest with which they describe the manner in which a rival has been "taken in." A rare book in Clare Market is not worth a quarter of the money at which it is priced in such places as Piccadilly, for example; the rarities are often snatched up from the barrows and shops in out-of-the-way neighbourhoods by men who act somewhat in the manner of recruiting sergeants, and are then sold at a considerable percentage to the higher-class tradesmen, who generally know where to "place" the books. A bookselling friend grimly relates an instance in which one of his very clever and infallible high-class neighbours was sold over a rare little English classic. One of these "recruiters" called upon my friend, and offered the book at a very moderate figure. It was examined carefully, and he detected a flaw which on closer inspection revealed the fact that the title-page was an almost exact facsimile, ingeniously inserted, of that of the first and rarest issue, and that the book in all other respects was a subsequent edition, of no particular value. He simply declined it without giving any specific reason, and, anxious to test the much-vaunted knowledge in early editions of his rival, recommended the vendor to offer it to So-and-so, who would in all probability purchase it. The suggestion was acted upon; the specialist in early editions jumped at the offer, and willingly parted with fifteen shillings for the counterfeit. The treasure was marked up in the next catalogue at between three and four pounds, and its appearance in the market was quite an event, until some industrious bibliographer exposed the sham. Squeamish people will of course deprecate my friend's clever bit of work, and perhaps on the whole it was not the correct thing to do; but let the reader become a bookseller, and if he manages to put up with the "bounce" of his more wealthy brethren without giving a *quid pro quo* when he has an opportunity, all I can say is that human nature is not so weak as is generally thought.

There are several books which are as certain to be met with on the stalls and in the boxes as the tax-collector in every-day life, and equally as obnoxious. "The Death of Abel," "Paul and Virginia," Young's "Night Thoughts" and Zimmerman's "Solitude," will be found on every barrow, in all sorts of conditions. There is no greater fraud imaginable than to make a sudden dive

after a promising volume only to find it to be one of these stupid books, or, what is even worse, an effete royal road to French or an easy introduction to arithmetic. There is, in fact, scarcely any word in the English language which fully indicates one's disgust under such trying circumstances.

Nothing proves more conclusively the hollowness of all things earthly than to tramp several miles after a book which you distinctly remember to have seen in a certain shop, only to find that it is gone, or that it is not the work you thought. Such things are of frequent occurrence in the book-hunter's daily life, so that the more philosophic he is the better it is for his temper and equanimity. If he does not return with the book he went after, the chances are ten to one that he will have something else. Then, again, there is the fine old plea as to the physical value of a long walk to fall back upon, and to which of course no one could dissent! As one who has had pretty many of these wild-goose chases in times gone by, I cannot but admit, in common honesty, that the utilitarian plea about the walk is a very unsatisfactory one, especially when that "walk" is taken in a two-penny 'bus. But even a wild-goose chase, and a return home empty-handed, are not nearly such hard lines as to purchase at a stiff figure a book of which, unknown to yourself, you have a copy already, or which turns out to be something quite different to what you imagined at first sight. No one would confound a reprint with an original issue: it is the minor points between a first or second or third impression that puzzle one so greatly all of a sudden, and induce him to purchase for fear of losing a good thing. For my own part, and as my peregrinations have been confined to stalls and small shops, I have never experienced much difficulty in this respect. I do not believe in giving several shillings for a thing which in all probability will turn out a "frost." When offered anything in my own special "hobbies," therefore, that appear new or respecting which I may have doubts, the vendor is usually only too pleased to reserve the book or books for a day or two, pending inquiries. Even bookstall-keepers will do this for regular customers.

Booksellers are not unpleasantly particular about telling the truth, especially when there is a doubt which may serve as a sort of loophole. A very decent specimen of the fraternity once persuaded a friend of mine into purchasing a copy of the *Times* Summaries, urging that it was a very scarce and desirable little volume, and that it was daily becoming rarer in the market. The price given was, I think, eighteenpence; and it was not until I had shown him half a dozen copies in different parts of London, varying from twopence to

sixpence in price, that my friend admitted that he had been taken in. The reprint was duly carried back with a storm of abusive epithets for the bookseller, who, however, no sooner saw how matters stood than he offered to effect an exchange.

It takes quite a long time to tell which bookseller is open to accept a "small reduction." Some merely object to do anything of the sort; others, not content with simply doing this, will abuse and become personal and aggressive. But even this would not be quite so bad did it not sometimes happen that the bookseller will flatly refuse to part with the particular volume at any price. And not even a premium will effect the transfer,—which is, of course, very hard upon the bookhunter. I once detected a book which I was very anxious to get, but the old bookstaller, knowing either its value or divining my anxiety to get it, asked more than I considered it to be worth. He was more than usually short-tempered—perhaps his corns or the rheumatics troubled him: at all events my offer was scornfully rejected, and the book thrown into one of the boxes beneath his stall, which was a hint plain enough. "That day we talked no more." To be candid, I was at the time rather short in the commodity which Mr. Richard Swiveller would term "the ready"—an inconvenience from which many book-collectors suffer. However, I went around the following afternoon, and was rejoiced to see the book still unsold: with heroic humbleness I paid the original demand and carried the volume home. It—a second edition of the "Dunciad"—is still among my *Popiana*, and a beautifully "tall" copy it is, too. As a rule, booksellers are "open to offers," and few object to a slight reduction. It is not wise, when trying to reduce the figure, to state that So-and-so has a copy for a shilling or more less; for it is highly probable that the bookseller will laconically advise his informant to go and get it.

It is astonishing how large and excellent a collection of books may be formed in the course of a few years' wanderings in the highways and byways of London, and of the comparative insignificance of the cost. I know of two or three hard-working and intelligent mechanics, each of whom has a library of several hundred volumes, collected in the evenings and at the sacrifice of luxuries such as beer and tobacco.

On the whole, there is no more delightful or profitable a pastime than bookstalling, with its intellectual associations, its healthy and stimulating objects, and the enduring lessons which its manifold subjects teach us.

A BOOKHUNTER.

De Foe and Dunton.

DE FOE'S "The Shortest Way" probably occasioned Dunton's "A Satyr upon King William, being the secret history of his Life and Reign. Written by a Gentleman that was near his Person for many years. The second ed. Lond., printed in the year 1703. 8vo, pp. 84." In this work the writer runs through the principal events in Dutch William's life, both before and after he came to England. He also takes a review of the leading points in his character; but his language savours more of panegyric than satire.—Wilson's "*De Foe*" (ii. 98).

"On a Stupid Bookseller."

HARRISON the bookseller wrote and published in *The Lady's Pocket Magazine* of July, 1795, the following "epigram" on a very inferior member of the fraternity, Alexander Hogg by name, to whom John Britton alludes in his "Autobiography":

"Thou Beast! amid the sons of WISDOM plac'd,
Who, times of old, as well as modern, grac'd,
Could'st thou not catch a portion of their fire?
Roll not thine eye upon their works each day,
And canst thou, from them, nothing bear away,
To lift thy HOG-like soul above the *mire*?"

Lines for the Beginning of a Book.

1.

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

2.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store;
But books I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

3.

Read slowly, pause frequently,
Think seriously, return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down.



A Monopolizing Genius.

THE eighth volume of the *Edinburgh Review* contains a very noteworthy article, occasioned by "An Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland, and the English Lakes; with Recollections, Descriptions, and References to Historical Facts, 8vo, pp. 290. Mawman, London, 1805." This, exclaims the reviewer, "is past all enduring. Here is a tour, *travelled, written, published, sold,* and, for anything we know, *reviewed* by one and the same individual! We cannot submit patiently to this monstrous monopoly: and we are impelled, by a fellow-feeling for those industrious persons, whose livings and multiplied functions have been engrossed by this arch-pluralist, to remonstrate somewhat loudly against such a dangerous innovation. A cotton-mill, which rolls, cards, and spins at the same instant, is a machine less dreadful to the insulated industry of individuals than an author and a traveller like Mr. Mawman. . . . It may be suggested, indeed, that this dangerous example is not very likely to be followed, as few booksellers can be supposed equal to the extraordinary exertions of the individual before us. This is probably true; but when one house happens to possess a long list of partners, they may, by distributing the different departments among themselves, accomplish, as a corporation, what Mr. Mawman, by superior prowess, has achieved in his own person. They may have their travelling partner, their writing partner, and their reviewing partner. . . . When booksellers become authors, 'the occupation' of the latter class 'is gone,' and indeed, we think it but a duty to say, that if the experience should be persisted in, we cannot answer for the personal safety of those who, by depriving them of bread, let loose a host of journey-men writers, in whom the fury of hunger is superadded to the 'fine frenzy' of inspirations. Mr. Mawman should remember the perils which attend the monopolist." With exquisite irony, the reviewer winds up with a hope that Mr. Mawman will vacate the author's chair, and that he will not "take the bread out of the mouths of his authors, nor ruin the mystery of book-making, by combining it with a much more lucrative occupation."



French Bookbinding.

THE French act up to the motto, “un livre est un ami qui ne change jamais,” and it is a well-known fact that they give their best books very handsome and appropriate coverings. Mr. Wheatley points out that Grolier, the founder of the French school of ornamental binding, drew his inspiration from Italy. Variety is a leading characteristic of Grolier’s work, for, whilst some specimens are severely geometrical, others are of a more architectural type, and others again exhibit freer forms as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. That bookbinding should be extremely popular in France is accounted for by the fact that most French sovereigns have been great patrons of this art. English kings have not particularly distinguished themselves, either as patrons of books or of bookbindings.

The eminent historian, De Thou, stands next to Grolier as a patron of the art of bookbinding. “He had a magnificent library of choice books, beautiful in themselves, from being the finest procurable copies even before he bound them. The most usual style of binding adopted by De Thou consisted of a plain side with his arms in the centre, and his monogram repeated down the back. When he was a bachelor he bound all his books in pure white vellum ; after his marriage he adopted sheep-skin (usually, however, styled morocco) ; and lastly, he largely used light-brown calf (*veau fauve*), as well as different coloured morocco. When he married his first wife, Marie de Barbançon Cany, in 1587, he added her arms to his own on the side of the books ; and the arms of his second wife were also included in the design of those bound after her marriage to him. De Thou left his library to his son by the second wife, with strict injunction that it should not be disposed of. This son continued the library, and bound his books in the same style as his father did. On his death, in 1677, it was decided that the library

should be sold by public auction, and a catalogue was published. The President de Menars purchased the whole library, with the exception of books in the first two days' sale, which were dispersed before he knew they were to be sold. Some of these, however, he afterwards succeeded in buying back. Although most of De Thou's bindings were plain, he sometimes adopted an ornate style," as the

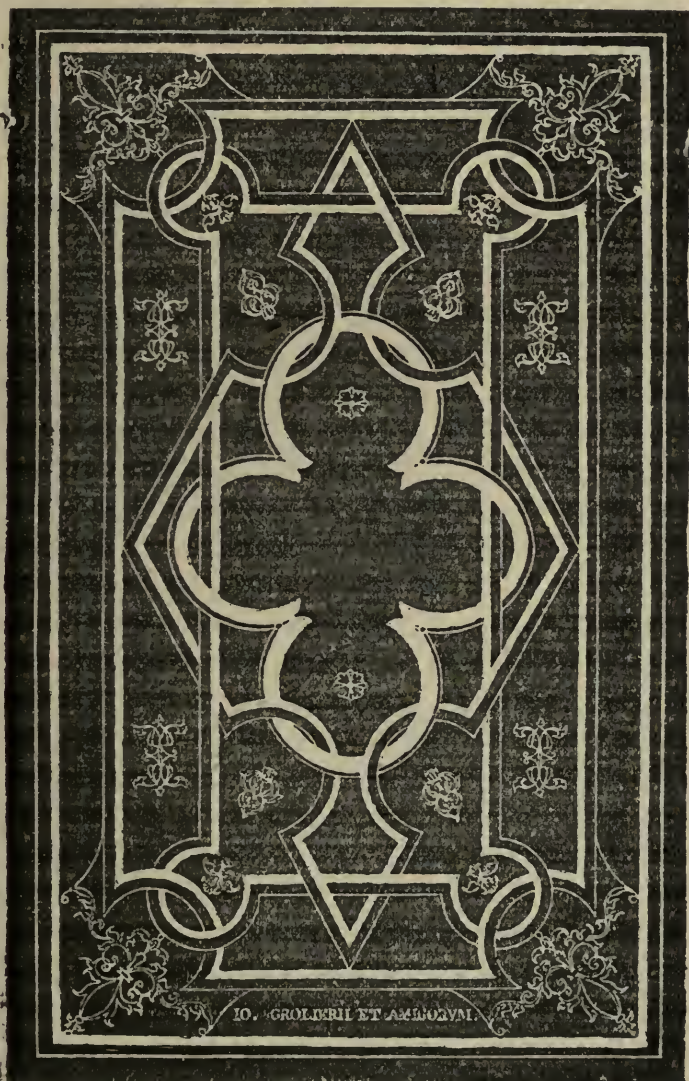


illustration on page 10 shows. One of the most interesting and exhaustive books on French bookbinding was published by M.M. Marius Michel, "*La Reliure Française, depuis l'invention de l'imprimerie jusqu'à la fin du XVIII^e. siècle.*" It contains "one of the finest specimens of ornate bookbinding ever produced. The graceful union of a variety of designs, some rigid and others flowing,

positively baffles description. The arms of De Thou and his first wife, in the centre of the side, give a character to the whole design." The history of the various styles are very carefully and exhaustively dealt with in this book, which contains twenty plates, in heliograuvre, of the more sumptuous examples which have been produced by French



artists. There were, it seems, fourteen binders who bore the name of De Rome, and thirteen of the family of Padeloup. The names of Nicholas and Clovis Eve, and Le Gascon, are also eminent among the fraternity, whilst such men as Anguerram, Bradel, Boyer, Dusseuil, Duboisson, and Le Monnier, are distinguished in this particular branch of bookmaking.

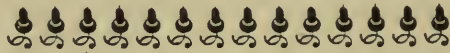


Books at Funerals.

THAT quaintest of all periodicals, the *Athenian Gazette* of John Dunton, contained some very extraordinary questions, and some equally remarkable answers. A number of them are interesting and valuable, inasmuch as they in a great measure indicate the bent of the thoughts of our ancestors in and about the last decade of the seventeenth century. One of the questions is as follows :—"I have heard that several good men have ordered books to be given away after their decease.—Query, Whether books are not more proper to be given at funerals than bisquets, gloves, rings, &c.?"

The versatile Mr. Dunton, or one of his "literary" coadjutors, replies at length in the following words: "We vehemently suspect this query is sent in by some bookseller or other, who has either a great many books fit for such a business, or is about to print one that is designed to that end. And the mischief is we can't here oblige the bookseller, but we must at the same time draw upon us the displeasure of the confectioners, glovers, by intrenching on their profits.—But to silence them, we assure 'em before-hand, the project is ne'er like to take as long as persons value their hands and palats, more than their brains; which the generality of mankind are likely to do as long as bisquets are eaten or rings are worn.—Now we have done with them let's to the booksellers, whose question we answer in the affirmative: For undoubtedly a book would be a far more convenient, more durable, and more valuable a present than what are generally given, as much exceeding them as the soul does the body; and besides, will much better and more profitably preserve the memory of a deceased friend; if good, teaching how to follow him; if bad, to avoid his example, that they may escape his end. And the truths contained therein, we should think, would make a more lasting impression even than a sermon itself, much more than a dull Deaths'-Head, for having always before our eyes

the idea of those for whom 'twas given, they'll still, as it were, preach for the dead unto us. But after all, this depends very much on the choice of the book, and that lies between the executors, booksellers and authors."



Trade Sales.

TRADE sales were at one time no unimportant features in the annals of bookselling, and although the practice is to some extent still kept up, its decline has been gradual and sure. These sales were periodically held, and after a surplus catalogue of books had been handed around to the minor lights of the trade, invitations were issued to them to meet the bookseller and his auctioneer at a particular tavern at a stated time. After dinner, the various lots, which for the most part were comprised of recently published works, were disposed of. A larger edition was oftentimes printed purely with the idea of getting rid of the greater part through the trade sales. Britton states: "Mr. Walker, I believe, was amongst the first trade auctioneers, and was followed by Mr. Saunders, a prompt, off-hand man, whose language and peculiarity of manners are humourously burlesqued in 'Chalcographiomania.' The celebrated William Hue was for a short time auctioneer to the trade, but was irregular in his accounts, whence arose many embarrassments in after life. Two large stock-holders of books have since become their own salesmen on these occasions. . . . The late Thomas Tegg, of the Poultry, when I first knew him, kept a small shop in St. John's Street, for pamphlets, songs, &c.. Thence he removed to Cheapside, where he accumulated a large stock of books, and established an evening auction. He afterwards took the old Mansion-house in the Poultry, and progressively published numerous books. Having settled one of his sons in Australia, he thereby obtained a channel for the sale of large editions of cheap books, and deemed it expedient to adopt the practice of some of the great publishing firms, by making up an annual sale, and acting as auctioneer. My friend, Mr. H. G. Bohn, has followed the same track, and has astonished the Metropolitan traders in literature by the stock brought forward, the rapidity of despatch, and the novelties he has introduced into this branch of London business." The Horn Tavern in Doctors' Commons was the usual scene of trade sales at the close of the last century.



The "Craftsman" and its Contributors.

THE newspapers of the first half of the eighteenth century possess great attractions to all interested in English journalism. The conditions under which they were carried on, the dangers which on every side awaited the printer, publisher, and editor, and the audacious personality of the criticism, have scarcely any parallel.

The origin of *The Craftsman*, like that of so many other papers, is distinctly traceable to the animosity of a whilom political adherent. Nicholas Amhurst, or, to give him his journalistic *nom-de-plume*, "Caleb Danvers, of Gray's Inn, Esq.," was a disappointed Whig. He was assisted by Pulteney, a minister who had seceded from Walpole, and Bolingbroke, an unscrupulous and selfishly ambitious politician, who, having just returned from an eight years' exile in France—with an accentuated hatred towards the Whigs—was only too glad to associate himself with any party who could harass and worry the administration. When Sir Robert Walpole found it beyond his powers to suppress the press, he did the next best thing, namely, he "bought up" nearly all the journalists of ability, and life to the small minority who were not purchasable could be easily made unpleasant. Political writers of every grade were intimately acquainted with the various phases of punishment, and the wail of one or of a dozen would be as silent as a whistle in a whirlwind. The independent or more distinctly opposition papers were generally too feeble and impotent to do Sir Robert Walpole any harm. It is only the persistent and the categorical criticism which tells; the incoherent abuse of hungry libellers only defeats its own end.

Political corruption had reached its very lowest ebb when the trio decided upon starting *The Craftsman*, which appeared for the first time on Monday, December 5, 1726. No copy of either the first or the second numbers in their original condition is in the British

Museum, although the deficiency is made up by extracts from the duodecimo edition. After the dedication "to the People of England," which, with the bookseller's notice, runs to twenty-eight pages, comes a reprint of a number of *The Country Journal*, which, it would appear, preceded *The Craftsman*, and is dated July 15, 1726; but we have no means of ascertaining the dates of its first and last numbers, assuming that it had a separate existence. The *raison d'être* of *The Craftsman* is exhaustively told in the long dedication, which is singularly well-written and incisive. "We have," the writer remarks, "constantly proportioned our zeal to the nature of the occasion, and steadily pursued the great end which we proposed to ourselves at first, without turning either to the right hand or to the left. We have neither suffered ourselves to be awed by menaces, intimidated by frequent and expensive prosecutions, nor softened by applications of another kind. We have spared no pains, we have started at no difficulties, and avoided no dangers, with which the prosecution of this work hath been attended." The editor admits that he passed under the denomination of Whigs, but the leaders of the party had forsaken their principles, and he could no longer consent to act in unison with them.

The Craftsman made a decided hit, and its success was phenomenal, from ten to twelve thousand copies of an issue being sold. It appeared every Monday and Friday, and was "undertaken" by J. Smith, whose shop was near the Royal Exchange, whilst letters, post-paid to Caleb Danvers, Esq., at Ballard's coffee-house in Albermarle Street, would be taken in. It consisted of a single leaf, and was printed in very clear type on both sides, each consisting of a single column. The quality of paper and general turn-out were exceptionally good for the time; in fact *The Craftsman* and *The Daily Courant* were the only two newspapers of the period which are praiseworthy from a technical point of view. In the first issue of *The Bee* (February, 1753), Budgell, in his short account of the "Public Papers," observes:—"Among our present political writers, we think ourselves obliged to give *The Craftsman* the first place: the several prosecutions he has undergone, and the great number of writers who have made it their chief employment to answer him, seem to give him an undoubted right to this post. This paper is well wrote," &c.

After the first few numbers (we are unable to give the exact number, as a portion of the British Museum file is "at the binder's") some alterations were effected in *The Craftsman*. It was enlarged to four pages, each containing three columns; it was taken over by R. Francklin, of Russel Street, Covent Garden, and its title

changed to *The Country Journal, or the Craftsman*, which name it retained to the end of its career, although it was invariably known and referred to as *The Craftsman*. It was more after the style of the newspaper of to-day than any of its rivals, inasmuch as it confined itself neither to essays, politics, nor news. It quickly got into trouble. Walpole found that it was not to be "bought," and difficult to suppress. The sixteenth number contained "The First Vision of Camalick," by Bolingbroke, an allegory which could not be misconstrued. The man represented as scattering money broadcast, and whose power, as soon as the purse is exhausted, at once expired, when all was again bright and prosperous, so clearly pointed to Walpole that a prosecution was at once entered upon. The eighteenth issue was published "after the suspension of *The Craftsman* for about a week, occasioned by the taking up of Mr. Amhurst, Mr. Francklin, and other persons supposed to be concerned in it." In No. 31, in the course of a personal defence, a running attack was made upon the Ministry, and again Francklin was taken into custody. The first prosecution in Westminster Hall was grounded upon this issue, but by a flaw in some of the forms of procedure it came to nothing. In the second or third week in January, 1730-1, Francklin again suffered a short term of imprisonment. "What might be very innocent in another place," grimly observes Amhurst in No. 620, "would certainly be a libel in *The Craftsman*."

But perhaps the most important point in connection with this paper is the material which Bolingbroke contributed to it. Very few people, probably, are aware that it was the vehicle in which the "Remarks on the History of England," by Humphrey Oldcastle, and the "Dissertation on Parties," were first given to the public. The former commenced in the number (218) for September 5, 1730, and concluded on May 22, 1731 (No. 255), after which the *nom-de-plume* of Humphrey Oldcastle does not again appear, except, in one solitary instance, as the object of some verses by an admirer. Bolingbroke's second and best known work began in the number for October 27, 1733, and concluded on December 28, 1734. The "dedication" to Sir Robert Walpole appears as an appendix to vol. xiii. of the 12mo reprint of *The Craftsman*.

Following the method inaugurated by *The Spectator*, Amhurst in his reprints indicates to some extent the authors of the various papers which appear in the fourteen volumes. But, so far as we are aware, he gives no key to the initials. There can be no doubt that those marked "O.," are by Bolingbroke; his "History" and his "Dissertation" are thus distinguished, as are the majority of papers which he

wrote under the various names of "John Trot," "Philo Athens," and "Charles Freeport." The issue of January 4, 1728-9, is a double number, and contains a political letter of fourteen columns, from the pen of John Trot, whose signature first appeared in the number for December 21, 1728. "Charles Freeport's" articles appeared up to the end of 1738.

The initials "C.," "D. C.," "C. D.," and "D.," besides those signed "Caleb Danvers" in full, are attached to papers evidently written by Amhurst himself. There is nothing to indicate the work of Pulteney, who was, however, a frequent contributor. Various circumstances incline us to think that those initialled "R." are by him; they are not often political, but generally on some social or critical subject, and occasionally poetical.

The compiler of the Catalogue of the Hope Collection of Early Newspapers makes an absurd blunder when he states that "*The Craftsman*, ending with No. DXI., was printed collectively in fourteen volumes." As a matter of fact, the paper was continued for more than two years after the death of Amhurst, which occurred at Twickenham on April 12, 1742. The last number (965) we have seen is dated December 22, 1744, and possibly it was continued beyond that period. After passing out of Francklin's hands, it was published by H. Haines, Bow Street, Covent Garden, who was succeeded on November 18, 1738, by T. Hinton, of the same address. W. Ward, of Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the publisher in the later years of the paper, which preserved its superiority over its rivals up to the end.

It will not be out of place, perhaps, to consider for a moment what *The Craftsman* attempted and what it achieved. Its aim was to discredit and overthrow the Ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, and to replace it by one formed by Bolingbroke and Pulteney. The scheme was only successful after nearly twenty years of persistent and uncompromising criticism, and was consummated by a general concurrence of adverse circumstances. Walpole resigned on January 31, 1742, and, as D'Israeli puts it, "Now came the hour of gratitude and generosity. His patrons mounted into power—but—they silently dropped the instrument of their ascension. The political prostitute stood shivering at the gate of preferment, which his masters had for ever flung against him. He died broken-hearted, and owed the charity of a grave" to Francklin the bookseller. In all probability Amhurst had resigned the control of *The Craftsman* so soon as he witnessed the perfidy of his coadjutors; the paper continued to be carried on in the name of "Caleb Danvers," but even in the para-

graph announcements laconically headed "dead," we find no mention of the decease of him who had laboured so long and so arduously on behalf of his party, with so little profit to himself and so much to them.



Old Books.

I MUST confess I love old books !
The dearest, too, perhaps most dearly ;
Thick, clumsy tomes, of antique looks,
In pigskin covers fashioned queerly.

Clasped, chained, or thonged, stamped quaintly too,
With figures wondrous strange, or holy
Men and women, and cherubs, few
Might well from owls distinguish duly.

I love black-letter books that saw
The light of day at least three hundred
Long years ago ; and look with awe
On works that live, so often plundered.

I love the sacred dust the more
It clings to ancient lore, enshrining
Thoughts of the dead, renowned of yore,
Embalmed in books, for age declining.

Fit solace, food, and friends more sure,
To have around one, always handy,
When sinking spirits find no cure
In news, election brawls, or brandy.

In these old books, more soothing far
Than Balm of Gilead or Nepenthè,
I seek an antidote for care—
Of which most men indeed have plenty.

"Five hundred times at least," I've said—
My wife assures me—"I would never
Buy more old books ;" yet lists are made,
And shelves are lumbered more than ever.

Ah ! that our wives could only see
How well the money is invested
In these old books, which seem to be
By them, alas ! so much detested.

There's nothing hath enduring youth,
 Eternal newness, strength unfailing,
 Except old books, old friends, old truth,
 That's ever battling—still prevailing.

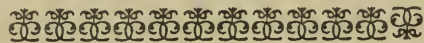
'Tis better in the past to live
 Than grovel in the present vilely,
 In clubs, and cliques, where placemen hive,
 And faction hums, and dolts rank highly.

To be enlightened, counselled, led,
 By master minds of former ages,
 Come to old books—consult the dead—
 Commune with silent saints and sages.

Leave me, ye gods ! to my old books—
 Polemics yield to sects that wrangle—
 Vile "parish politics" to folks
 Who love to squabble, scheme, and jangle.

Dearly beloved old pigskin tomes !
 Of dingy hue—old bookish darlings !
 Oh, cluster ever round my rooms,
 And banish strifes, disputes, and snarlings.

From "How to Read a Book in the Best Way."



Certain Bibliographical Definitions.

THE Abbé Rive, librarian to the Duke de la Vallière, made the following definitions :—

A *bibliognoste* is one knowing in title-pages and colophons, and in editions ; when and where printed ; the presses whence issued ; and all the minutæ of a book.

A *bibliographe* is a describer of books, and other literary arrangements.

A *bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained and purse-heavy.

A *bibliophile*, the lover of books, is the only one in the class who appears to read them for his own pleasure.

A *bibliotaphe* buries his books, by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass cases.



“Fysshyngge wyth an Angle.”

AMONG the rarest and most interesting of English classics must be numbered the “Book of St. Albans” (of which, by the way, an eminent bookseller offers an imperfect copy for £735), which appeared in small folio in 1486. In the first place this book is the earliest printed English Armorial, the first printed book on Field Sports and Heraldry, the first book with engravings printed in colours (red), and the first printed book containing English popular rhymes. The compilation of the entire work is credited to Dame Juliana Berners, the daughter of the ill-fated Sir James Berners, a favourite of Richard II. The first edition of the “Book of St. Albans” treats of hunting, hawking, and court armour, and was printed by the schoolmaster-printer of St. Albans. The treatise on fishing appeared in the next, which was issued by Wynkyn de Worde, at Westminster, in 1496. The demand of this treatise was so great, it seems, that it was soon published separately, and about ten editions of it were published by the end of the sixteenth century. The “treatise” is in many respects a delightful book; its quaint diction and queer spelling, its abundance of mediæval fishing-lore, and the fact that it is the first book on angling published, all add to the charm of a copy. Mr. Stock’s reprint is perfect in every respect. The book is in many other ways interesting to the disciples of Walton; for not only did Burton plunder some of the richest passages of his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” but even worthy Izaak himself was indebted to the Dame’s arrangement of her subject. The treatise opens with an eloquent pleading for angling as a healthy and cheerful pastime. The only mishap likely to befall the angler, is to lose a hook or a fish, and “yf he faylle of one, he maye not faylle of a nother, yf he dooth as this treatyse techyth; but yf there be nought in the water. And yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete sauore of the

meede flowers ; that makyth hym hungry," and so forth. Then follows an elaborate description of how the angler's "harnays," or rod, line, and hooks, are to be made. Next come the various modes of angling, with the most suitable times of the day and year for that purpose. There is also an excellent account of the different fresh-



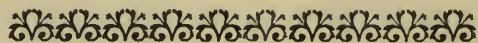
water fish, and the list of the "xij flyes wyth whyche ye shall angle to ye trought and grayelyng, and dublie like as ye shall now here me tell." We give herewith a *fac-simile* illustration from this famous book of the pious Abbess of the fifteenth century.



Early London Directories.

THE earliest known printed London Directory bears date 1677. On the first page is "Licensed October 11, 1677, Roger L'Estrange." The title is "A Collection of the Names of the Merchants living in and about the City of London; very useful and necessary. Carefully collected for the benefit of all dealers that shall have occasion with any of them; directing them at the first sight of their name, to the place of their abode. London, printed for Sam. Lee, and are to be sold at his shop in Lumbarde-street, near Popes-head-Alley; and Dan. Major at the Flying Horse in Fleetstreet, 1677." The first name is "Robert Abbot, Bow Churchyard," the fifth "Elias Adrian and Company in Broad Street," the tenth "Mr. Allen, Cateaton Street, Blackwall Hall Factor," the 21st "Isaac Alvarez, in St. Mary Ax," 24th "Alderman Andrews, Walbrook," 31st "Captain Armstrong, Newington Butts," last of the A's "Sir Benj. Ayloff, Fanchurch Street." One is thus described—"George Matson, lodger at an Upholsterers, Cornhill." After "Thomas Yoakfly in Cannon Street, near the Blew Bell," comes "Hereunto is added an Addition of all the Goldsmiths that keep Runing Cashes." Most of these are "in Lumbarde Street," but some, for instance, "Richard Blanchard and Child at the Mary-gold in Fleet Street," are further afield. Last of all comes "the Habitations of several other merchants, not comprehended in the Alphabetical Order," because "discovered" by "the Author" since the "Tract was in Press." Among them are "George Cokyr near St. Dunstan's, lodger at a Widdows," and "Hougo and John Lent at a Packers, St. Dunstan's Hill" (several addresses are "at a Packers"), and "Cap. Nunssan at the Insur. Office." Some of them lived at "Hogsden" or Clapham, or "Hackney Town," and were "to be spoken withal" at someone else's house or "in Turkey Walk" or "Irish Walk" in the

Exchange. The "Preface to the Merchants and Trades of the City of London" commences "Gentleman,—Although the publishing of the ensuing pamphlet (or catalogue) may at the first view seem to several persons a ridiculous and preposterous attempt, yet. . . ." There is a copy of this directory in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian, and another in the Manchester Free Library. It was reprinted by John Camden Hotten, in 1863, and reissued as "The London Directory of 1677, the oldest printed list of the merchants and bankers of London," by Chatto and Windus, in 1878. A London Directory of 300 pages was printed in 1732. The Directory known as Kent's began in 1736, and editions of it were issued down to 1827. A complete guide to all persons who have "any trade or concern in the city of London and parts adjacent," was afterwards published as "Baldwin's New Complete Guide," and ran from 1740 to 1783. There is also "The London Directory" for the years 1768-1799. The "Biennial Directory" for London and 480 separate towns, 1816-17; class iii., contains the iron, brass, copper, and metal trades. In Holden's Annual Directory for 1814-15, class v. includes the calico, cotton, silk, woollen, &c., trades. The first, however, on the plan of the modern directory, that we can find is "Johnstone's London Commercial Guide and Street Directory; on a new and more efficient principle than as yet established," 1817. It commences with a street directory of 543 pp., then persons' names alphabetically arranged, pp. 544 to 955; trades follow pp. 956 to 1107. What is now called "Kelly's London Directory" was merely an alphabetical list of persons till the year 1840, when a trades' directory was added. In 1841 a street directory also appeared for the first time in Kelly's book.



Women as Book-hawkers.

IT appears to have been no uncommon practice for women to be employed in hawking books through the streets of London during the seventeenth century. The following extract of a letter from Richard Hubberthorn to George Fox, dated London, May 31, 1660, may be quoted as an example: "As for that book thou mentions, which is against us, which was in the newsbook, it is answered, and the answer printed twelve days since. Some of them are gone abroad in Whitehall, and others of them are sold in divers shops, and some of the women cry them about the streets."

The Authorized Version.

I N a lengthy reference to "what is probably the greatest prose work in any language," and after pointing out certain advantages the translators possessed, Mr. George Saintsbury, in his "History of Elizabethan Literature," remarks:—"Men without literary faculty might, no doubt, have gone wrong; but these were men of great literary faculty whose chief liabilities to error were guarded against precisely by the very conditions in which they found their work. The hour had come exactly, and so for once had the men. . . . Fortunately, such a national possession as the original Authorized Version, when once multiplied and dispersed by the press, is out of reach of vandalism. The improved version, constructed on very much the same principle as Davenant's or Ravenscroft's improvements on Shakespeare, may be ordered to be read in churches and substituted for purposes of taking oaths. But the original (as it may be called in no burlesque sense such as that of a famous story) will always be the text resorted to by scholars and men of letters for purposes of reading, and will remain the authentic lexicon, the recognized source of English words and constructions of the best period. The days of creation; the narratives of Joseph and his brethren, of Ruth, of the final defeat of Ahab, of the discomfiture of the Assyrian host of Sennacherib; the moral discourses of Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus and the Book of Wisdom; the poems of the Psalms and the prophets, the visions of the Revelation,—a hundred other passages which it is unnecessary to catalogue, will always be the *ne plus ultra* of English composition in their several kinds, and the storehouse from which generation after generation of writers, sometimes actually hostile to religion, and often indifferent to it, will draw the materials, and not unfrequently the actual form, of their most impassioned and elaborate passages. . . . The plays of Shakespeare and the English Bible are, and will ever be, the twin monuments not merely of their own period, but of the perfection of English, the complete expressions of the literary capacities of the language at the time when it had lost none of its pristine vigour and had put on enough, but not too much, of the adornments and the limitations of what may be called literary civilization."





On Spurious Title-Pages.



THE following very interesting article, written by Mr. J. R. Dore, is taken from the *Bazaar* of January 4, 1886 :—

In the *Athenæum*, a short time ago, Mr. Henry Stevens, of Vermont, exposed a fraud attempted to be perpetrated by some highly educated sharper on the Continent, who had fabricated, in the most artistic manner, a false title-page, and inserted it in an edition of a book of comparatively little value, to enable it to be passed off as an *editio princeps* at a high price.

This was so well done as to deceive any ordinary scholar, or even an expert ; but, unfortunately for the vendor, Mr. H. Stevens has preternatural knowledge of books, and he soon discovered the imposition. Recently, a similar case fell under my notice. A London firm of booksellers of high respectability, whose character is above suspicion, offered me an octavo New Testament, purporting to be the first edition of Tomson's New Testament, printed in 1576, and so dated on the back and on the title-page. This Testament is a rare, and therefore valuable book, as much as £30 having been given for a copy at a public auction sale.

It is a revision of the Genevan or "Breeches" New Testament, and, soon after it was issued, it became so popular as, in a great manner, to supersede the version attached to the Genevan Bible. It may be called the third revision, as the first version, which was printed by Conrad Badius, Geneva, in the year 1557, in 12mo, from the translation of William Whittingham, was never reprinted ; but, when the Genevan Bible was issued in 1560, a fresh translation of the New Testament was attached to it, and entirely took the place of Whittingham's first translation. The book of 1557 will ever be remarkable as the first English New Testament divided into verses. The size of the book in question is 6in. by 4in., and is known to be

octavo by the wire line of the water mark going down the page, and by the signatures being in eights, four numbered and four blank. As soon as I opened the book my suspicions were awakened by the fact of the title-page being good and clean, but all the rest of the preliminary matter being absent. The reverse is common enough ; we often find the dedication, preface, table of contents, &c., but no title. I examined the title-page carefully, and found it was genuine sixteenth century work, both the paper and the printing, the latter being the most important, as old paper is often used on which to print a spurious title, the paper being procured from the fly-leaf of some other book of the period. Ultimately, I found that the title-page of a quarto Tomson's New Testament had been taken, and the outer part, which contains woodcut representations of the Twelve Apostles down the right side, and of the twelve tribes of Israel down the left, cut away, leaving the inner part, which just filled the octavo page, and contained engravings of the four Evangelists, SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, with their emblems, a Man, a Lion, an Ox, and an Eagle, a Dove between the upper figures, and the *Agnus Dei* between the lower ones. Over S. Luke and S. John are two books : on one is written *Verbum Dei*, and across the opened pages of the other *manet in æternum*.

The letterpress in the heart-shaped centre, reads, "The New Testament of our Lord Iesus Christ, Translated out of Greeke by Theod Beza : With briefe Summaries and expositions vpon the hard places by the said Authour Ioac Camer, and P. Loseler Villerius. Englished by L. Tomson. Together with the Annotations of Fr Junius vpon the Reuelation of S. John.

"¶ Imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher barker Printer to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. 1576."

I happened to know that the words "deputies of Christopher Barker" never appeared before the year 1587, nor after 1599, so I placed the figures under a microscope, and found a minute square piece of paper had been inserted, containing the figures 76 of the same size and type as the 15, making the whole read 1576.

It may be useful to give a collation of the first edition of Tomson's New Testament, and then to point out how Tomson's version may be easily distinguished from the ordinary Genevan version.

The genuine title reads, "The Neuw Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ translated out of the Greeke by Theod Beza, Whereunto are adjoyned brief Summeries of doctrine vpon the Evangelistes and Actes of the Apostles by the said Theod Beza : and also short expositions on the phrases and hard places taken out of the large

annotations of the foresaid author, and Joach. Camerarius, By P. Loseler Villerius. Englished by L. Tomson."

In the middle of the page is a woodcut, representing the Angels appearing to the Shepherds at Bethlehem, surrounded by the words, "Beholde I bring you tidings of greate ioy that shalbe to all the people. Luke 2. 10." Beneath is, "Imprinted at London, by Christopher Barkar, dwelling in Poules churchyard at the signe of the Tigres head. 1576, Cum privilegio." On the reverse of the title is, "The order of the books," &c., then follows "An epistle to the right honorable M. Francis Walsingham, Esquier, &c.; and to the right worshipful M. Francis Hastings," 12 pages.

"Beza's address to the Prince of Conde, &c.," dated 1565, 29 pages.

"The printer to the diligent reader," 2 pages.

"The discription of the Holy land," and a map, 2 pages.

Then follows the text, folioed from 1 to 460. On the recto of the last leaf is the imprint, and on the reverse Barker's large and well-known device of the Tiger and Lamb.

Then follows "a Table of the principall things that are contained in the Newe Testament, &c.," and "A perfect supputation of the years from Adam to Christ."

Any edition of Tomson's revision, whether bound up with the Breeches Bible or not, may be distinguished from the Genevan version, first published in 1560, by referring to the first epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter xvj., and 22nd verse, which reads in Tomson's version: "If any man loue not the Lorde Iesus Christ, let him be had in execration maran-atha." The note in the margin is: "By these words is betokened the seuerest kinde of curse and excommunication that was amongst the Iewes," and the words are as much as to say as our Lord commeth, so that his meaning may be this: "Let him be accursed euen to the comming of the Lord, that is to say, to his deathes day, euen for euer."

The Genevan reading of this verse is, "If any man loue not the Lord Iesus Christ let him be had in execration, yea excommunicate to death."

If this chapter should happen to be missing, the two versions may be distinguished by the 1560 having long arguments prefaced to nearly every epistle, but having few marginal notes, while the 1576 has no arguments, excepting one of four pages before the Revelation, but very copious marginal annotations; for instance, 1 St. John, chap. v., has sixty-seven lines of text, and 158 lines of notes.

Tomson had a very high opinion of the value of Beza's notes; he says in his preface, "I dare avouch it, that whoso readeth shall so find it, that there is not one hard sentence, nor dark speech, nor doubtful word, but is so opened, and hath such light given it, that children may go through with it, and the simplest that are may walk without any guide, without wandering, or going astray."



The Tegg Scholarship.

THOMAS TEGG, the eminent bookseller and publisher, of Cheapside, London, in the year 1836 paid the sum of £400 to be excused from serving the office of sheriff of London and Middlesex; the Corporation of the City of London devoted the money towards the establishment of an exhibition to one of the universities, for the benefit of pupils of the City of London School. Mr. Tegg not only manifested his approval of such an appropriation, but made the important addition of £100, and accompanied his gift with a number of valuable books for the library of the school; and in return for so distinguished an act of liberality, the committee of the school agreed that the exhibition should be designated "The Tegg Scholarship, or Exhibition."

Hanging a Bookseller.

FARLEY'S *Exeter Journal* of September 23, 1726, has the following announcement:—"David Thomas, alias Booksise, a vendor of books and pamphlets at Caermarthen, having been convicted at the last Assizes there of counterfeiting the Stamps upon Parchment, is ordered to be executed there the 2nd of October next."

Sir Thomas Overbury on Books.

BOOKS are a part of man's prerogative.
 In formal ink thy thoughts and voices hold,
 That we to them our solitude may give,
 And make time present travel that of old.
 Our life, Fame pierceth at the end,
 And Books if farther backward do extend.

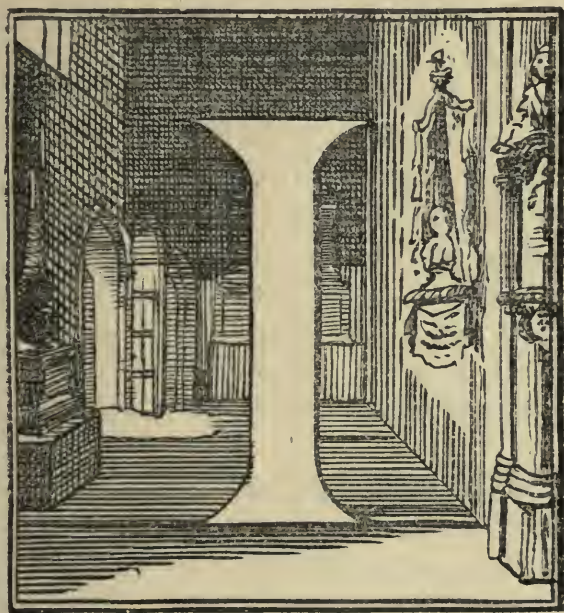
Evelyn's 'Public Employment.'

THIS essay, the full title of which is "Public Employment, and an active life prefer'd to Solitude, and all its appanages, such as Fame, Command, Riches, Conversation, &c., in reply to a late ingenious Essay of a contrary title. By I. E. Esq.," was printed "by H. Herringham at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the lower walk of the New Exchange (1667. 12mo.)," who was one of Dryden's best friends. It was written in answer to one, published in 1665, by Sir George Mackenzie, an eminent Scotch writer and lawyer. This little tract of 120 pages is dedicated by Evelyn to "the Honourable Sir Richard Browne, Knt. and Bart. late Resident at the court of France, his honoured father-in-law." "It is not the least part of his praise," says Lord Orford, in the beautiful character he has drawn of this author, "that he who proposed to Mr. Boyle, the erection of a philosophic college for retired and speculative persons, had the honesty to write in defence of active life against Sir George Mackenzie's Essay on Solitude. He knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others, laziness and inutility." In this small volume the reader will find displayed much learning, much pedantry, much ingenuity, and many solid reflections. The author remarks that he has all the topics and discourses of almost all the philosophers who ever wrote against him, and that he is forced therefore to tread the most unfrequented and solitary paths. "Meantime, it were pretty," says he, "if at last it should appear, that a public person has all this while contended for solitude, as it is certain, a private has done for action." "Whilst this ingenious author," continues Evelyn at another place, "is thus eloquently declaiming against public employment, fame, command, riches, pleasure, conversation, and all the topics of his frontispiece, and would persuade us wholly to retire from the active world; why is he at all concerned with the empty breath of fame, and so very fond of it, that without remembering the known saying, *Nemo eodem tempore assequi potest magnam famam et magnam quietem*, would have men celebrated for doing nothing? Verily there is more of ambition and empty glory in some solitudes and affected retreats, than in the most exposed and conspicuous actions whatsoever. Ambition is not only in public places, and pompous circumstances, but at home, and in the interior life.



The Poets' Corner.

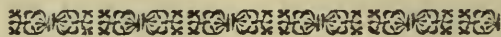
RICH as is Westminster Abbey in historical associations and time-honoured legends, there is not, perhaps, in the whole edifice a more revered spot than the Poets' Corner in the south transept. It is not known who christened the place thus, but a writer in the fourth volume of *The Antiquary* points out that the name was probably subsequent to the burial of, and the first placing



of Chaucer's table-tomb against the west screen of St. Benedict's Chapel, and also to the burial of Spenser, and the erection of his monument by Ann Clifford, Duchess of Dorset, soon after 1598. Addison, in a charming paper on Westminster Abbey and its silent inhabitants, speaks of the "poetical quarter," where he "found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets" (*Spectator*, March 30, 1711). Although John Dart, the

author of "*Westmonasterium*" (1723), has not actually written the name of "Poets' Corner," he did the next best thing by illustrating it in one of the vignette initials preceding some of his chapters. It occurs in the first and again in the second volumes of his work. The initial, as will be seen from our reproduction, is a Roman I, standing in the midst of a perspective view of the Poets' Corner. In the left-hand angle is shown the open door and doorway of the eastern, or palace, entrance. Behind it is the door of the south-east turret, and the way to the crypt of the Chapter House. On the right is the lower part of the wall of St. Blaizes' Chapel, against which is the mural monument of Shadwell, and at the corner is shown a part of the monument of St. Evremond. Behind the initial is the monument of Spenser, and on the left wall is that of Butler in the first and original place. "This state of things," observes the Master Mason of the Abbey, "seems to answer all the conditions of Poets' Corner, and gives its exact position and limit, soon after—through the loss of all trace of the Chapel of St. Blaize—to be expanded to the whole of the transept, so as to include the graves of succeeding poets, as well as the monuments of some of them, and cenotaphs of others."

Like many other public institutions, the Poets' Corner is suggestive of glaring inconsistencies. There is not, for example, any record of Shelley, Byron, Keats, Burns, Mrs. Browning, Chatterton, Herrick, Scott, Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, or Cowper; whilst such miserable poetasters as Prior, Butler, Gay, Davenant, Mason, and—last, least, and lowest of all the tribe—Shadwell! The place is, as Dr. Brewer points out, a caricature, so far as a memorial of British poets is concerned, a state of things which will exist so long as the deans of Westminster make a market of the wall.



Protecting Titles.

ONE thing which some of the early printed books borrowed from the old manuscript folios was the custom of writing the title of the book on a paper label, sinking it into the thick leather of the ancient monastic bindings and covering it with a plate of transparent horn, so that it should be protected from dust and moisture. The horn was most securely fastened in this setting, and served its purpose in every way, except to protect the writing from the effects of the light.



Americana.

PUBLISHING LOCALITIES.

THE headquarters of a well-known English publishing concern are in "Amen Square," Cambridge. Similarly a firm of American publishers and booksellers is in "Tribulation Row," Philadelphia.

EARLY BOOK ON SWIMMING.

In reference to books upon swimming, let me call attention to one, published at New York, 1818, called, "The Art of Swimming, &c., &c. : with 12 copper-plates, comprising 26 appropriate figures—by J. Frost, Many years Teacher of the Art at Nottingham, England. To which is added, Dr. Franklin's Treatise," 8vo. xiv. 72 pp: It is quite probable this is the earliest work upon the subject printed in America.

G. E. S.

THE FIRST PAPER IN MAINE.

It was said in 1842, that the man was yet living who published the first paper in Maine, fifty-six years before. It was about the size of a sheet of foolscap, and made up of extracts from other papers, a fortnight and three weeks old, from New York and Boston, as the latest intelligence. Thomas has no allusion to this paper. We learn that a paper was established at Falmouth about the year 1785, the object of which was to advocate the separation of the province from Massachusetts, and erect it into an independent state.

"THE NEWE INDIA."

A contemporary points out that the literature of the first half of the sixteenth century hardly refers to North America. But in 1553, Eden's celebrated "Treatyse of the Newe India" appeared, translated from the fifth book of Sebastian Munster's "Cosmographia." Other books of travel followed, and in 1582 Hakluyt published his "Divers Voyages," dedicated to the author of "Arcadia," in the préface of which he reproaches the English for not having "the grace to set fast footing in such fertile and temperate places as are left as yet unpossessed," a grace we can hardly be said to have failed of since.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN ONTARIO.

It was not until the year 1882 that an Act was passed for the establishment of free libraries. This Act of the Provincial Legislature was denominated "The Free Libraries Act," and provided that any city, town, or incorporated village might establish such libraries. It also gave power for the boards of management of mechanics' institutions to transfer to the corporations of municipalities all or any of the real or personal property of such institutions. About the close of the year a petition was presented to the City Council, praying that municipal body to pass a by-law in favour of the establishment of a free library. The prayer of the petition was answered, and in January of the following year the action of the Council was endorsed by the vote of the citizens. Immediately the authorities got to work, and secured a building—the College of Technology, which was previously occupied as a Mechanics' Institution. Certain structural alterations were affected, and a commodious reading-room was thereby provided. A building was also erected for library purposes, and was made sufficiently spacious as to provide for the proper arrangement of a library of 150,000 volumes. The officers were appointed in June, 1883. Branch libraries were opened in the northern and western parts of Toronto in February, 1884. The library was formally opened on March 6th, the reading-room four days later, and the circulation of books began on the 10th of the succeeding month. Free Libraries were subsequently established in Brantford (5,042 vols.), Guelph (4,035 vols.), Simcoe (2,742 vols.), St. Thomas (2,626 vols.), and in Berlin (2,066 vols.). The Ontario Legislative Library contains about 25,000 vols., and the University and the colleges of Ontario also possess libraries of varying sizes.

J. P. B.



Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day.

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH.

THE hunter after out-of-the-way volumes may consider himself lucky if he can induce Mr. Quaritch, or one of his "cataloguers," to show him a few rarities in the collection of over 40,000 books. But, granted the permission, and no matter the nature of his particular weakness, the bookworm will find the externally dingy shop to contain enough and more than enough to sate his passion for a decade. Indeed, it would occupy very nearly a lifetime to qualify one to grasp even only a few of the more salient points which Mr. Quaritch's stock throws out. Books and manuscripts from all parts of the civilised world, from Arabic, Coptic, Siamese, Egyptian, to Welsh, are here stored in one or another of the half-a-dozen rooms. As nearly every other book is in some sense interesting or remarkable, the greatest possible difficulty is to know where to begin, or, having begun, to leave off.

The rarest book in Mr. Quaritch's possession is the Fust and Schoeffer "Psalter" of 1459, which is valued at 5,000 guineas. This is the second book printed with a date, and is described as the grandest work ever produced by typography. It is printed on vellum, and is "rubricated with an enormous number of printed capitals, and embellished with about 280 very large initials printed in two colours (red with blue floreation, and blue with red floreation)." The Mazarine Bibles, for which the sums of £3,950 and £2,800 respectively have been paid, are comparatively common books by the side of this work.

The first book printed at Verona, "Roberti Valturii de Re Militari libri XII, edente P. Ramusio," (1472), is not only excessively rare, but is beautifully illustrated with woodcuts from designs

by Matteo Pasti. The next rarity on our list is a unique series of autograph letters from various English sovereigns up to and including James II. Among this most interesting collection that which would attract most attention is the illuminated letter to the Emperor of Japan from James I. This involves an interesting question: as the negotiations which it embodied were satisfactorily carried into effect, the King's letter must have been returned by the Japanese monarch to Captain Saris, or else it was confided to the latter in duplicate when he started in 1612. Another letter is from Charles II., and has reference to the foundation of the Chelsea Hospital. One bears the signatures of Philip and Mary, and another the bold, masculine autograph of Elizabeth.

Following a glimpse at a Syriac book, about 1,000 years old, we next saw a Burmese work with illustrations. It is of comparatively recent date, but from its form is worthy of note. Instead of being bound up, it is composed of a number of oblong pieces of cardboard-like substances. One portion of these is occupied by the text, and the other by elucidatory illustrations.

As "first editions" are quite matters of course at 15, Piccadilly, we need not perhaps be surprised at meeting with the *editio princeps* of the unabridged "Chronicle of the Cid" (1512), which was printed by Fadrique Aleman, at Burgos. We may here refer to another great rarity in a fine folio MS., "Romance of Arthur," in French, which is much more extensive than the "Morte d'Arthur" as we know it in English. The copy in question is, moreover, very beautifully illuminated, and dates from 1468. An especially interesting book, from an historical point of view, is Laud's "Scottish Common Prayer" (1537), which caused the famous struggle for religious liberty. Mr. Quaritch has a specimen, but it is almost unique from the fact that it contains the two leaves of "certain godly prayers," which were cancelled before the publication of the book.

First editions of the productions of Fust, Schoeffer, Gutenberg, Caxton, Sweynheim and Pannartz, Wynkyn de Worde, and nearly every other known early printer abound on every side—here a Quintilian, there a Thomas Aquinas, on one hand the first Welsh Bible, and on the other a third folio Shakespeare, which is more valuable than either of the preceding issues, as nearly every copy was burnt in the Great Fire of London, 1666. In one of the several rooms upstairs we shall find the first edition of Foxe's "Martyrs" (1563), of which no perfect copy is known to exist. The copy which Mr. Quaritch possesses is as nearly perfect as

possible, the only defect being a woodcut partly torn. Those especially interested in early English typography will covet the extremely rare "Chronicles of England," printed by William of Mecheln (1484), which is much more valuable than Caxton's own edition, and of which there is only one perfect copy known. But another typographically invaluable book is one which has caused so many quarrels among bibliographers, who, like many other classes of



MR. BERNARD QUARITCH.

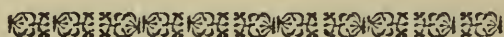
people, often squabble over very small matters. "The Catholicon," which Gutenberg produced when he left Fust and Schoeffer, has raised a most interesting problem. But we cannot enter into the pros and cons of a subject which has been threshed out in our first volume. This extraordinary book is printed in small Gothic characters, in double columns, 66 lines to a page; the capitals and the above intitulation painted in by hand. It is a most interesting book.

In one room we are shown the first Swedish Bible of 1540, the *editio princeps* of the "Amadis de Gaula" (1508) which is unique; a first Burns exquisitely bound by Zaehnsdorf; the very copy of Prynne's "Histriomastix," which Charles I. possessed, a first Welsh Testament of 1567, and a number of Aldines, in the binding of which Grolier evidently had a hand. In this, as in all the other rooms, there is nothing but books—in drawers, in cases, in shelves, and pile after pile upon side tables. They are kept to some extent in sections, according to the subject.

Mr. Quaritch's collection of missals and illuminated manuscripts is not only extensive, but contains some exceptionally beautiful examples. The art of illumination is practically dead to us. A "Book of Hours," which dates from 1390 to 1410 is a noteworthy illustration of the perfection and of the decadence of the art. Its earlier illuminations are almost faultless, and are in striking contrast to the rough workmanship of about 1520, when some industrious individual made a number of additions.

Examples of nearly every known style of bookbinding are to be found in the unequalled collection of Mr. Quaritch, from Grolier to Zaehnsdorf. To describe even two or three of the most charming examples would occupy more space than can be afforded. One specimen is in many respects worthy of note: it is an edition of Petri Apiani's "Cosmographia," which formerly belonged to Diane de Poitiers, whose monogram is interlaced with that of Henri II., and the volume is inscribed "*omnium victorem vici*." One example contains Grolier's signature, and innumerable other points might be cited. But Mr. Quaritch's nuggets are all of the first water—a fact which renders distinction next to impossible. With so many superb books, so many unique manuscripts, and such an inexhaustible store of the picked books of the world, Mr. Quaritch ought to be a very happy man. We cannot help confessing that we envy him very much.

A BOOKHUNTER.



The Asylum of Genius.

AT the end of the last century, William Belcher was, according to the "Literary Memoirs of Living Authors" (1798), a bookseller in Fleet Street. He wrote "The Galaxy," a poem, and "several other incoherent productions, generally of a democratic cast. The pamphlet shop which he opened some time ago, he magnanimously called 'The Asylum of Genius!'"



Book Borrowers.

A NEW YORK journal observes that ever since books came into the world their owners have been afflicted with men and women who borrow books and never return them. The owners of private libraries have endeavoured to prevent the loss of their volumes by various methods, from the large and conspicuous placard posted in the library, to the small printed slips pasted in the covers of the books. Some people have strange methods of designating their ownership of books.

Of course the reader will remember, when a schoolboy, of the ridiculous doggerel some of the scholars wrote in their school books, as, for example :

“ This book is John Smith’s,
My fist is another ;
You touch one
And you’ll feel the other.”

And some of the boys in school wrote as follows upon the fly-leaves of their books :

“ Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows ’ll be thy end.”

But even this prognostication rarely prevented the book-thief from carrying into effect his nefarious practices.

A large number of grown-up children have adopted the schoolboy custom, but in a graver mood. The two verses more commonly used are :

“ If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.”

And this :

“ Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store ;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.”

In a volume formerly belonging to a well-known resident of New York City, occurs the following :

“ Any one may borrow, but a gentleman returns.”

The books in the library of David W. Jayne, contain on the cover the following Scriptural quotation :

“ Go thou rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.”

The following rather severe lines were used by a gentleman living in Massachusetts :

“ Stern power of justice, lift thy wand
In spite of mercy's look ;
Strike him who with presumptuous hand
Purloins this valued book.”

One Aaron Putnam, who lived in Medford, Mass., about one hundred years ago, used these lines :

“ The wicked borrow, but do not return again ; see thou art not one of that number.”

A friend in Boston has printed slips pasted in each of his books, bearing these simple words :

“ No books loaned under any circumstances.”

William J. Snelling, one of the earlier editors of the *Boston Herald*, had these instructions :

“ Do not turn down the leaves to mark the place, but put in a slip of paper.
“ Do not give the book to children for a plaything.
“ Handle not with dirty hands.
“ Return the book when you have read it.”

The well-known Duncan C. Pell, of New York City, had this rather churlish motto, not at all in keeping with his character :

“ He does not lend his books.”



Swiftiana in "The Gentleman's Magazine."

THE following notes are suggested by references in the early numbers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* to works by or attributed to Swift. They will be found to contain several minor, but none the less interesting, points which are passed over by the Dean's biographers. It will be remembered that when Cave's magazine commenced to appear, Swift's busy life had almost come to a close; the constant reference to him and his works in the earlier volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* very clearly indicate that his fame was as universal as ever.

ISSAC BICKERSTAFF.

Swift first used the famous title of Issac Bickerstaff in the latter part of 1707, under circumstances which are too well known to be repeated here. The name, in addition to being adopted by Steele when editing *The Tatler*, was the progenitor of quite a numerous family. "William Bickerstaff, Esq.," a "nephew" of the original, according to his own account, was perhaps one of the most celebrated of the imitators. This character and name were assumed by John Martyn, a well-known physician, and who, with Dr. Russell, was the chief contributor to and supporter of *The Grub Street Journal*. The first paper upon the subject of almanacks and their makers was published in that journal for 24 December, 1730 (No. 51), and this was followed by a second effusion on 4 February, 1731. The subject afforded "Sylvanus Urban" matter for a brief *résumé*, which forms the "leading" article in the second number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Urban chronicles the appearance of the "Bickerstaff" articles with great fairness, and again reverts to the subject in the numbers for March (p. 97) and April (p. 145).

"A NEW SESSION OF THE POETS."

Under this title *The Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1731, contains an excerpt from *The Universal Spectator*, for Saturday, 6 February (No. 122). Of this the first four lines only need be quoted :

"With bombast, with doggrel, and nonsense quite cloy'd,
His laws all despis'd, his prerogative void,
Apollo thought fit from these isles to elope,
But left his commission with Swift and with Pope."

The set of verses from which the foregoing is taken was occasioned by the then recent appointment of Colley Cibber to the laureateship in succession to Laurence Eusden. The selection of Cibber was naturally the occasion for much adverse comment and satire from the pens of the Grub Street poetasters. One of the chief, if not the chief, conductors of *The Universal Spectator* was William Oldys, the able antiquary and bibliographer.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

In the list of books published in February, 1731 (*The Gentleman's Magazine*, p. 89), occurs the following entry :—"The travels of Mr. John Gulliver, son to Capt. Lemuel Gulliver, &c., translated from the French by Mr. Lockham [*sic*]. In a neat pocket volume." Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" was published in 1726. The entry just quoted is not quite correct in two particulars. In the first place the translator's name was Lockman, not Lockham; and, secondly, if Watts' statement ("Bibl. Brit.") is correct, "Mr. John Gulliver's" travels were published in two volumes octavo. Of John Lockman (1698-1771), who appears to have been something of a scholar, a very small poeticule, and an industrious *littérateur* generally, a good account may be found in Chalmers' "Dictionary," xx. p. 374, which gives a full list of his works, one of which was a translation of Voltaire's "Henriade."

IRISH WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES, 1731.

The Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1731 (p. 116), records the appearance of an article in *The Free Briton* for 29 April, of the same year, named "Remarks on a pamphlet entituled 'Some observations on the present state of Ireland, and woollen manufactures.'" *The Free Briton*, it should be said, was a supporter of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, and was edited or written by an attorney named Arnall, who was the successor of Concannon on *The British Journal*, and who, moreover, figures in the second book of the "Dunciad,"

having, it appears, prevailed upon Pope to omit his name from the first edition of that poem upon the plea that he had no sympathy with Concannon's method of journalism. According to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, *The Free Briton* says that the pamphlet in question "is designed for the information of the noble person who is appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." This "noble person" was the Duke of Dorset, who was appointed to the office named 19 June, 1730, but who did not cross over to the sister isle until 21 August, 1731. His predecessor was Lord Carteret, the great friend and correspondent of Swift, and whose residence in that country was a "series of cabals against the authority of the Prime Minister." Walpole's great love of office resulted in Carteret, along with Pulteney, Chesterfield, and others, seceding from him, and going over to the enemy. During Lord Carteret's viceroyalty, he not only joined with Swift,¹ but was one of the most active opponents to Wood's brass half-pence scheme, which occasioned the "Drapier Letters." The pamphlet upon which *The Free Briton* commented was probably the same that called forth from Swift his "Observations, occasioned by reading a paper entituled 'The Case of the Woollen Manufactures of Dublin,'" &c., now to be found in Scott's edition, vii. 134-137. Swift considers the pamphlet, the author of which is probably now unknown, as "very well drawn up," but thinks the writer's "censure of those seven vile citizens, who import such a quantity of silk stuffs and woollen cloth from England" as being "a hundred times gentler than enemies to their country deserve." Swift's attachment to the cause of Irish manufactures was undoubtedly genuine. Concerning the Irish Wool Bill, see *The Gentleman's Magazine*, i. p. 214.

EPITAPH ON THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

The Dean's famous epitaph on the Duke of Schomberg, who was killed in crossing the river Boyne, 1690, is inserted in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1731 (p. 169), along with a translation, which, as only the Latin is given by Scott, may be very properly quoted here. It runs thus: "Here underneath lieth the body of Frederick Duke of Schomberg, who was slain at the Boyn [*sic*] in the year 1690. The Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's did most earnestly, over and over again, request that the heirs of the Duke would be pleased to erect a monument, however plain and small, to his memory; but when by long and frequent solicitations, both by letters and by friends, they found nothing could be obtained, grieved for the

¹ Upon one occasion, when asked how he governed Ireland, Carteret answered, "I pleased Dr. Swift."

indignity offered to the memory of so great a man, they fixed up this stone, that thou, O stranger, mightest know in how poor a cell the ashes of so great a General lie neglected, to the reproach of his heirs. So much could the admiration of his virtues avail with strangers, more than the nearest ties of blood could with his relations." *The Free Briton* for 6 April, 1732, contained an article on "The antiquity and usefulness of statues. In a letter to Sir Ralph Gore, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland." In this epistolary production, which is copied into *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1732 (p. 691), the writer advocates the custom of perpetuating the memory of great events by trophies, statues, &c., which custom, he says, has been employed "in all ages and nations from Seth's pillars to this time." In the course of this letter is the following interesting paragraph, which is worth quoting: "The Reverend Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's have lately erected a monument over the remains of the brave Duke of Schomberg, who fell in the battle of the Boyne. One of our weekly writers not long since proposed erecting a statue of our celebrated Drapier, for his assistance in putting a stop to the project for overstocking the kingdom with copper farthings, which himself would blush to see, while we had no other memorial of K. William than the statue on College Green."

DELANY'S RIDDLE TO LADY CARTERET.

Delany's riddle to Lady Carteret finds a place in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731. The first four lines of it may be quoted here :

"I reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or fleeting a foot,
I take them all in, too, to add to your wonder,
Tho' many and various, and large, and asunder."

The answer to this, generally and probably correctly, attributed to Swift, is published in the number for December (p. 537). Not the slightest indication is given as to where either the riddle or the answer was procured, and the only explanation for their very late appearance is that Mr. Urban was short of "copy." Both were written some years previously. Curll printed them in his "Miscellanea," published in 5 vols. 8vo, in 1727.





Publishing in Italy.

IN the publishing business, more almost than in any other, forethought and knowledge are required. A wise publisher will not take a book, however good it may be, unless he sees a market for it ; nor will he refuse one that is not quite up to the mark, should a book of the class be urgently needed. In order that he may be able to form an accurate opinion he must therefore be well acquainted, not only with all the books brought out by his competitors in business, but with the works that may be in progress, or may even have only been offered for publication. In Italy matters are different ; there is no organization between the publishing houses, and, as a rule, one publisher has no business relations with another. Like a draper, each house pushes its own goods, utterly careless as to what the tradesman in the next street may be offering. There are publishers in Rome, Milan, Florence, and other large cities, but in all probability the works published in Rome will be unknown in Naples ; and, even if he should chance—by accident—to know what is printed in Milan, the Florentine publisher will deny all knowledge thereof. This absurd state of things is partially accounted for by the fact that Italian unity is so recently accomplished a fact, that the natives of the different Italian States have not yet got to consider themselves as all belonging to one nation. Some months ago there was a meeting of Italian publishers, when it was determined to form an association for the development of sound business principles, for which purpose it was decided to start a trade journal. It is to be hoped that one of the first results will be to abolish the absurd system of a “ prezzo ristretto,” and to have, as in most other civilized countries, a fixed price ; but the Italian love of bargaining is so strong that this will not be an immediate reform. Authors will benefit by the change, for at present it is only the favoured few who can persuade an Italian publisher to pay them a sum down for their works ; the present system is for an author to print his work himself, and then to engage a publisher to sell it for him at a ruinous commission.

One Class of Bookhunter.

A SECOND-HAND bookseller, in talking about his trade, thus described one of the characteristics of his customers :—" Your regular book collector isn't green. Many a time have I seen him trying to get a valuable edition of some book by pretending that it was common, depending on the dealer's ignorance not to know its worth. I remember once I had a volume of the *Tatler* that was old and worn, and I thought it was worth £1. I hadn't had it long when one of my old visitors came in. He knew nearly all my stock, and he must have seen this *Tatler* at once, but he passed it by without so much as touching it. Then he came back, and, contrary to his custom, remarked that he didn't see anything he wanted. He was just going out, and said he had forgotten to get a book that his wife wanted. While I was wrapping it up he picked up the volume of the *Tatler* in a careless way, saying—' Ah ! here is another of these copies of the *Tatler*. 'Tis a good deal like the one I have at home, but mine is worn out. This one is only a little better, but you will be sure to let me have it cheap, and I might as well take it along.' ' Just as you like,' I replied carelessly. ' You can have it for £1.' Of course he was thunderstruck ; surely I was making a mistake, and all that sort of thing. But I wouldn't budge, and he gave me my price with a very bad grace. The fact is, these old collectors don't half care for a book unless they get it at a price they think away below cost. Then they go away chuckling at what they call their 'superior discernment.' "

The American Bookseller's Taste.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine*, observes that comparatively few booksellers are men of taste in letters, men who read, or keep the run of new publications. If a retail grocer knew no more of his business than many booksellers know of theirs, he would certainly fail. A bookseller in any community, if he is a man of literary culture, and has a love of books and knowledge of them, can do a great deal for the cultivation of the public taste. His shop becomes a source of intellectual centre of the town. If the public find there an atmosphere of books, and are likely to have their wants met for publications new or rare, they will generally sustain the shop. -



The Early Friends and Their Booksellers.

GILES CALVERT, whose shop was at the Spread Eagle, at the west end of St. Paul's Church, appears to have been one of the earliest, if not actually the first, publisher of Friends' books. In 1653 he published several for George Fox, and continued to do so until 1569—a prolific period in the history of this class of books.

It is not certain whether Calvert was a member of the Society of Friends or no—probably not. When he died in 1659, his business was taken over by Robert Wilson, who continued to sell this particular class of books among others. His imprint was “The Black-spread Eagle and Winde-Mill, in Martin's, neare Aldersgate.” He issued a few in 1663, but probably none later. Thomas Simmons had a book-store at the Bull and Mouth, near Aldersgate, and from this quarter published several Friends' books from 1656 to 1660. He is the subject of some mawkish praise at the hands of John Dunton, and is also remarkable for the fact that he was, as well as his father, Richard Baxter's publisher. Thomas Brewster, “at the Three Bibles by Pauls,” sold several Friends' books in 1659. Although he was not a member of the Society, Brewster was, with two others, indicted for publishing the dying speeches and prayers of the judges who were put to death for passing sentence on Charles I. He was fined 100 marks, besides submitting to the personal indignity of being pilloried, &c. In 1662 Henry Boreman was committed to Newgate for selling Friends' books; he was taken sick and died in prison. His wife carried on the business after her husband's death, and was in like manner imprisoned. They were both members of the Society, as was also William Warwick, another publisher who sold Friends' books, and suffered for conscience' sake. Andrew Sowle both printed and sold books. He had two places of business, and resigned in favour of his daughter, Tracy Sowle, who is described by a contemporary bookseller as “a good compositor.” In spite of persecutions of the most tyrannical description, the Friends' publishers by the close of the seventeenth century were very numerous.



Ink and Pens in the Sixteenth Century.

PREFIXED to a book of penmanship¹ are the following verses (kindly transcribed for us by Mr. Halliday Sparling), which are interesting as showing the equipment of a writer in the sixteenth century :

Rules made by E. B. for his Children to learne to write bye.

TO MAKE CÔMON YNCKE.

To make common yncke of vvyne take a quarte,
Tvvo ounces of gomme, let that be a parte,
Fyue ounces of Galles of copres take three,
Longe standing dooth make it better to be :
Yf wyne ye do want, rayne water is best,
And asmuch stuffe as aboue at the least :
Yf yncke be to thicke, put vinegre in :
For water dooth make the colour more dymme.

TO MAKE YNCKE INHAST.

In hast, for a shift when ye haue great nede,
Take woll, or wollen to stand you in steede,
Whiche burnt in the fire the powder bette smale,
With vinegre, or water make yncke with all :

TO KEEPE YNCKE LONGE.

Yf yncke ye desire to keepe long in store,
Put bay salte therein, and it will not hoare.

TO MAKE SPECIAL BLACK YNCKE.

Yf that common yncke be not to your minde,
Some lampblacke thereto with gome water grinde :

(¹ A Booke Containing Divers Sortes of hands, as well the English as French Secretarie, with the Italian, Roman, Chaucelry & court hands. Also the true and iust proportiō of the capitall Romāe Set forth by Iohn De Beav Chesne. P. and M. Iohn Baildon. Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautrouillier, dwelling in the blackefrieres, 1571.)

Eche paynter can tell, howe yt shoulde be done,
The cleaner out of your penne it will roone :
The same to be put in horne or in leade.
No cotton at all. when longe yt hath stay de,
The bottom will thicke, put more common yncke.
And it will be good well sturred, as I thinke.

TO MAKE STANCHE GRAINES.

Make stanche graine of allome, beaten full smalle,
And twice asmuche rosen beatten with all.
With that ina faire cloute knit very thinne,
Rubb paper or parchment, or ye begyn.

TO CHUSE YOUR QUIL.

Take quill of a goose, that is some what rownde,
The third or fourth in wyng to be fownde :
And if at sometyme of those ye do wante,
Take pynyon as next, when Rauens quille is skante,
And ryue it iust in the backe as maie bee.
For ragged your slitt ells shall ye see,
A middle the slype that rounes vpp the quill :
Weare it of gander ye doo yt not spill,
The feather shaue of the quill do not pare,
The stronger your penne in hande ye may bere.

TO MAKE YOUR PENNE.

Make clyfte without teeth your penne good, and hard :
Thinner, and shorter on right hand regarde :
The clyfte somewhat long, the nebb not to shorte,
Then take it in hand in most comlye sorte.

TO HOULDE YOUR PENNE.

Your thombe on your penne as hiest bestowe,
The fore finger next, the middle belowe :
And holding it thus in most comelye wyse,
Your Body vpryght, stoupe not wyth your Heade :
Your Breast from the borde if that you be wyse,
Least that ye take hurte, when ye haue well fed.

TO MAKE A GOOD PENNE KNIFE.

Your Peneknife as staye in leaft hand lett rest,
The mettell to softe nor to harde is best :
To sharpe it maye be and so cut to faste,
If it be to dull a shrewde turne for hast :
For whetstone harde, touch that is verie good,
Slate or shoo sowle is not ill but good.

Davy's "System of Divinity."

IN 1786, says Professor Matthews in his "Hours with Men and Books," the Rev. William Davy, a curate in a remote part of Devonshire, began writing a "System of Divinity," as he called it. It contained no less than twenty-six volumes. He had sent it from one publisher to another, but could not find one who would print, let alone publish, his work. And as the Rev. W. Davy firmly believed that "necessity was the mother of invention," he accordingly, with a few old types and a press, began the work of typography, printing only a page at a time. For more than twelve years he laboured at his extraordinary task, and at last brought it to a close in 1807. As each volume of his work contained about five hundred pages, he must necessarily have imposed and distributed his types and put his press into operation about 15,000 times, or more than three times a day, omitting Sundays. Such an amount of labour almost staggers belief. Only fourteen copies were printed, and he deposited them in different large libraries in London, having bound them with his own hands. He died at an advanced age in 1826, hoping to the last that he would see the fruits of his labour; and, says Professor Matthews, the work is probably not known to ten men in Great Britain.

Dr. Gideon Harvey.

THERE were two of this name, probably father and son, who practised medicine, but, until the publication, in 1878, of the *second* edition of "The Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," by Dr. Munk, ii. 10-12, they were regarded as one individual (*vide* the first edition of "The Roll," &c., ii. 6-8; and Watt's "Bibl. Brit."). The elder had a foreign degree, and "was appointed physician in ordinary to King Charles II.," when in exile. He was the author of "A Most Memorable Case" (*vide* art. pp. 329-337), and of many other works "of a questionable character." A long list of them is given by Watt. He was born circ. 1637, but the period of his death is unknown. The second was a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and at the time of his death was the Father of the College. He was born circ. 1669, and died circ. 1755. He held the appointment of Physician to the Tower of London for many years. He does not appear to have published any works. Dr. Munk gives short memoirs of both individuals.

T. N. B.



Rowlandson the Caricaturist.

“**S**ATIRE,” exclaimed Dryden, in his famous essay on the subject,

“Is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.”

And, as caricature is the twin-sister of satire, so the words of “honest John” may not be inappropriate at the head of this brief article on one of the greatest of its English exponents. The dry and matter-of-fact details of history afford us no information as to peculiar personal idiosyncrasies of the generations that succeed one another in regular sequence. Contemporary historians rarely possess a faculty for detecting the grotesque in human nature, their object being to record the more vital things and events which go to make up history. The caricaturist’s work, like that of the satirist, is essentially ephemeral, and rarely interests any one but the antiquary, whose knowledge of men and events of former days is almost as great as if he lived and observed in those days. Time, the march of civilization, and the vastly altered conditions of every-day life, have rendered much of Rowlandson’s grotesque humour somewhat pointless, but it is impossible not to be charmed with the facility and the characteristic touches with which the great caricaturist hit off the foibles and eccentricities of our grandfathers.

The career of Thomas Rowlandson, like that of so many eminent artists and *littérateurs*, was singularly uneventful. From Mr. Grego’s

exhaustive and sumptuous monograph in two volumes, we learn that the subject of this article was born in Old Jewry, London, in July, 1756, his parents coming in the category of "middle ranks." He received his education under a Dr. Barrow, and had among his school-fellows a son of Edmund Burke, Jack Banister, of comic celebrity, and young Angelo, the fencer. Rowlandson spent a year



"GREAT NEWS."

or two with a relative in Paris, where "he carefully educated his eye by studying the scenes of foreign life." When only nineteen years of age, he had a contribution accepted by the Royal Academy. The artistic quarter of London at that time was Soho Square, and here he resided for many years, taking lessons in drawing at the Royal Academy School. His early friends included J. T. Smith, the anti-

quary and author, and W. H. Pyne, the artist, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Ephraim Oldcastle," edited the *Somerset House Gazette*. One of his earliest and most useful acquaintances was R. Ackermann, a bookseller in the Strand, and who, in employing the artist, was laying the foundation of his own fortunes. The relations between



Rowlandson Delin 1819.

"LETTERS FOR POST."

the two appear to have been most cordial throughout. Except several expeditions into the country in the company of his comic literary friend, H. Wigstead, Rowlandson, like so many other men, appears to have been wedded to London, with its universality and charm. He died in 1827.

It is as the inimitable artist of "Dr. Syntax's Tour" that Rowland-

son is now best known to the general public ; but those familiar with Mr. Grego's biography know how small a portion this was of his work. Nearly every conceivable subject was touched upon. Perhaps there was never in the history of England a time so favourable for the display of talents such as Rowlandson's, as during the reign of George III. Certainly, he made the most of his opportunities ; and the range of his versatility included such subjects as the controversies about the Regency ; the struggle against Napoleon ; the inner life of the Prince Regent at Carlton House and at the Brighton Pavilion ; the races at Newmarket and Ascot ; the opera, the theatres ; the gambling hells of the West End ; the card-rooms and frivolities generally of Bath ; court and other scandals ; adventures in coaches, and fashions in the parks, and poverty in the slums ; duels and fights ; giants and dwarfs, and hundreds of other subjects, attracted the genius of Rowlandson, who has, in his easy and facile manner, left us heirlooms infinitely more valuable than any possible amount of written descriptions.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Field and Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, we are enabled to give two *fac-simile* copies from a set published in 1820, and entitled "Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders," from the preface to which we take the following interesting particulars : "The British public must be already acquainted with numerous productions from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Rowlandson, who has particularly distinguished himself in this department. There is so much truth and genuine feeling in his delineations of human character, that no one can inspect the present collection without admiring his masterly style of drawing and admitting his just claim to originality. The great variety of countenance, expression, and situation, evince an active and lively feeling, which he has so happily infused into the drawings as to divest them of that broad caricature which is too conspicuous in the works of those artists who have followed his manner. Indeed, we may venture to assert that, since the time of Hogarth, no artist has appeared in this country who could be considered his superior or even his equal." Of the two illustrations here given, the first, with the legend "Letters for Post," is self-explanatory, and, according to all accounts, is a remarkably accurate representation of a condition of things very nearly beyond even the recollections of any one now living. The second, "Great News," is an equally graphic illustration of a phase which is not yet quite extinct, for in many places the appearance of the weekly newspapers is announced by the hawkers through the medium of horns or trumpets. But we believe the practice, as indicated

by Rowlandson, of a copy of the newspaper being carried in the hat-band is quite a thing of the past.

As the "Tour of Dr. Syntax" is the best known work with which Rowlandson was connected, we may here point out the manner in which it appeared. In May, 1810, Ackermann started a *Poetical Magazine*, in the first number of which was commenced a series of plates depicting the varied fortunes of a touring schoolmaster. Ackermann employed William Coombe, who was at the time in prison for debt, to write "up" to these illustrations, and the experiment proved an extraordinary success; so much so, indeed, that the character became a household word throughout the country, and, taking advantage of the Doctor's popularity, there were Syntax hats, Syntax wigs, Syntax coats, and so forth. After a big success in serial form, the "Tour in Search of the Picturesque" was issued separately in 1812, with thirty-one plates by Rowlandson. An unusual demand for this book caused five large editions to be exhausted within twelve months. After a lapse of eight years, it was determined to continue the adventures of the Doctor; and this time he went in hunt of Consolation. This part appeared in monthly instalments, and received a fair share of success. In 1821 the third, "In Search of a Wife," was also commenced in monthly parts. There were in all eighty coloured illustrations to the three parts of this once famous and still highly interesting, if somewhat long-winded, "poem."



Poetry, Wholesale or Retail.

BRICE'S *Old Exeter Journal* of May 7, 1789, contains the following:—We have often heard of poetical talents being brought to a mart, but never, perhaps, was it done with more explicit brevity than appears in the following advertisement, which appeared *verbatim* in *The Daily Advertiser* of Wednesday: "James Maxwell, poet, in Paisley, is come to London; has brought some of his poetical pieces for sale, *wholesale* or *retail*! He makes Poems on given subjects, and Acrosticks on names for Gentlemen and Ladies."

Books and Bindings.

ON my study shelves they stand,
 Well known all to eye and hand,
 Bound in gorgeous cloth of gold,
 In morocco rich and old,
 Some in paper, plain and cheap,
 Some in muslin, calf, and sheep;
 Volumes great and volumes small
 Ranged along my study wall.
 But their contents are past finding
 By their size or by the binding.

There is one with gold agleam,
 Like the Sangreal in a dream,
 Back and boards in every part
 Triumph of the binder's art;
 Costing more, 'tis well believed,
 Than the author e'er received.
 But its contents? Idle tales,
 Flappings of a shallop's sails!
 In the treasury of learning
 Scarcely worth a penny's turning.

Here's a tome in paper plain,
 Soiled and torn and marred with stain
 Cowering from each statelier book
 In the darkest, dustiest nook.
 Take it down, and lo! each page
 Breathes the wisdom of a sage!
 Weighed a thousand times in gold,
 Half its worth would not be told,
 For all the truth of ancient story
 Crowns each line with deathless glory.

On my study shelves they stand;
 But my study walls expand,
 As mind's pinions are unfurled,
 Till they compass all the world.
 Endless files go marching by,
 Men of lowly rank and high,
 Some in broadcloth, gem-adorned,
 Some in homespun, fortune-scorned;
 But God's scales that all are weighed in
 Heed not what each man's arrayed in.

From "The Book-Mart."



Bentley *versus* Boyle.

THE BOOKSELLER'S VIEW.

THERE have been quarrels between booksellers and authors from the very earliest times, ever since, in fact, the two had dealings among themselves. The science of ethics is probably quite within its province in regarding these explosions as calamitous, but had there been no discord between the two parties many interesting facts in the by-ways of literature would have forever remained unknown and even unthought of. D'Israeli observes that "the splendid controversy between Boyle and Bentley was at times a strife of gladiators"; but although the primary cause was brought about by a bookseller, the motive was something much more worthy of contention than the procrastination of a tradesman. It is perhaps rather a strange incident, but in his interesting sketch of this quarrel, D'Israeli does not in any single instance mention the bookseller by name. It was Thomas Bennet, of the Half Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard, who succeeded, unintentionally of course, in raising perhaps the most protracted, and certainly the most learned, of literary quarrels. In 1699 Bennet published "A Short Account of Dr. Bentley's Humanity and Justice," to which he added "an appendix, by the bookseller, wherein the doctor's misrepresentations of all matters of fact wherein he is concerned, in his late book about 'Phalaris's Epistles,' are modestly considered." The paragraph to which Bennet took offence ran thus: "A bookseller came to me in the name of the editors to beg the use of the manuscript. It was not then in my custody, but as soon as I had the power of it, I went voluntarily and offered it to him, bidding him tell the collator not to lose any time, for I was shortly to go out of town for two months. 'Twas delivered, used and returned: not a word said by the bearer, nor the least suspicion in me that they had not finished the collation."

Bennet makes a totally different statement. He says that he was employed by Boyle to borrow the MS. of "Phalaris" from Bentley,

and that after nine months' solicitation he received it, and no particular time specified for its return. Within a few days Bentley demanded it back, and peremptorily refused a twelve hours' grace. But Bentley proves that from the time of his appointment to the librarianship to the time that the MS. was borrowed and returned was only one month. The bookseller expresses astonishment at this, which he fails to reconcile ; but he refuses to retract one word of his own version.

"The deposition of the bookseller," remarks Bentley, "that he could not obtain the MS. till after about nine months' solicitation, is demonstrated to be a notorious falsehood. And since he has further declared that it was in his intention a perjury, he has pilloried himself in print as long as the book shall last." The bookseller, by a mighty effort apparently, restrains his passion, and thus comments : "These are gross words, and might tempt me to forget the respect that is owing to his character, he having first forgot it when he stooped to such rude expressions, especially after the care I had taken to express myself in my relation as inoffensively as was possible ; but let him allow himself the use of what language he thinks fit ; I shall endeavour to keep within bounds."

The bookseller was wise in avoiding a tussle with the doctor at close quarters, for he knew that in almost any case he would come off second best. "Why," queries Mr. Bennet, "must the first rumour of his being library-keeper needs be dated from the time of his taking out his warrant ? " *i.e.*, December 23, 1693. The previous librarian died several months before this, "and was there no rumour till the very time that he actually took out his warrant for it ? Particularly, when Mr. Postlethwait and Mr. Wright were taking a catalogue of the books from October 1693, to April 1694, will Dr. Bentley pretend that during the whole six months' time he had no acquaintance with the library nor interest enough to procure anything out of it ? Will he say he did not accompany these gentlemen often to the place and assist them in their work ? I have good grounds, I can assure the reader, that he often did the first."

If Bennet's assertions and the accumulation of evidence which he marshals in his own aid can be relied upon, Bentley knew that the MS. was not collated when it was returned. With what conscience, asks Bennet, then can the doctor "pretend to when the MS. was carried to him at Westminster, he 'had no suspicions that the collation was not finished'—unless he means that he did not *suspect* it, because he most certainly *knew* it. God forgive him this untruth : which, with several others, I hope before he goes out of the world

he'll be so just both to himself and me as to retract publicly." There is very much more of this kind of "argument" in the bookseller's refutation, which is wordy to a confusing degree. "Great men," Bennet humbly observes, "may make as free with one another as they please : it becomes me to consider my station, and so I will ; for I shall make no reflections myself ; but if Dr. Bentley thinks fit to 'pillory me in print,' and to represent me as 'the disgrace of my profession,' I shall go on to take the liberty of telling him what some other great men say of him." But the incident directly relating to the bookseller was a very minor one in the controversy, which is interminable in its issues and confusing in its ramifications. The Titanic Bentley, who pulverised the arguments and theories of the combined band of assailants at Oxford, was scarcely likely to notice the bookseller's theory, except to scorn it and to convert it to ridicule. One feels inclined to pity the unfortunate Bennet, who was hardly used if his statement were correct ; but there is too much sophistry, a too free indulgence in what-might-have-happened suggestions, that one cannot help thinking that fiction and fact are about equally divided.



A View of the Globe.

GIVE me," says Burton in his famous "Anatomy of Melancholy," "but a little leave, and I will set before your eyes in briefe, a stupend, vast, infinite Ocean of incredible madness and folly." To so great an extent of inauspicious prologue, it is not here intended to direct the attention of the lover of old books when a notice of a rather curious volume is unfolded to him. Whether it be a rarity or a work little read, or one half hidden under the ægis of Time, yet may it be aptly taken up and perused with some kind of interest both on account of the author and his subject. It has for title "Speculum Mundi, or a Glass representing the Face of the World. Shewing that it did begin and must end. The manner How and Time when being largely examined. The whole of which may be fitly called an Hexameron." The fourth edition was much beautified and enlarged by John Swan. It was printed in London by J. R. for John Williams in the year 1670. In this Glass there are nine chapters, headed by a Table of Contents. Only to read the first chapter, and a bold proposition is at once presented. The world began and must end. Here the reader will be reminded

of Sir Thomas Browne's "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or Dissertation on Vulgar Errors," the common infirmity of human nature. Then in the second chapter, discussion is entered into as to whether the world began in Autumn or Spring. The following two chapters deal with the First Day of the World, creation of light, and the second day embraces the Expansion or Stretching out of the Heavens. The fifth chapter has a long section, and among other subjects enlarges upon the Air, Meteors, Fiery Meteors, Shooting Stars, Comets, Watery Meteors, Clouds, Rain, Dew, Frosts, Hail, Mist, Cobweb-like Meteors, &c. The sixth chapter contains four sections and two appendices. Herein, the Gathering of the Waters called Seas is entered into. Also a question raised, How they are gathered together, and whether they be higher than the earth? Is there more water than earth? Why is the Sea salt, and wherefore its ebb and flow? Origin of Rivers, and why is their water fresh? Then of Dry Land and its circuit. Of the Fructification of the Earth and the variety of herbs and trees, metals, &c. And so we arrive at the seventh chapter, which deals with the Stars, their order and place in the Skie. On Future Events as predicted by the Signes. In the eighth chapter, Fish and Fowl have a hearing, their names, kinds, and properties are told off; while in the ninth and the last and concluding chapters, those Creatures who are made to live on the Earth, and not in the Air or in the Waters, till we end with the Creation of Man and Woman; the institution of Marriage; the time of Adam's Fall; the long life of the Patriarchs. As a distinctive finale appropriate to the title of the work, there is something concerning the manner and time of the world's ending, whilst there is a confutation against all Millenaries, Anabaptists, and others. In the last page there is a translation from Du Bartas by Sylvester.

Students in natural history will be astonished to read that cameleopards are a mixed generation, being a kind of cross between the camel and leopard or panther. The hyena, says our author, is a beast whose neck hath no joint. The feet of the wolf are like the feet of the lion. Called, therefore, *Lupus* from "*Leopes quai pedem quasi pedes Leonis habet.*" The qualities of a horse are freely described. Certain serpents have divers effects in their sting. The reason why wolves and dogs are most subject to madness is because their bodies are choleric, and their brains increase and decrease with the moon. Instead of *Finis*, the last words of this strange eventful history are

SOLI DEO GLORIA.



Literary Anecdotes of Goldsmith.

AN anonymous correspondent addressed the following interesting remarks to the Editor of the *Westminster Magazine*, shortly after Goldsmith's death in 1774:—

I have in vain looked into all our public prints for some biographical Anecdotes of the late Dr. Goldsmith, whose reputation, when living, as a Poet, Playwright, Essayist, and Compiler, have rendered his death an object of public attention. Some of his friends or intimates, indeed, have given us a faint outline of the first part of his life; but the Public are yet to learn the incidents which laid the foundation of his future fame and success. These tell us, that he was born in Ireland; was entered a Student in Trinity College, Dublin, where he took a Bachelor's degree; that he set up Physician in a country town in England, but not meeting with encouragement, went from thence to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the Professors in the different branches of medicine with great assiduity; that he went from Edinburgh to the Continent, and travelled over most parts of Holland, France, Switzerland, and Germany; and on his return to England, was employed as an Usher by the late Rev. Dr. Milner, who kept an academy at Peckham. Here too his laudable endeavours proved unsuccessful; owing, perhaps, to some unfavourable peculiarity in his manner and deportment. Finding him to have a turn to literature, Dr. Milner warmly recommended him to a Bookseller in the city as a promising young author. Mr. Goldsmith's aspect, deportment, and awkward manner of expressing himself in conversation, were such as rather tended to prejudice the Bookseller against him; nevertheless, out of regard to Dr. Milner's earnest recommendation, he took Mr. Goldsmith into employment.

It was at the close of the year 1759, that I first knew the Doctor as a Candidate for employment among the Booksellers. At this time Doctor (then Mr.) Goldsmith lived in a smoky, miserable one-pair-

of-stairs room, in Green-Arbour Court, near the Old Bailey, and where he continued to live till about the middle of the year 1762. During this time he wrote for the *British Magazine*, (of which Dr. Smollet was then Editor) most of those Essays and Tales, which he afterwards collected and published in a separate Volume: He also wrote occasionally for the *Critical Review*; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticizing a despicable translation of Ovid's *Fasti*, by a pedantic Schoolmaster; and his *Enquiry into the present state of polite Learning in Europe*, (a small octavo, published by Dodsley) which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who afterwards recommended and introduced him to several Literati, and most of the respectable Booksellers by whom he was afterwards patronized. Among these, the Doctor's most fortunate connection was with the celebrated Mr. *John Newbery*, of philanthropical memory, who (being a principal proprietor) engaged him at a salary of 100*l.* per annum, to write a Paper (on the plan of the *Spectator*) for the *Public Ledger*, which he executed under the title of the *Citizen of the World*; and which papers were afterwards collected and published in two volumes. On his embarking in this undertaking, he quitted his hovel in Green-Arbour Court, and removed to an elegant apartment in Wine-Office Court, Fleet-street, dropped the plain *Mr.*—dubbed himself, and was afterwards known as *Dr. Goldsmith*. Here he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, *The History of Mecklenberg*, *The Preface to Dr. Brooke's System of Natural History*, and a variety of other Pieces for Booksellers and Printers. Indeed, his name was almost wholly unknown to any other persons, till the publication of his *Traveller*, which established his reputation, and extended his connections to persons in a higher sphere of life.

From this time, (when he lived in the *Temple*, where he died) he numbered the first literary Personages in this kingdom among his friends and acquaintance; but it was to the detestable *Nyky*, whose pilfered *Love in a Village* made its appearance much about the same time, that he owed the representation of his *Good-natured Man* at Covent Garden Theatre, and his future intimacy with the Managers of both Theatres. The Public are acquainted with most of his other publications since that period; as after the success of his *Traveller*, and *Deserted Village*, the Booksellers always amply paid him for owning his productions.

He had lately formed a wild plan of an *Encyclopedia*, in which, however, he could not persuade one Bookseller to be concerned, knowing that he had not the perseverance necessary for such an extensive

and laborious work. His *System of Natural History* was completed before his death, and he has left a *Grecian History* nearly finished. He is said to have died in consequence of an improper use of Dr. James's Powders in a slight Fever, with which he was attacked on the 25th of March, and which carried him off on the 11th instant.

In his private character he was generous, friendly, and humane ; but vain, indolent, and unthinking. His speech was pompous, and his manner pedantic. While he was possessed of any money, he devoted himself entirely to indolence ; and never thought of resuming or performing any literary engagements with printers or booksellers, till he had exhausted it on his own necessities, or those of any distressed object that solicited his assistance. In a word, he was a good-natured, feeling, thoughtless man ; a pleasing writer ; and—no man's enemy but his own.¹



Early Italian Books.

MANY of the early Italian books of the finer sort have most exquisitely gauffered edges, worked, of course, after the gilding had been done. And it is a wonder how fresh and beautiful these stampings appear after the lapse of several hundred years. Some of the patterns simulate lace work, others reproduce a motive from the cover. Nor is it uncommon to meet with maxims, mottoes or devices gauffered on the edges of these *post incunabula*, if the term be allowed. Nowadays the bibliophile is content with rough edges ; but in those days the collector insisted that the exteriors of his books should be ornamented wherever they were visible when the book reposed on its side.

“Salad for the Social.”

IN 1853, a work appeared entitled “Salad for the Solitary, by an Epicure,” followed three years later by “Salad for the Social.” The author in each case was Frederick Saunders. Except for the reason that one copies another, it is difficult to account for the persistence of the majority of second-hand booksellers, in assigning the authorship in their catalogues to Dr. Doran.

¹ The *History of a Philosophic Vagabond*, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, is said to contain the outlines of some parts of his own life, as well as a delineation of his own character.



Steele's "Ladies' Library."

MR. G. A. AITKEN points out, in reference to the article with the above title in vol. i. p. 49, that any who are interested in the question of the authorship of "The Ladies' Library," published by Steele, will find an analysis of the contents of the three volumes in a paper by him in *The Athenæum* for July 5, 1884, in which it is shown in detail what portions of the Library were taken from the popular religious and moral works of the day—by Jeremy Taylor, Fleetwood, Locke, Halifax (all mentioned in Meredith's pamphlet, "Mr. Steele detected"), Lucas, Scott, Tillotson, Fénelon, Mary Astelle, and the author of "The Whole Duty of Man." The list there given explains the origin of three-fourths of the Library, and it may be added that the long section upon "Ignorance" (vol. i. pp. 447–525), not then identified, was taken from Mary Astell's "Serious Proposal," part ii. Perhaps some of the readers of THE BOOKWORM can say whence the passage upon "Scruples" (vol. iii. pp. 413–503) was taken. That is the only passage of length of which the authorship has not been ascertained. "The Ladies' Library" is, of course, a compilation; but that is exactly what Steele declared it to be. It was probably put together, as he says, by a lady, possibly by Jeremy Taylor's granddaughter Mary, who married, as her second husband, Sir Cecil Wray, although Steele's letter to Meredith does not imply this, but only that he knew Taylor's granddaughter. Mr. Aitken mentions that he has a copy of the first edition of the Library with the autograph inscription, "Mary, Lady Wray, 1749." But whoever gathered together the materials, Steele certainly went through the collection carefully, and in the paper already referred to many short passages are indicated which he appears to have added. And not only are these remarks inserted between extracts from other writers, or in the middle of those extracts, but the pieces used are often modified, especially in the

case of Taylor, when the editor did not exactly agree with the older writer, or thought an alteration would bring the passage more directly home to the reader.

In 1715 a volume was published called "The Gentleman's Library," containing Rules for Conduct in all Parts of Life. Written by a Gentleman," which was written in professed imitation of "The Ladies' Library." Of this book, which passed through five editions by 1760, some further particulars will be found in *The Athenæum* for February 14, 1885.



Henry Grattan's Library.

AN interesting sale commenced in Dublin on Tuesday, November 6th, when the books of Henry Grattan, the great Irish patriot, were brought under the hammer, nearly seventy years after the death of their collector. A correspondent, writing a short time before the sale, describes the library as consisting of between 5,000 and 6,000 volumes of a miscellaneous character. Many of the books have interesting associations, the names of well-known persons are inscribed upon their title-pages, some in Henry Grattan's own endorsement, others in the autographs of the donors. Several bear the clear bold autograph of Dean Swift. These are almost entirely masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature which Grattan obtained through the hands of one "Daniel Jackson." Boscawen's translation of the Odes of Horace has on the fly-leaf the interesting inscription, "From the library of Charles J. Fox, given to Henry Grattan by Mrs. Fox as a memorial of Mr. Fox's affection." There are many good specimens of Aldine, Plantin, and Elzevir editions—two of the last named, which belonged to Swift, are dated 1699, and the collection includes, moreover, various classical works issued from Basle, Paris, Lyons, and Frankfort during the seventeenth century. Foulis, the scrupulously-careful Glasgow printer, who offered a reward for every error discovered in his edition of Horace, and John Baskerville, of Birmingham, are represented by editions of Cæsar, Tacitus, Cicero, and Virgil; indeed the first of Baskerville's productions—a Virgil dated 1756-7—is catalogued. The younger Stephen's "Herodotus" (Paris, 1570) is handsomely bound in vellum. The illustrious orator's school books are here, numbering

twenty-two separate volumes. Several first editions of English works are also in the library. Two editions of Horace's Satires—one issued at Rome, the other at Parma—were presented to Grattan, so he himself has recorded, by Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. The collection of pamphlets, relating chiefly to Ireland, is unique, and must be counted by the hundred. More than fifty volumes deal with pre-Union affairs, for pamphleteers were then very prolific. The scarce anti-Union tracts are all here. The collection shows how close was Grattan's attention to every phase of Irish affairs when his eloquence was thrilling the nation. Concerning political affairs outside Ireland the collection of works is not so remarkable, but it is nevertheless very interesting. Here is a complete set of "The Scourge"—the famous monthly expositor in which Cruikshank and Rowlandson's pencils lashed so ruthlessly the imposture and the folly of their time. The coloured plates in which George IV. is so mercilessly lampooned and cartooned, are all perfect, and the set includes vol. xi., which is almost unknown to bibliographers. The matrimonial alliances of needy German princes with members of the English Royal Family gave subjects for the satire of the famous artists of "The Scourge." There are two French works in the collection which are almost certain to be secured for Paris. One is a very good copy of Prudhomme's "Revolutions de Paris." It is a minute daily narrative which was originally published in weekly numbers of the incidents of the great Revolution. It contains many admirable illustrations; one depicts the slaying of Marat in his bath by Charlotte Corday, another shows the patriotic maiden on her way to the guillotine. The most remarkable illustration, however, is the bust of a cleric so ingeniously drawn that it has a double effect—looked at while holding the book in the ordinary way we perceive a sour-faced aristocrat "cursing the revolution"; but turning the book upside down the same figure has an entirely different expression, beneath which is written: "He believes in the counter revolution." The other remarkable French work deals with "The Crimes of the German Emperors." It belonged to the French Imperial Library, bears on the cover the gilded stamp of St. Cloud, and on the fly-leaf has the following endorsement:—"This book was taken by me out of Buonaparte's library at St. Cloud by right of conquest. 1815. J. Grattan."

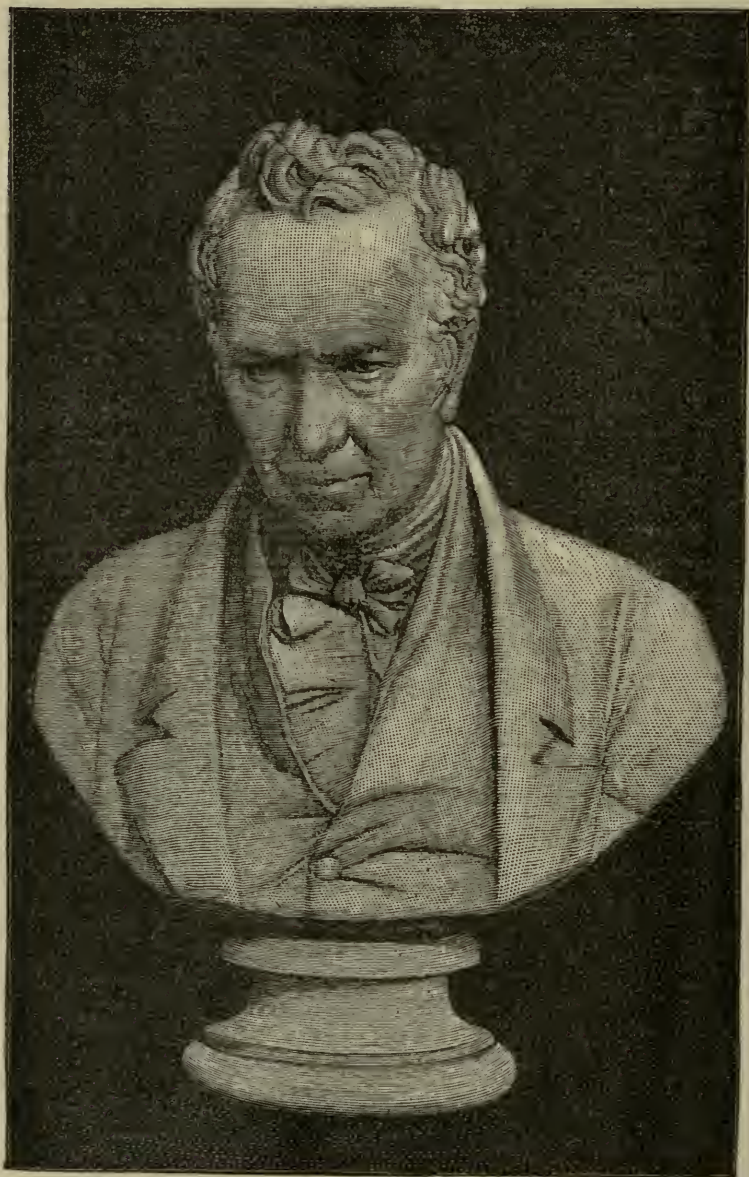




Thomas Bewick, the Engraver.

DURING the early part of the eighteenth century" (remarks Mr. Austin Dobson, in his entertaining monograph entitled "Thomas Bewick and his Pupils"), "engraving on wood can scarcely be said to have flourished in England. It existed—so much may be admitted—but it existed without recognition or importance. In the useful little 'État des arts en Angleterre,' published in 1755, by Rouquet, the enameller—a treatise so catholic in its scope that it includes both cookery and medicine—there is no reference to the art of wood-engraving. In the 'Artists' Assistant,' to take another book which might be expected to afford some information, even in the fifth edition of 1778, the subject finds no record, although engraving on metal, etching, mezzotinto-scraping, to say nothing of 'painting on silks, sattins,' &c., are treated with sufficient detail. Turning from these authorities to the actual woodcuts of the period, it must be confessed that the survey is not encouraging. With the almost solitary exception of the illustrations in Croxall's 'Fables of Æsop,' the 'wooden-engravings,' which decorate books, are of the most 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' description. The majority consist of tasteless emblematical ornaments and '*culs-de-lampe*,' or coarse headpieces, such as that which Hogarth is said to have designed in 1747 for *The Jacobite's Journal* of Henry Fielding. Among efforts on a larger scale, the only examples which deserve mention are the last two plates of the same artist's 'Four Stages of Cruelty,' engraved by J. Bell in 1750. These, drawn boldly on the plank by Hogarth himself, and cut with the knife in rough effective facsimile, deserve to be better known, as, besides variations, they possess an initial vigour of execution which is lost in the subsequent coppers. It was with a view to bring the lesson of his sombre

designs within the range of the poorest classes that Hogarth had in this case selected wood ; but the method was judged upon trial to be more expensive than metal. Such as it was, nevertheless, the real



BUST OF THOMAS BEWICK.

field of wood-engraving during the greater part of the eighteenth century lay among those humbler patrons of art and literature to whom he desired to appeal. It was to be found in the rude prints and broadsides then to be seen displayed in every farm and cottage

—patriotic records of victories by sea and land, portraits of famous or notorious—

‘ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Chevy Chace, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood.’”

Such, therefore, was the condition of things which Bewick was destined, in a sense, to revolutionize. Thomas Bewick was born in



CHERRYBURN HOUSE, BEWICK'S BIRTHPLACE.

August, 1753, at Cherryburn House, on the south bank of the Tyne, in the parish of Ovingham, Northumberland. A portion only of the house still exists, but it has long since degenerated into a cow-shed, close to which is a new Cherryburn, in which reside certain of the great engraver's descendants. Bewick's father was a small farmer, and the tenant of a "land-sale colliery (*i.e.*, a colliery, the coals of which are sold on the spot to persons in the neighbourhood) at Mickley, close by." Bewick first attended school at Mickley, but was afterwards placed under the care of the Rev. Christopher Gregson, of Ovingham. He exhibited artistic tastes

at a very early age, a fact which led to his being apprenticed on October 1, 1767, to a Newcastle engraver, Mr. Ralph Beilby. But the term "engraver" had a signification at the period which can scarcely be linked in connection with the art at the present moment. Beilby's business, for example, consisted principally in engraving pipe-moulds, bottle-moulds, brass clock-faces, coffin-plates, stamps, seals, bill-heads, crests, ciphers, and so forth. During his apprenticeship, Bewick illustrated a number of books, the most notable being Gay's "Fables," and his master considered the engravings to this book so well done that he sent five blocks to the Society of Arts, for which a prize of seven guineas was awarded the engraver.

Bewick's apprenticeship expired on October 1, 1774, and he then set up in business at Cherryburn. Two years later he made a pedestrian tour to the north, and in the same year started for



TAILPIECE, ENGRAVED BY BEWICK.

(From Ferguson's "Poems," 1814).

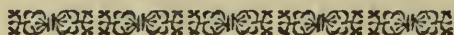
London. But although there was no lack of employment for him in the metropolis, his attachment to his native county was so great, that he very shortly afterwards returned to it. He now entered into partnership with his old master Beilby. Mr. Dobson points out that "for many years after his apprenticeship had come to an end, wood-engraving seems to have been the exception rather than the rule of Bewick's work, the general business of the firm being of the indiscriminate character already described." Most of Bewick's tentative efforts have obtained a celebrity and fame to which their merits scarcely entitle them. The works from 1774 to 1784, which he received more than his due share of praise, are the "Gay's Fables" of 1779, and "Select Fables" of 1784, which were printed and published by Sant of Newcastle. "With the publication of the 'Select Fables,'" observes Mr. Dobson, "it had become manifest that there had arisen an engraver who, to singular technical dexterity,

added an unexampled appreciation of the qualities and limitations of wood as a medium for the reproduction of designs. It was also clear that, besides being an engraver, he was, in his own way, an artist of remarkable capacity as a faithful interpreter of animal life, and a genuine humourist of the sub-Hogarthian type." One of Bewick's greatest works, the "*General History of Quadrupeds*," which was begun in 1785, was published in 1790, and was a distinct success. Beilby supplied the text, whilst Bewick executed the cuts and vignettes after working hours. A second edition appeared in 1791, a third in 1792, and by 1824 no fewer than eight editions had been called for. His next great undertaking was the "*History of British Birds*," the first volume, "*Land Birds*," appearing in 1797, and the second, dealing with "*Water Birds*," coming out in 1804. In the former case the text was again supplied by Beilby, but in the latter it was written by the Rev. Mr. Cotes, of Bedlington, the partnership between Bewick and Beilby having been dissolved. The "*Birds*" are described as being Bewick's high-water mark. The works which appeared after 1804, with illustrations by him, are, however, not only interesting, but important, notably the "*Fables of Æsop*" of 1818. Among other works with which his name is associated, and which may be here named, are Thomson's "*Seasons*" (1805), "*The Hive of Ancient and Modern Literature*" (1806), Burns' "*Poems*" (1814), and Ferguson's "*Poems*" (1814), from the last of which we reproduce a "tail-piece," which, with the other illustrations in this article, are taken from Mr. Austin Dobson's "*Thomas Bewick and his Pupils*," by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Thomas Bewick, it may be mentioned, died on November 8, 1828, at his house, 19, West Street, Gateshead, and is buried in Ovingham churchyard by the side of his wife, who died in February, 1826.

We may, in conclusion, indicate the present values of some of Bewick's works by quoting the prices realized at auctions during 1887. The first edition (not in perfect condition) of the "*History of British Birds*," realized £3 17s. 6d., but a copy on Royal Paper fetched £9 17s. 6d., and another, Large Paper (which included the cancelled cut in vol. i.), £14; one ordinary Large Paper edition bringing £6 5s., and another, £7 10s. It cannot be regarded as in any sense a rare book, inasmuch as no fewer than twenty-two copies were in the market between December, 1886, and November, 1887. The same remark applies to the "*History of Quadrupeds*"—twenty copies falling beneath the hammer in twelve months. Of this a first edition fetched £3 13s., and a fine Large Paper impres-

sion £31 10s. The prices realized show an extraordinary difference in the values of the first and subsequent editions. Seven copies of the "Fables of Æsop" occurred in the market, and sold from £1 1s., upwards to £6 10s. for a Large Paper copy of the first edition.

Thomas Bewick



Grangerizing Thiers's "History."

A LABORIOUS but unique piece of Grangerizing has just been sent to America, made up of a copy of Thiers's "History of the Revolution, Consulate, and Empire." The original was published in twenty-five volumes in 1839-1847. It has been extended by portraits, battle-scenes, and views, into sixty-four volumes. The volumes have been elaborately bound by Rivière in levant morocco, embellished with Napoleonic devices, in which the violet, the fleur-de-lys, and the bee are intertwined. The materials were got together by a busy American, at a cost, it is estimated, of at least two thousand guineas.

The "Contents" Lists of Newspapers and Periodicals.

THE practice of publishing "contents sheets" of newspapers, both separately and intact, is a comparatively modern growth of journalistic enterprise. The familiar phrases, "This number Contains," or "Contents," appeared in the very earliest of monthly periodicals. The first instance which we have come across of their employment in a newspaper is that of *The Briton*, a paper of the type of *The Tatler*, which began to appear twice weekly on January 6, 1713. But the "Contents" list does not commence until the third issue. This paper was printed for J. Pemberton at the Buck, over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street. The British Museum copy of this periodical has written over one of its numbers, in a contemporary hand, "A silly whiggish paper." It was a single-leaf paper, and was sold at three-halfpence.



Ballade of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

THERE *is* a Heaven, or here, or there,—
A Heaven there is, for me and you,
Where bargains meet for purses spare,
Like ours, are not so far and few.
Thuanus' bees go humming through
The learned groves, 'neath rainless skies,
O'er volumes old and volumes new,
Within that Book-man's Paradise !

There treasures bound for Longepierre
Keep brilliant their morocco blue,
There Hookes' *Amanda* is not rare,
Nor early tracts upon Peru !
Racine is common as Rotrou,
No Shakespeare Quarto search defies,
And Caxtons grow 'as blossoms grew,
Within that Book-man's Paradise !

There's Eve—not our first mother fair—
But Clovis Eve, a binder true ;
Thither does Bauzonnet repair,
Derome, Le Gascon, Padeloup !
But never come the cropping crew,
That dock a volume's honest size,
Nor they that " letter " backs askew,
Within that Book-man's Paradise !

ENVOY.

Friend, do not Heber and De Thou,
And Scott, and Southey, kind and wise,
La chasse au bouquin still pursue
Within that Book-man's Paradise ?

A. LANG, in *Longman's Magazine*.

A few English Cyclopædias.

THE first work that bore the name of cyclopædia in England was the famous "Cyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences," by Ephraim Chambers, published in 1728. The remarkable success which this work attained soon led to its imitation and expansion in other countries. In 1829-32 there appeared the "Encyclopædia Americana," published in the United States, being a translation from the German "Conversations-Lexikon," by Francis Lieber. It was reprinted at Glasgow in 1841 and 1862, under the title of the "Popular Cyclopædia." It has since been published at London and Edinburgh under the name of "Chambers Cyclopædia"—not the Ephraim Chambers before mentioned, but the Robert Chambers whose name will be memorable as having originated so many valuable literary enterprises in the nineteenth century. The most extensive cyclopædia in our language is that which goes by the name of "Rees," in forty-five vols., but which is only a new edition of that of E. Chambers. The "Britannica" stood first in public estimation till the appearance of the "Penny Cyclopædia" in 1832. The "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" of Brewster, the "Encyclopædia Perthensis," the "London Encyclopædia," the "Encyclopædia Londinensis," and the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," failed to reach the same level. The literary expenditure was upwards of £40,000, but the circumstance that it was first issued in penny numbers led to its receiving a title that refers to cheapness only, and thus seems at first sight to imply that it is of an inferior class, while, in reality, it has long taken rank with the best cyclopædias of any age or country.

Books in China.

IN the time of Confucius, B.C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo, upon which they wrote with the point of a style. About 150 B.C. paper was invented, when the Chinese wrote on rolls, and formed volumes. About A.D. 745 books were first bound up into leaves, and 200 years after they were multiplied by printing. The Chinese furnish books to each other for next to nothing. The works of Confucius, with the commentary of Choo-foo-tsze, comprising 6 vols., and amounting to 400 leaves, octavo, can be purchased for ninepence: and the historical novel of the "Three Kingdoms," amounting to 1500 leaves, in 20 vols., may be had for 2s. 6d.



Early Theatrical Documents.

I BOUGHT yesterday," observes the late Mr. J. Payne Collier, in "An Old Man's Diary," January 5, 1832, "some very old and curious theatrical documents, commencing even as early as the reign of Henry VII.—the precise year is not given. I wish they had come into my hand before I published my 'History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage.' The names of the King's actors are only four, hardly sufficient for the performance of the comic interludes of that day, but no doubt they were assisted by others, whom they employed, if they did not pay them. The men who were then rewarded quarterly were

JOHN ENGLISH,
EDWARD MAYE,
RICHARD GIBSON,
JOHN HAMMOND.

"They are called, curiously enough, '*Lusores Regis, alias in lingua Anglicorum, Pleyers of the Kinges Enterludes.*' The document is only signed by two of them, Maye and English, who received the money, 10s. 4d. for themselves and their fellows; this is the earliest player-autograph that I remember to have seen; but Richard II. had players in his pay some years before.

"The next document is also without date, but of the reign of Henry VIII., and the name of Cardinal Wolsey is at the head of it, as one of the persons entitled to 'lodging in the King's house:' here no players are mentioned, but their place seems to have been supplied by a company called 'The young Mynstrells.' After the name of Wolsey, come those of the Duke of Norfolk and 'his wife,' and of the Duke of Suffolk and 'his wife,' for the ladies have there no higher titles.

"Of the year 1550, there is a very interesting paper presented to the King, and containing a protest against many enumerated abuses in Church and State: among them are the two following articles:

"The players playe abroad in everye place everye lewde, sediciouse fellowse devise, to the daunger of the Kynge and his cownsaylle.

"The prynters do printe abroad whatsoever any fond man deviseth, be yt never so folishe, so sediciouse, or dangerouse for the people to knowe.'

"A third paper relates to the passing of Anne Bullen through London, and prays that the Lord Mayor may have the services of 'the Kynges Mynstrelles for the furnyshing of the Pageants and the Barges.'

"The next document does not relate directly either to players or theatres, but to the vicinity of those places of entertainment, which, about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, were built in Southwark, on the west side of London Bridge. It is the copy of a lease for ninety-nine years, of a piece of ground, 'abutting on Maiden Lane,' upon which the Globe Theatre was actually built in or about the year 1594: the lease is dated twelve years anterior to that event; but, besides 'the Stews,' the known residence of prostitutes, it mentions five or six public-houses near adjoining, and among them the 'Rose,' from which one of the play-houses occupied by Philip Henslowe (just previous to Shakespeare's era) was named."



A New Bookworm.

"BUCKLAND JUNIOR," writing in *The People*, observes: "A. C. H." has sent me a specimen of an insect by which he is much troubled. Its name is *Lepisma saccharina*, or bristle-tail, and it is often very common in houses, where it works destruction in various ways, such as eating holes in silk, and in the leaves of books. It also devours the paste used in mounting pictures. I should advise my correspondent to try and get rid of it by means of diluted carbolic acid and insect-powders, but it is by no means easy to banish.



Some Old Book Catalogues.

THERE is, in our humble judgment, often as much food for reflection in the whitey-brown and badly-printed lists of books as there is in the books to which they are appended or the books whose titles they register. Controversialists of the past two or three centuries had a constitutional weakness for driving an idea, a thought, a reflection even, to the very death, whilst their elaborate analysis and ponderous logic can only be regarded with the same sort of "creepy" feeling which the fat boy in "Pickwick" sought to raise. This is especially applicable to the theology of the period. Even for such unutterable rubbish catalogues would be needed, for if our forefathers had facile pens, and were long-winded, they appear to have had short memories for the endless divinity books, under which the shelves of all old libraries still groan, and book-stalls still overflow.

Possessing, as the Catalogue does, such an anomalous position in literary history, it is not at all surprising that its origin and early annals should be involved in doubt and obscurity. Essentially ephemeral, it had no very apparent claim to be preserved for the benefit and perusal of future eyes,—no more, in fact, than the hand-bills of to-day demonstrating the superiority of Jones' cheap tea, or those announcing Brown's sale, have for the advantage of those who will live in the twenty-first century. The booklover was not at all likely to preserve such things, the printer would not bother himself with the filing of copies, and the general public would very quickly consign such trifles to the limbo of obscurity. The struggles, therefore, which the Catalogue has gone through were very considerable, until its importance and utility became undisputed.

The exact date of the appearance of catalogues may well be ranked

among the debatable points of history. Beckman, in his most incomplete and unsatisfactory article on "Catalogues of Books" ("History of Invention," ii. 522-527, Bohn's ed.), quotes a statement from a work of Le Mire, better known as Miræus, to the effect that catalogues were first printed in 1554, and several other historians and bibliographers have accepted this statement without proving or disproving its accuracy. There is every reason to suppose that the introduction of printing only antedated the issuing of catalogues by about a quarter of a century or so. Probably these took no other than an announcement or circular-advertisement form for some time, such as, for example, the "broadside" which Caxton issued in or about 1477. This stated that any man could have the rules to show the priest how to deal with the concurrence of more than one office in the same day: the reader, moreover, is desired to "come to westmonester in to the almonesrye at the reed pale and he shal have them good chepe." But a far more important item in the historical chapter on catalogues may be assigned to (or about) the year 1486, when A. Coburger, or Koburger, issued at Nuremberg a single sheet folio catalogue of books sold by him. There is a copy of this in the British Museum, and it is partly printed across the page, and partly in double columns: there being fifty-one lines in all. Some of the works specified have not, according to the Museum's catalogue, been identified as printed by Coburger, although the type is the same as that of his Bible of 1477. This very early list commences thus: "Cupietesemere libros infra notatos venient ad hospicium subnotatum Venditorem habituri largissimum." The small list is even divided into sections, such as theology, music, &c. Coburger is also notable from the fact that he was the first to introduce printing into Nuremberg, and has the reputation, besides, of being a very learned man. His works are distinguished for their accuracy. At one time he had no fewer than one hundred journeymen under him, whilst his factors and agents were all over Europe. In addition to sixteen shops, he had a great number of warehouses, so that the need of a catalogue of some sort to him is very apparent. His books almost solely related to the canon law and to theology. He died in 1513.

The next catalogue, in point of importance if not in strict chronological sequence, which calls for notice is that of George Willer, or as he is sometimes called, Viller or Walter, who lived at Augsburg, where he had a large shop, and who frequented the Frankfort book-fairs. The first issue appeared, probably, in 1592,—at all events, that is the earliest we have been able to discover. Its title is as follows:—"Collectio in unum Corpus, omnium librorum Hembraëorum, Græ-

corum, Latinorum, necnon Germanice, Italice, Gallicè & Hispanicè scriptorum, qui in nundinus Francofurtensibus," &c., and this appears to have included all works which were offered for sale from 1564 until the autumn of 1592, and appealed, according to the title-page, to the students of every faculty or profession,—theology, law, medicine, and so forth,—“in ædibus Georgij Willeri civis and Bibliopole Augustani, venales habentur.” When the elaborate lists of the late H. G. Bohn, and, after him, of Mr. Quaritch, appeared, the undertakings were regarded, and rightly so far as that goes, as something quite remarkable: but here is a catalogue issued nearly 300 years ago which exceeds a thousand pages in extent! The method of entering the titles is practically the same now as it was then. The printing of this rather extraordinary publication was executed by Nicol Bassæus, and it is divided into three primary sections, each has an independent pagination. The first in Latin runs into 636 pages, besides an unpagèd dedicatory preface. It is again split up into distinct heads or classes, under which the books are alphabetically arranged. Theology (occupying 200 pages), of course, comes first: this is subdivided into two: first, Protestant, works, and secondly, “Pontificiorum sive, ut vulgò appellantur Catholicorum.” The second part is entitled “Catalogi Librorum Germanicorum,” the entries being almost solely in German, whilst no variance in the arrangement is observed. In this part there are 372 pages. The “pars tertia,” “Collectio in unum Corpus Librorum,” consists of Italian, Spanish, French, and other works: this part, in 62 pages, is particularly notable from the dedication (in French) to “M. Albert, illustre et Genereux conte de Honor et Rhienech Seigneur de Mintzenberg,” &c., which is signed by his very affectionate servant, Nicolas Bassé. Willer’s last (Easter) catalogue appeared in 1597, and is entitled “Plerique libie in ædibus Eliæ et Georgii Willerii fratrum bibliopolarum Augustanorum habentur.” It was also printed by Bassæus, at Frankfort, George and Elias Willer being probably the sons of the founder of the house. Reimann states that, after the death of George Willer, the catalogue was published by the Leipsic bookseller, Hearning Grosse, and by his son and grandson.

Our next example brings us down to the opening year of the seventeenth century. It is entitled: “Catalogus universalis pro nundinus Francofurtensibus (autumnalis) de anno 1600. Hoc est designatio omnium librorum qui istis nundinus . . . vel noir vel emendationes aut auctiores prodisrunt,” &c. A note in the British Museum Catalogue states that, according to Schwetchke, “Codex nundinarius Germaniæ,” the publication of an official Mess-Katalog was first

undertaken by the Town Council of Frankfort in 1598, and under its superintendence were issued the catalogues from 1598-99, published by J. Feyerabend; from 1599-1608 by J. Sauer; from 1608-1703, by S. Latonius and his successors in the firm of that name; the work was subsequently published by the house of Englehardt, &c., until 1749, when it ceased to appear. To go back, however, to the first issue which we have seen, *i.e.*, 1600. The title is in Latin and German; there is no pagination, but the list extends to signature F 2 (in quarto). It is divided into sections, such as theology, medicine, and philosophy. The first primary portion is in Latin, and the second in German. The next issue, spring 1601, is notable on account of the fact that nearly every entry has what we assume to be the year of publication at the margin, which, as by far the majority of dates is 1601, seems quite a superfluous piece of information. This marginal dating was carried on until the spring issue of 1607, when it appears to have been abandoned. At all events, the autumnal issue of 1609,—printed by Sigismundi Latoni,—omits them: Latoni's catalogue is smaller, and is exceedingly clearly printed in italic type, and it is also paged. The paper is thicker and of a much superior quality to its predecessors. But we can only assume that Latoni quickly got tired of being an innovator, inasmuch as the spring issue of 1613, is unpagged, larger in size, printed on whitey-brown, and in other respects possessing the inferior characteristics of the earlier publications in this series. There is not only a general mixture of roman and italic type, but also in the founts of both. He appears to have gone from bad to worse, for his spring catalogue of 1636 is a miserably poor production. The "*Catalogus universalis pro nundinus Francofurtensibus autumnalibus de anno 1623,*" &c., differs from the official Mess Catalogue published by Latonius, and contains "a catalogue of such books as have been published and by authority printed in England since the last vernal mart."

The Town Council of Frankfort gifted, like most other civic bodies, with an inordinate notion of its own importance, commenced to meddle and interfere in the regulations, and to enact new laws relative to the booksellers. This appears to have been carried to such an extent that the trade was driven from Frankfort to Leipsic, and the shops in Book Street degenerated into taverns. Very early in the seventeenth century, it appears, that the Leipsic booksellers began not only to reprint the Frankfort catalogues, but, according to Beckman, "to enlarge them with many books which had not been brought to the fairs in that city."

The extreme scarcity of these old catalogues is, from reasons already indicated, not at all a matter of surprise. Their loss, however, is in a certain degree compensated for by the works of Cless and Draudius. The former published in 1602—an edition had appeared in 1592—an exhaustive list of books offered at the fairs from 1500 to 1602; this ran into over eight hundred pages, and is arranged on the principle adopted by Willer. The work of Draudius was of a more important character, and appeared, first in 1611, and again in 1625. It is in several quarto volumes, and is described as larger, more complete, and more methodical than its predecessor. The extraordinary rarity of both works will be apparent when it is stated that Beckman had never seen a perfect copy of either when he compiled his “History of Inventions.” The first part extends to over 1300 pages; the second, which begins at page 1298, ends with page 1654, which is followed by an index of all the authors mentioned; the third is a smaller volume of 302 pages, and the fourth forms 759 pages, independent of the index of the authors. But many of the titles registered probably had no foundation in fact, whilst others are incorrectly given. W. R.



“The First Printer.”

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following note:—
 “On the last page of a book (*‘Vision delectable de la Philosophie et artes liberales,’* 1526) sold at the Ellis Sale, November 18, 1885, is a very remarkable statement respecting the invention of printing. It goes on to say that printing was first practised at Mainz, and was the invention of a citizen of that place named *‘Pedro Fueste,’* who made his discovery in the year 1425. But afterwards in the year 1431, a quarrel arose between two archbishops; and one of them having arranged with certain of the citizens to open the gate on the night of SS. Simon and Jude he entered the city with his people; and so great a massacre ensued, that the kennels ran with blood. Among the slain was this celebrated man *‘Pedro Fueste.’*”





A Note on George Dyer.

IN the late J. Payne Collier's privately printed autobiography, "An Old Man's Diary," we read the following very interesting note, under date January 2, 1832:—"I read in George Dyer's 'Poems,' 1802, ii. 233:

" ' Oh, Law ! tho' sages are so fond to prove
That thou in nature's bosom hast thy seat,
And that thy voice, inspiring awe and love,
Preserves the world in harmony complete ;
That heaven and earth to thee their homage pay,
That great and small alike thy care employ,
That every being gladly owns thy sway,
And hails thee mother of their peace and joy.' "

"What is this but a versification of that noble prose passage at the close of Book I. of Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity':—

" ' Of Lawe there can be no lesse acknowledged, then, that her seate is the bosome of God, her voyce the harmony of the world : all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power : both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in a different manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of all their peace and joy ' (Edit. 1594).

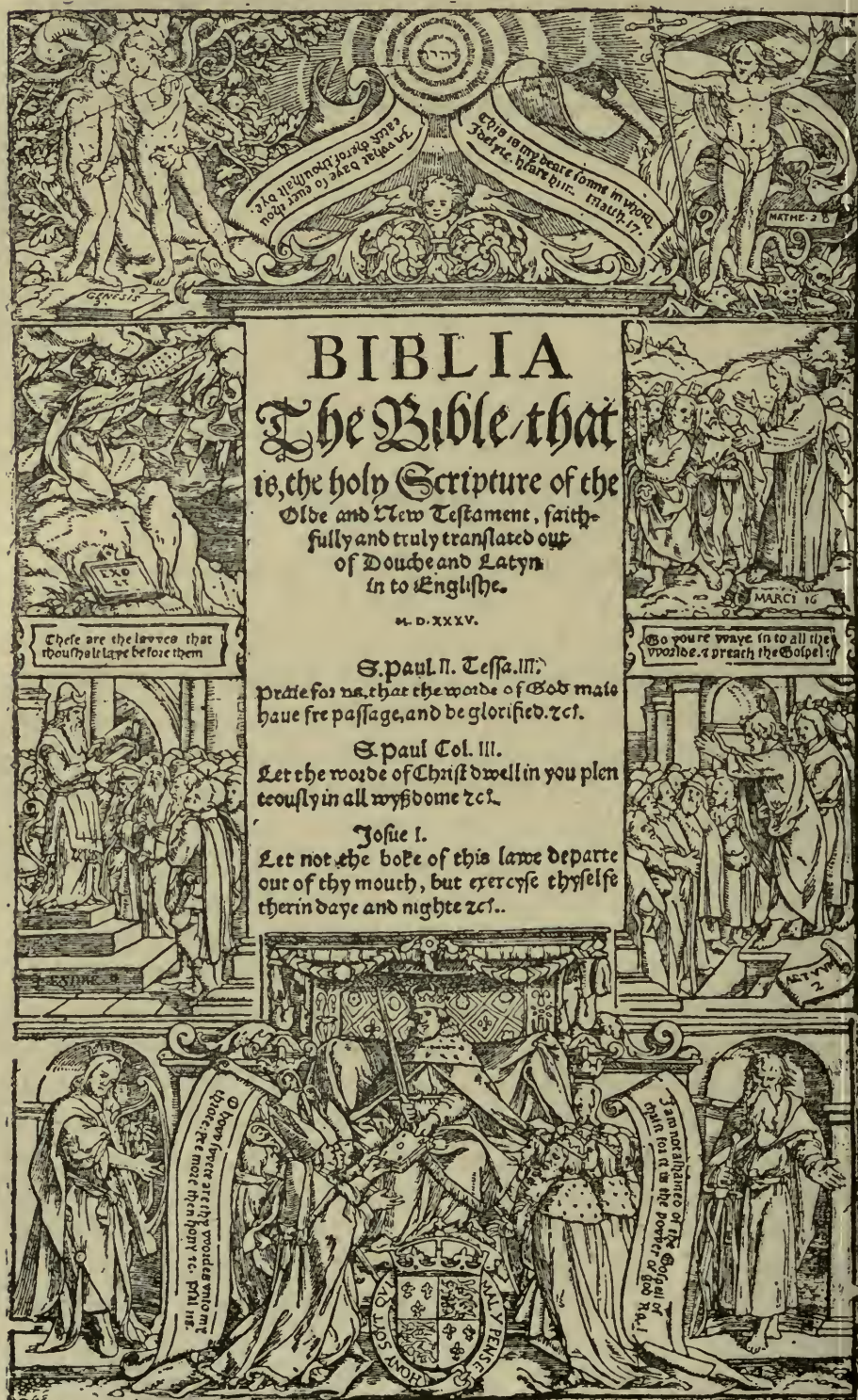
"Surely Dyer ought here, as he does in some places, to have made a footnote acknowledgment of his obligation. Yet Dyer was in general the most conscientious of men. I saw him not unfrequently before his second marriage, when his wife took the management of a queer-looking, absent little man, and kept him in better order. C. Lamb used to tell most wonderful stories of Dyer's stray-faculties, especially how one night he took away Basil Montague's footman's laced hat instead of his own, and did not scruple next day to carry it home on his head. He was the most kindly, simple-hearted, and truthful of men. He wanted originality, but his verse is generally harmonious. I have two volumes of it, dated 1802, but he had begun authorship ten years earlier, when he was a liberty-boy.



The Bibles of Coverdale and Cranmer.

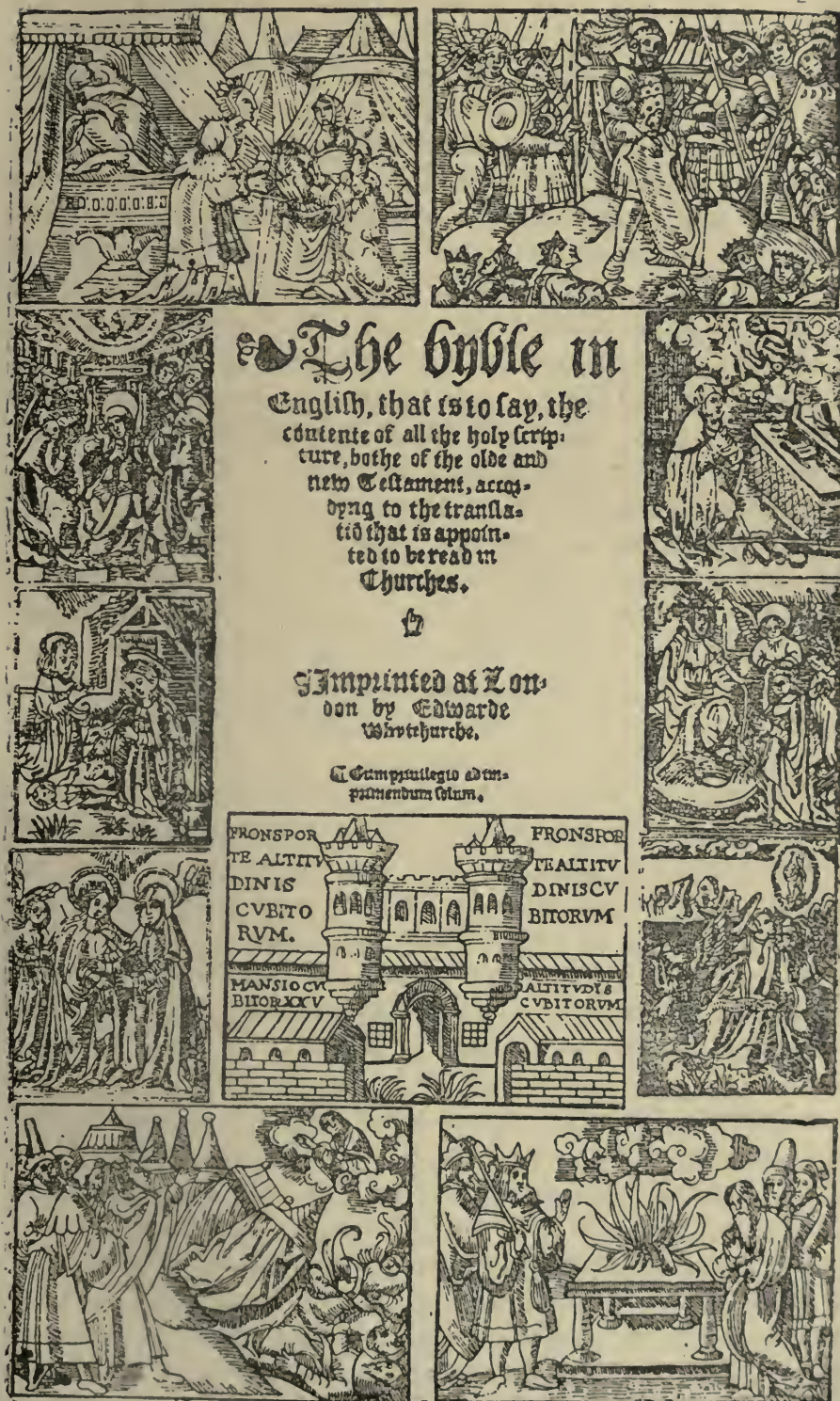
TO Englishmen Coverdale's Bible is perhaps the most interesting book of all time. It is the first English translation of a book which is by far the most important book in the entire history of the whole world. This work, which was issued October 4, 1535, is professedly a translation out of the "Douche," or German, and Latin by "youre grace's humble subjecte, and daylye oratour, Myles Coverdale." Coverdale was born at Coverham, Yorkshire, in 1488, and the name is said to be still common in that neighbourhood. He was educated at the Augustinian house at Cambridge, and was admitted to Priest's Orders in 1514. At the fall of Cromwell, Coverdale fled to Bergzabern, where he married and supported himself and his wife by keeping a school. After the death of Henry VIII. he returned to England, and was made one of the Royal chaplains. He was consecrated August 30, 1551, and appointed to the See of Exeter during the lifetime of Bishop Veysey. After a short imprisonment when Mary came into power he went abroad, but again returned to England early in the reign of Elizabeth. He was appointed to the living of St. Magnus-the-Martyr, London Bridge, which he resigned after a tenure of two years. He died in 1569, and was buried under the chancel of St. Bartholomew's Church, which was destroyed in 1840, when Coverdale's bones were taken to the Church of St. Magnus.

It is not now known who induced Coverdale, against his wish, to undertake the task of translating the Bible. Mr. J. R. Dore, in his admirable work on "Old Bibles," suggests that "most likely it was the good Sir Thomas More and those of the new learning party with



TITLE TO COVERDALE'S BIBLE, 1535.

(Size of Original, 12½ × 8 in. See page 81.)



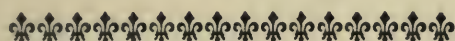
TITLE TO CRANMER'S GREAT BIBLE, 1553.

(Size of Original, $10\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ in. See page 84.)

whom he was associated. Internal evidence" (remarks the same authority) "proves that the first English Bible was not translated from the original tongues, but principally from the Vulgate and Luther's Bible, three volumes of which were printed in 1524, and the remaining two, which complete the edition (the Prophets and Apocrypha) in 1532." Coverdale's Bible was printed by Jacob van Meteren, at Antwerp, and was sent to Nicolson of Southwark in sheets, "as an Act of Parliament had been passed a year or two previously for the protection of native industry, prohibiting the introduction of bound books into England." Through the courtesy of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the publishers of Mr. Dore's "Old Bibles," we are enabled to give an exact facsimile of the original Antwerp title-page, which was cancelled by Nicolson, who experienced great difficulty in disposing of his stock, and who, consequently, furnished another title. Nicolson "not only bought the entire edition from Van Meteren, but also the original blocks of the woodcuts, map, and title-border, which were used in his edition of 1537; and the edition of Matthew's Bible, printed in 1540 by Petyt and Redman for Thomas Berthelet has the first and New Testament titles printed from the blocks used for Coverdale's Bible of 1535;" and some of the woodcuts, or the map, were used in various editions up to and including the Bishops' version of 1574.

Concerning the "Great Bible," the following account is condensed from Mr. Dore's elaborate and carefully-written account in "Old Bibles":—Between April, 1539, and December, 1541, seven editions of the great Bible were printed. It was a great improvement upon Coverdale's edition of 1535. The people, however, were prejudiced against it, but the clergy were commanded that "one book of the whole Bible of the largest volume in English should be set up in some convenient place within the church," and that "ye have the care of whereat your parishioners may most commodiously resort to the same and read it." Coverdale was the editor and chief translator, Cromwell evidently supplying the funds, the pages of "the largest volume" being 15 inches in length and over 9 inches in breadth. There are no marginal notes; and the work of translation occupied Coverdale and his several assistants some years to accomplish, it being conducted in private. Cranmer had nothing whatever to do with the Great Bible issued in 1539. To the second edition (April, 1540) he contributed a long preface, which was reprinted not only in nearly every subsequent edition of the Great Bible, but also of the version which afterwards took its place, viz., the Bishop's Bible, down to the year 1606.

Passing the numerous intermediate editions of the Great Bible from 1539 we come to the last folio issued by Edward Whytchurche. The title-page (of which we give a facsimile by permission of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode) is entirely in black; the border consisting of eleven woodcuts. "It is extremely difficult," observes Mr. Dore, "to make out what they are intended to represent, as the blocks from which they are printed appear almost worn out. Those at the top and bottom of the page are scenes from Old Testament history, as in one of them a man with horns is a prominent figure, and in early prints Moses is always so depicted. The six smaller engravings at the sides had probably been used to illustrate books of devotion, as they portray events in the life of Our Lady. A considerable portion of this edition is a 'remainder' of the 1549 issue. There are no woodcuts, except in the title-page and initial letters" ("Old Bibles," p. 179). In reference to prices paid for the Great Bible, Anthony Marler, a merchant of London, was authorized to sell at ten shillings per copy unbound, and twelve shillings bound. But a considerable reduction must have been effected, as witness the following entry in the Ashburton Churchwarden's book:—"A.D. 1540-1. Paid vs. iiij*℥*. for a new booke called a Bybyll; Paid viij*℥*. for a chaine for fastenyng the sayde booke." Another entry at St. Michael's Church, Bishop Stortford, is as follows:—"A.D. 1542. For a newe Bybill and ye bryngyng home of it, vjs. and j*℥*." We may point out that an edition of Coverdale's Bible (1535), from the Earl of Crawford's Library, was sold at Sotheby's, in June, 1887, for £226 to Mr. Quaritch. This copy had six of the preliminary leaves facsimiled. The 1553 edition of the Great Bible, which was sold at the Leigh Sale in 1886 for £3 15*s.*, was printed by Grafton, Whytchurche's edition of the same year, and to which we have referred, being in folio.



On Dedications.

JOHN BRITTON points out that "Sterne's dedication in his inimitable 'Tristram Shandy,' 'to be let, or sold for fifty guineas' is poignantly satirical;" and Dr. Johnson well denounces one of Dryden's dedications, characterizing it as being "pitched in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it is wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation."

Idiosyncrasies of Collectors.

“SOME collectors,” says Burton, “may be styled Rubricists, being influenced by a sacred rage for books having the contents and marginal references printed in red ink. Some go at flowered capitals, others at broad margins. These have all a certain amount of magnificence in their tastes ; but there are others again whose priceless collections are like the stock in trade of a wholesale ballad singer. Some collect great playbills and bind them in costly and elaborate bindings. Some collect books marked by peculiar errors of the press. The celebrated ‘Elzevir Cæsar’ of 1635 is known by the fact that the 149th page is misprinted 153. There are others who collect only copies containing the autograph of the author. A certain collector of this class used to take great pride in displaying a vast library of books, all, or most, of which contained a brief dedication by the author. Strange to say, the dedications were all written in the same hand, with no attempt at disguise. Great was his chagrin and rage one day when, looking in a copy of the *Pentateuch*, he found that some visitor had written upon the fly leaf : ‘From your old friend and schoolmate, Moses.’”

A Bookseller's Sign.

THE following sarcastic letter was addressed to *The Craftsman*,
March 1, 1734-5 :—

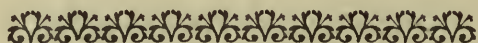
“Dear Caleb, your predecessor, *The Spectator* (if the Court-hirelings will give me leave to call him so) did not think it beneath his dignity to animadvert, now and then upon notorious irregularities, or even improprieties in low life ; particularly upon sign-posts. Now, I have a complaint to make to you, Sir, of much the same nature, against an inscription over a little bookseller's shop in St. Martin's Churchyard, which runs in the following words : ‘*Proceedings in Parliament BOUGHT and SOLD here.*’ I have often taken notice of this inscription, during the last parliament, without making any publick complaint of it ; but I thought common decency would have induced the master of the shop to erase it, before the opening of a new one. I solemnly protest to you (in the words of an honourable couranteer, with relation to Dr. Ward) that I am utterly unacquainted with the man, and therefore can have no prejudice against him ; but as it is a matter of publick concern, and may have had constructions put upon it, I hope he will take this hint, and save you the trouble of any farther remarks upon it. I am, Sir, &c., H. R.”



“La Gazette de France.”

THE above paper is the oldest Parisian, and, we believe, French newspaper. It was started on May 30, 1631, by Theophraste Renaudot, a physician who was born at Loudun in 1583, and who wrote a “Life of Henry II., Prince of Conde,” and several other biographical works. He died at Paris, October 25, 1653. The following is the title of the first annual volume: “Recueil des Gazettes de l’annee 1631, dedie avroy, avec une preface servant a l’intelligence des choses qui y sont contenues. Et une table alphabetique des matieres.” The *Gazette* was at first a weekly, with four quarto pages, later on it increased to eight pages, and then to twelve. It was sold in the streets of Paris by criers, also by its editors and the booksellers. At the death of Renaudot the publication was continued by his sons. From January 1, 1762, the *Gazette* became the official organ of the Government. Through the courtesy of the Dowager Lady Hatherton, we have been permitted to look over the numbers of the *Gazette* for February and March, 1776. It bears the closest possible resemblance in matter, and arrangement, or want of arrangement, to our own official *Gazette*. It was at this time issued on Mondays and Fridays, and was both paged and signed continuously. The numbering of each year’s (or half year’s) issue appears to be distinct. Occasionally there was a supplement as to the issue “du vendredi, 22 Mars 1776,” which supplement is as large as the original number, and is composed of an “extrait sommaire du Procès-Verbal du Lit de Justice tenu par le Roi au Château de Versailles, le Mardi 12 Mars 1776.” Each number consists almost solely of letters from various parts of Europe, the chief interest now about these being the length of time which elapsed from the period of their despatch to that of publication. A London letter, for example, dated January 13th, does not appear until February 2nd. A letter, “de Scio, le 4 Décembre, 1775,” appears in the issue for February 2nd of the following

year. A still more extreme example, "d'Acre, le 6 Octobre 1775," does not appear until three months afterwards! From the numbers now before us, we are justified in assuming that for some period the advertisements related to books only, and these are rather in the form of announcements of new publications, followed by price, size, and the name of the publisher. The whole announcements are grouped in a single paragraph, which comes at the bottom of the fourth page. One of the entries is a translation of Lord Chesterfield's letters, and another, "Le Paradis Perdu, Poème en douze Chants, trad. de l'Anglois de Milton, en vers François, dédié à sa Majesté Britannique; par l'Abbe le Roy, Curé de Saint Herbland de Rouen, and Prédicateur du Roi, in 8vo. 2 vol., avec le portrait du Roi d'Angleterre . . . 12 liv."



"Weekly Numbers."

THE publication of large and expensive books in weekly or monthly numbers is by no means a modern phase of book-selling, as appears from *The Gentleman's Magazine* of February, 1833, when the following were then obtainable at sixpence each:—Baker's "Chronicle," 5 sheets; "Acta Regia," ditto; Tindal's edition of Rapin's "History of England," ditto; L'Estrange's "Josephus," ditto; Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," 4 sheets; Dr. Colbatch's "Legacy, or Family Physician"; Oakley's "Magazine of Architecture"; Kealing's "History of Ireland"; the "Universal Traveller," and the "Book of Martyrs" were sold at threepence per two sheets. There were two histories of the Bible in the market, one being printed for T. Edlin, and the other for "Mr. Stackhouse."

"Litera Scripta Manet."

THE following extract is a curious instance of the early use of this maxim:

"Considering that wordes ben perisshyng, wayne, and forgateful, and wrytynes duelle and abide permanent, as I rede, *Vox audita perit, litera scripta manet*. Thise thinges have caused that the faites and deeds of auncient men ben sette by declaracion in fair and aourned volumes, to thende that science and artes, lerned and fouden, of thinges passed might be had in perpetuel memorye and remembraunce," &c.

"WILLIAM CAXTON.

"*Westmestre by London*, 1481."



Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day.

RICHARD DE BURY.

AMONG the bookworms of "yesterday" no apology is needed to include the famous Bishop of Durham, who, if not quite the first in the long line of mighty book-hunters, is, at all events, one of the most enthusiastic, and certainly the best known to readers of to-day. The "yesterday" of the present "book-worm" is a matter of over six hundred years, but his enthusiasm, his large-minded sympathy, and his work, are as fresh and as charming as if they were of to-day. His is almost the only figure that stands out clear and distinct in the long dark night of the period when England was emerging from the bonds of slavery, of serfdom, and of ignorance, and just entering the threshold of "light and leading." There can be no question about the fact that the good bishop assisted, to no small degree, in bringing about the movement for the improvement of his fellow-men.

Richard de Bury, or more correctly, Richard Aungerville, was the son of Sir Richard Aungerville, and was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1281. He received his education first from his uncle, John de Willoughby, a priest, subsequently studying at Oxford, where he gained distinction as a scholar. In time he became a Benedictine monk at Durham, and tutor to the son of Edward II. As he espoused the cause of Queen Isabella and her son, he was, at the outbreak of the quarrel, compelled to flee to Paris, whither he was pursued. When his pupil became king, as Edward III., honours of nearly every sort were conferred upon him. He was successively cofferer, treasurer of the wardrobe, Archdeacon of Northampton, Prebendary of Lincoln, Sarum, and Lichfield, and Keeper of the Privy Seal. He

was twice sent as ambassador to Pope John XXII. In 1333 he was made Dean of Wells, and at the end of the year was appointed Bishop of Durham. The consecration took place in the "presence of the king and queen, the King of Scots, and all the magnates this side of the Trent. Rarely had a bishop met with such signal marks of high honour. Next year he was made High Chancellor of England, and Treasurer in 1336." The Rev. Mandell Creighton, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," describes Richard de Bury as having surrounded himself with learned men. Thomas Bradwardin, Richard Fitzralph, and other less-known scholars were among his chaplains. Some book was always read aloud to him when he sat at table, and afterwards he used to discuss with his attendants what had been read. He possessed more books than all the other bishops put together. Wherever he went his room was filled with books, which were piled upon the floor, so that his visitors had some difficulty in steering a clear course. He had a passionate enthusiasm for the discovery of manuscripts. He tells us himself ("Philobiblon," chap. viii.) that he used his high offices of state as a means of collecting books. He let it be known that books were the most acceptable presents which could be made to him. We need not, perhaps, detail all the numerous incidents in the good bishop's career, to do so we should be compelled to enter fully into the history of the times in which he lived. One point, however, we may allude to, and that was his extraordinary anxiety to preserve peace, and his negotiations to this end were on several occasions successful.

His principal interest to us of to-day lies in the fact that he wrote a treatise entitled "Philobiblon," which he completed a short while before his death at the episcopal residence of Auckland on April 14, 1345. Of this work there are several manuscripts in existence, each of which differs in some small degree from the other. It was first printed at Cologne, 1473, then by Hurst at Spiers, 1483, at Paris by Badius, Ascensius, and also by Jean Petit, 1500, at Oxford, edited by Thomas James, 1599, at Leipzig, 1574. An edition was again published at Paris in 1856, and an English translation appeared in London in 1832. Mr. E. C. Thomas, the Hon. Sec. of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, has been for some years preparing a translation, which, from his abilities as a scholar and as a bibliographer, we have no doubt will prove a final and faithful rendering of the earliest English treatise on books.

"Philobiblon" consists of a prologue and twenty chapters. In the prologue the author greets his readers, and expresses his sympathy for good scholars whose study poverty impedes. The first chapter

opens the subject by commending Wisdom, and books as the abode of Wisdom ; the second shows how books are to be preferred to wealth and fleshly luxuries ; the third argues that they ought always to be bought, whatever their cost, when there are means of paying for them, except when they are heavily overcharged, or when a better time for buying is expected ; the fourth compares the degenerate clergy to the progeny of vipers that destroy their parents ; the fifth tells how the good clergy used not only to commune with books, but to write them ; the sixth contrasts the mendicant friar as he used to be and at the that time the book was written. In the seventh chapter "Philobiblon" deplores the destruction of books by war and fire. The eighth is of peculiar interest and value, inasmuch as Richard de Bury writes of his own manifold opportunities of gathering books from all quarters. He put all his vast influence to work to discover the hiding-places of books. The stores, he tells us, of the noblest monasteries were opened, chests were unlocked, and astonished books raised from their sepulchres. Books once most delicate lay lifeless, befouled by mice, and gnawed by worms ; and those once clothed in purple and fine linen, lying in dust and ashes, seemed to have become homes of the moths. To these he sat down with delight, some given to him, some sold to him, some lent to him for a time. Many, seeing them to be his chief pleasure, studied to give him all the books they could spare, and, he naïvely adds, "as I took care so to expedite their affairs that they were gainers, justice came to no hurt." In France and Rome also he prosecuted his search for books ; and so, in the succeeding chapters, the bishop speaks of how the ancient students exceeded the modern in fervency of learning ; of the gradual growth of knowledge ; of his dislike for books on civil law ; the use and need of grammar ; the use of poetry ; of book-lovers ; of the knowledge in books ; on the writing of new books and repair of old ones ; on the cleanly handling and orderly keeping of books. The eighteenth chapter deals with his purpose to found a hall at Oxford ; and in the last chapter Richard de Bury desires to be prayed for, and addresses an exhortation to students.



Thomas Heywood's "Hierarchy."

THOMAS HEYWOOD was the most voluminous dramatic writer that this nation, or indeed any other, ever produced, except the celebrated Spanish playwright, Lopez de Vega. He wrote a poem called "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with notes," (fol. Lond. 1635). "In reading over this book," says Langbaine, "I find our author informing the world that he intended to commit to the public view the lives of the poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the novissimi and last, of what nation or language soever, so far as any history or chronology would give him warrant." "But this work," continues Langbaine, "notwithstanding our author's intention, I presume, was never completed, or at least published." On this Oldys observes, "it was too wide a plan: he would have found enough to have made him weary in giving an account of the poets of his own country, which no man has yet done." The scheme of William Brown, the pastoral poet, was more modest and practicable; of whom Nat. Carpenter in his "Geography" (lib. ii. p. 364) says, "that as Brown had honoured his country with elegant pastorals, so he further graced it by drawing out the line of his poetical ancestors from Josephus Iscanius down to himself; a noble design had it been effected."

A Quaint "Introduction."

THE War of Pamphlets has given us very many literary curiosities, among which may be named: "The Arch Cheate; or, The Cheate of Cheates," which is described as "A notable discovery of some parts of the mystery of iniquity, plainly shewing that this is the Prelates Warre, managed under the king's name, only to advance the Hierarchie above the temporality, yet leave them some externalls to deceive all sides, and all sorts, a choice peece of gullery trimely set out." The "introduction," if it can be so called, runs as follows:—"Courteous Reader, here is but a little Poetrie, and yet its lame of its feete, let thy ingenuitie relieve it, for its thy only strength to bear with its weaknesse, and its therefore weake to trie thy strength, and it hath therefore failed that it might not faile." To this there is a sidenote in these words: "Not to faile when all faile were to be singular, which is the greatest failing." The book was printed for M. W. at Grays-Inne Gate, October 4, 1644.



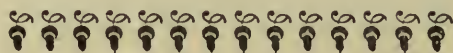
Tennyson's Earlier Poems.

THE later verse of Tennyson, so richly illustrative of the thought and feeling of the Victorian age, has (observes a writer in the *Bookbuyer*) so largely overshadowed his earlier work that we are in danger of forgetting some of the most charming lyrical poetry of our time. "The Idyls of the King" and "In Memoriam" have found permanent lodgment in the heart of at least two generations of lovers of English song; and the spell of their wonderful beauty, the depth of their poetic thought, have left an abiding impress on contemporary poetry both in America and in England. These greater productions, which have fed the sense of beauty at the same time that they made the thought and aspiration of the century in its second and third quarters clear, will undoubtedly bear the weight of Tennyson's fame in the future.

Their surpassing finish and their haunting music ought not, however, to make us forgetful of the captivating melodies which announced the coming of a great poet, and which, even more than his later verse, possess the singing quality. "Airy Fairy Lilian," "Mariana," "The Ode to Memory," and "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," still haunt the memories of many to whom they are forever associated with those dreams and hopes of which the consciousness of youth is compounded. One heard in them faint echoes of earlier singers, but one felt also a new and subtle quality which bore indisputable testimony to the presence of a genius drawn to other singers by its own poetic affinities rather than by any need of borrowing the notes of a familiar music.

The earlier verse of Tennyson clearly discloses the peculiarly musical quality of his gift, and the rich and impressive diction which work and time and growth subsequently fashioned into a style of

almost flawless beauty. While waiting for the greater themes which were to develop all his resources of melody and expression, the young poet was drawn to figures and subjects in which his fancy found congenial suggestion and incentive. For these earlier poems are mainly poems of fancy; the nobler and more substantial work of the imagination was to be done later. Picturesque or pathetic figures, landscapes touched by the spell of romance, captivate the fancy, while the graver and deeper things with which the imagination is to deal are still in the future. The "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" is a beautiful example of the young poet's freshness of feeling, sensitiveness of fancy, and richness of style.



An Octogenarian Bookseller.



WHILE in Edinburgh lately, I entered the shop of Mr. James Stillie, bookseller, George Street. I had not been in it for over twenty years, and then it was situated in Princes Street. I was under the impression that Mr. Stillie had "joined the majority" some years ago, and was therefore much surprised to be waited upon by the bookseller himself.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I was under the impression that you had retired"—I put it mildly—"from business some years ago."

"No. I have earned retirement by years of labour, but book-selling is not favourable to retirement."

"You must have been in business a long time, for I remember you for a good many years."

"This is my sixty-fourth year since I entered business on my own account."

"Dear me, that carries you back to the days of Edinburgh's highest literary fame."

"Yes, sir; I commenced business in the High Street, near the Tron Kirk, in the beginning of the year 1825, and had Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Jamieson (of the Scottish Dictionary), Lord Jeffrey, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and all the big men of Edinburgh as customers."

"Then you knew Sir Walter personally, as well as many of the 'giants' which flourished in Edinburgh then?"

"Sir Walter Scott was very often in my shop, partly because I had been useful in getting some books for him, and partly because he

often met Dr. Jamieson there. To hear and see the manner in which Sir Walter and Dr. Jamieson 'carried on' would have astonished you. They were both full of fun, nearly always laughing, and retailing the latest 'good story' to one another."

I chanced to put my hand upon a copy of "Rob Roy."

Mr. Stillie immediately said, "When Sir Walter was bringing out the Novels with notes, he had sent a copy of 'Rob Roy' to Miss Edgeworth; but she returned the novel to him, with thanks, on the ground that to put notes to novels, besides being novel, was no improvement, and spoiled them, and the notes had spoiled 'Rob Roy.' 'She is richt, sir, she is richt; for I think Rob in the novel is a hero, but the notes only make out Rob to be a thief,' said Sir Walter; and Dr. Jamieson and Sir Walter walked out roaring. Very little set thae twa billies laughing."

Mr. Stillie is probably the oldest second-hand bookseller in the kingdom. I understand he is eighty-four or eighty-five, but he skipped across the shop and fetched out volume after volume, with all the alertness and vigour of the time when his shop was "ayont the Tron" in the twenties. I made my purchase, and was gratified by my conversation with a gentleman who had known and served "Sir Walter."

G. T.



Ballades about Books.

DURING the past four or five years there has been an extraordinary supply of ballades about books—more, in all probability, than what appeared during the previous half a century. In the hands of Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson the subject was fairly safe; but the monopoly has been broken through, and nearly every one considers himself qualified to write verses about books. "Ballade-mongers are piteously implored to send no more ballades," was Mr. Lang's remark in the issue of *Longman's Magazine* for January, 1888, a little incident from which may be inferred that the editor of *Longman's* has been inundated with "bookish poetry." Mr. Thomas Hutchinson has published a very pretty little volume through Mr. Murray, of Derby, entitled "Ballades and other Rhymes of a Country Bookworm," which contains some very grace-

ful and witty verses on bookish topics. It is dedicated to Mr. Andrew Lang, in five verses, of which we here quote the first.

“As one who often finds delight
 In Books and Bookmen’s bookly lore,
 This volume to you I indite
 In hopes it may—at least—not bore;
 To authors who are now no more
 You late address’d yourself, but I
 To one alive do much prefer
 To speak—to one who ne’er will die.”

Mr. Hutchinson, who has also written “Jolts and Jingles,” may be congratulated on his little book of unpretending verse. Quite the most tastefully-bound and prettily got-up book that we have met with for a long time, has recently been issued by Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., under the title of “A Publisher’s Playground,” which is also to a great extent composed of verses relating directly to books. Rumour, which is not always to be trusted, assigns this little volume, not to Mr. Kegan Paul, but to a well-known gentleman who has spent at least three decades in the “Row.” The verses are of high merit, and exhibit throughout a charmingly quaint humour, and a gracefulness of expression not often found in books of anonymous poetry. “The Lay of the Wily Villain,” is perhaps the best thing in the book, and old bookhunters will read it with interest, and no little amusement. If Mr. Lang’s latest book, “The Grass of Parnassus,” which is tastefully got up and beautifully printed, is not solely composed of “bookish” verses, it, at all events, contains very many on kindred topics. And so charming a volume quite justifies the address to Daniel Elzevir (from the Latin of Ménage) being applied to the author’s own publishers—Messrs. Longman and Co. :—

“Oh, perfect publishers complete !
 Oh, dainty volume, new and neat !
 The paper doth outshine the snow,
 The print is blacker than the crow ;
 The title-page with crimson bright,
 The vellum cover smooth and white,
 All sorts of readers do invite ;
 Ay, and will keep them reading still,
 Against their will, or with their will !
 Thus what of grace the rhymes may lack
 The publisher has given them back.”



The Elzevirs.

THE Elzevir craze has, in theatrical parlance, had a good "run," seeing that the demand was very lively in 1699, and that it was not until at the end of the first half of the present century that it began to abate. For the past ten or dozen years a sort of revival has been slowly formulating, and collectors are once more "a-hungering" to possess the productions of this famous printing family. This result may be partly attributed to the publication (in 1880) of M. Alphonse Willems' "*Les Elzevier*," the first really adequate and scholarly treatise on the subject, and also to the more or less frequency with which it is dealt by the newspapers and periodical press.

Elzevirs and Aldines are generally regarded and referred to as a species of literary Siamese twins. But, as Mr. Chancellor Christie has pointed out in the *Library Chronicle*,¹ "the members of the Elzevir family themselves cannot be compared to the Manutii, either as scholars or as men of letters, nor have the books printed by them the merits, either literary or typographical, of those given by the founder of the Aldine family, or of many of those of his son and grandson. But though the Elzevirs were merely tradesmen, looking on the books they published simply as commercial speculations, yet their editions, as well for their typographical merit as for the fact that many of them are intrinsically beautiful books, must always possess a real and well-deserved interest, and an important place in the literary history of modern Europe."

There were, in all, fourteen Elzevirs. The first, Louis, who was born at Louvain, 1540, and died 1617, commenced business in a very small way at Leyden in 1583, but it was left for Bonaventura,

¹ October, 1888.

the sixth son of the founder, and Louis' grandson Abraham, to strike out into the characteristics for which they have become so famous. "Like Aldus," observes Mr. Andrew Lang, "these Elzevirs aimed at producing books at once handy, cheap, correct, and beautiful in execution. Their adventure was a complete success. The Elzevirs did not, like Aldus, surround themselves with the most learned scholars of their time. Their famous literary adviser, Heinsius, was full of literary jealousies, and kept students of his own calibre at a distance." After the death of Daniel Elzevir, at Amsterdam, in 1680, the firm rapidly degenerated in the hands of Abraham (the second) at Leyden till 1712.

M. Willems describes 2,186 works in his invaluable book, but all after number 1,608 he rejects as spurious or otherwise unauthentic, under the generic heading of "annexes de la Collection Elzevirienne." In this list of "rejections" there are no fewer than seventy-three which bear the name of Elzevir on the title-page. The first part of his monograph treats of the history of the press of the family, with notices of their types, typographical ornaments and marks, their paper, the forms of their volumes, their pseudonyms, their correctors of the press. The second part is a *catalogue raisonne* of the genuine publications. But M. Willems' list does not by any means include everything which the Elzevirs printed: it does not, for example, mention the Academical Theses, of which it is computed about 4,000 were printed—the University of Leyden possessing 2,737. A distinguished writer has appositely observed that the Elzevirs treated the French authors much as the American publishers treat Englishmen. If they stole right and left, as they undoubtedly did, they at all events dressed their misbegotten wares up in a respectable dress, and clear, brilliant type. Their innovation was not long in wanting imitators, which were not at all clever, and often worthless.

Probably no class of book has caused so many heart-aches and superfluity of unparliamentary language as the class of books now under notice. The distinguishing points between the first and later editions are at times so few and so trifling, that frequently only the actual process of collating line for line serves to tell "which is which." It would in any case be most unwise to trust to memory, as the two spheres of which we give illustrations will show in a small degree. The "Spurious" is a clumsily cut and ill-drawn sphere, which, side by side, is in striking contrast to the true Elzevirian sphere from a play of Molière printed in 1675. It is difficult to "carry" the difference in the mind's eye, however distinct they

appear together, and many collectors have been "sold" by buying on the spur of the moment for fear of losing a "good thing." Another fact has, perhaps, in times gone by, induced young collectors to pass over volumes which give but little indication of being Elzevirian. Many books were published anonymously by them, to avoid, perhaps, a drubbing from those in whom the copyright was supposed to be invested. At other times they printed for rival publishers, who used all sorts of out-of-the-way pseudonyms. It will be seen, therefore, how profound a collector should be before starting on the costly hunt after Elzevirs. It may be useful to point out that only two pseudonyms were used by the Elzevirs for their own books—one of which was "Jean Sambix," used by Jean and Daniel Elzevir, at Leyden, and "Jacques le Jeune," by the Elzevirs of Amsterdam.

As may be said of nearly every firm and artist, the high-water mark was at length reached. Willems exclaims, "Ce but il ne



THE GENUINE "SPHERE."



THE SPURIOUS "SPHERE."

l'atteignirent qu'après neuf années d'efforts perseverants : le *César*, le *Pline* et le *Térence* de 1635 marquent l'apogée succès et n'ont pas été surpassés depuis." The *Cæsar* is probably the best known rarity to the "general reader." Nearly every writer who preceded Willems, and a great many who have written on the subject since his work appeared, have fallen into errors of omission over this famous classic. They refer to only one page as being incorrectly numbered. There are three : the 149, 335, and 475 are by mistake printed as 153, 345 and 375 respectively. There is a copy of this most enviable book in the British Museum. Of the three great works, Willems awards the palm to *Cæsar*, upon the beauty of which he expatiates in a truly enthusiastic manner.¹ It consists of twelve

¹ "La beauté de l'impression, en caractères neufs, la netteté du tirage, le goût qui a présidé au choix des ornements, la finesse et la solidité du papier, l'heureuse dimension du volume, la pureté et la correction du texte, tout concourt à faire du *César* de 1635 un des plus enviables bijoux qui puissent orner l'écrin d'un bibliophile."

preliminary leaves, including the engraved title-page, a text of 561 pages, and an index of 77 pages. There are two other editions dated 1635, in which the order of the paging is regularly preserved, and, as a consequence, preventing the possibilities of confusing it with the earliest issue. The Pliny of 1635 is another very beautifully printed little book, which brings from £3 to £6. Willems says of it: "Cette édition de Pline, la seule que les Elzevier aient publiée . . .



A AMSTERDAM.
Chez Daniel Elzevier. MDCLXIV.

passé à bon droit pour un de leurs chefs-d'œuvre." The Terence of the same date is not so rare, and is, moreover, a cheaper book.

"Le Pastissier François" is one of the most covetable of all the Elzevirs. A copy was sold a few years ago for £400, and yet it is only a rare book in the sense of its extreme scarcity in the market, for there are at least forty known copies. It was printed at Amster-

dam by Louis and Daniel Elzevir in 1665. As a cookery book it is quite worthless. Mr. Andrew Lang points out that "*L'Illustre Théâtre de Mons. Corneille*" (Leyden, 1644) is a very rare Elzevir, that only six or seven copies are known, and that one has passed hands for the sum of £390. The "*Imitatione Christi*" (1653) is also another rarity, which has fetched as much as £28, but may be had for so small a sum as £5. Brunet declares "*cette joie édition est une des plus recherchées et des moins communes qu'aient données les Elzevier.*" The 1636 Virgil is also a desirable book which may be picked up for three guineas, and Horace of 1628-9 may be had for half that price. The 1676 Virgil is still rarer than that of forty years previous: only forty-eight copies, it is said, were printed, and if the collector gets a nicely-bound example for much under £50 he may consider himself lucky. The "*Histoire du Roy Henri Le Grand*," of which we give a fac-simile of the frontispiece, is also an interesting and uncommon example. It is a "dumpy" duodecimo of vi, 566 pages, and is the best and most complete of the four editions produced by the Elzevirs at Amsterdam.

The collector should remember above all things that a dirty, cropped, and generally battered Elzevir is only so much lumber, and that the "good dates" commenced about 1626 and terminated about 1680. There is only one book in English which deals with the Elzevirs. This is entitled "*A Complete Catalogue of all the Publications of the Elzevir Presses at Leyden, Amsterdam, the Hague, and Utrecht*," which is a work of reference that no library should be without. It has been compiled by Mr. E. Goldsmid, the well-known antiquary of Edinburgh, and has been privately printed within the past few months. It has the advantage over M. Willems' book of having the subjects arranged in alphabetical order. The want of a thoroughly reliable book in English on the Elzevirs has been painfully evident for many years, and Mr. Goldsmid's work is not only admirably printed, but it is authentic and, so far as we have seen, accurate—which is, after all, the most important thing.

A BOOKHUNTER.



About Spelling Books.

SPELLING books, says a contemporary, began to get into general use at the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of the best of the early manuals is the "London Spelling Book," by John Urmston, a schoolmaster at Kensington, published in 1710. It contains a curious frontispiece, and a wonderful illustrated alphabet, in which G stands for gallows, a picture of the same, with two malefactors suspended thereon, being published for the edification of the youthful mind. M stands for murder, and is illustrated by a drawing of two individuals in deadly combat, one plunging a knife into the body of the other. Urmston was a terrible pedant, like the majority of dominies in the reign of Queen Anne, but he realized the needs of his time and did his best to meet them. Henry Dixon, a schoolmaster at Bath, Thomas Dyche, Thomas Dilworth, Jean Palairret, and John Kirkby the arithmetician, all published books for schools with more or less success. Those of the first three remained in use for nearly a century, but Palairret's, although popular for a time, do not seem to have remained in use very long. In 1753 appeared the "Critical Spelling Book." The author, with a charming modesty, informs us that his book "is incomparably better than any that have yet been offered to the nation," and criticises with severity all others that are in use. He refers incidentally to the fear parents have of severe schoolmasters, and advertises himself as one of the most amiable of men. The pretty frontispiece to the "Child's Best Instructor," an edition of which appeared in 1757, illustrates the progress that had been made in the art of engraving as applied to children's books, when it is compared with the grotesque drawing which faces the title-page of Urmston's work. It is a neat and orderly schoolroom, filled with chubby little boys, all absorbed in their studies. A kindly-faced old man presides over them, and through the open doorway are seen the quaint buildings of a country town, while in the distance rises the spire of the church.

Lines for a Book-plate.

Qui ce libre volera.
Pro suis criminibus
Au gibet il dansera.
Pedibus pendentibus.



A Famous Booklet.

POSSIBLY there never was a writer who, according to the *American Bookmaker*, achieved a more lasting fame by means of a single, tiny booklet than Ælius Donatus, whose name for a thousand years and more (from the sixth to the seventeenth centuries) stood as the synonym for a Latin school book in general use throughout the civilized world, and even now is found as "donat" or "donet" in every modern language. Donatus taught grammar and rhetoric in Rome about the middle of the fourth century. Even before his death his work entitled "*Ars Grammatica*" was widely known. It, however, was quite a bulky treatise in three parts. It was the chapter entitled "*De Octo Partibus Orationis*" (Concerning the Eight Parts of Speech) which was destined in later centuries to acquire such world-wide fame.

The reader must not lose sight of the fact that from the decline in Roman civilization down to the Reformation there was only one language which was deemed worthy to be taught in schools and universities, and this was the Latin. Children were not instructed in the vernacular of their native land. Hence arose the great demand for a "Latin Primer"—a demand so great that the makers of block books in all European countries kept the engraved block always in stock.

As may be imagined, it would have been worse than useless to print "donats," as Chaucer calls them, on the flimsy paper of the Middle Ages. The boys would have reduced them to shreds ere they had got clear of the first declension. Hence parchment was the material made use of. This rude school book usually consisted of nine to thirty-four pages, according to the size of letter, and was only printed on one side. That these booklets were strongly stitched and enclosed between wooden covers for their better preservation

goes without saying. In small schools only one was provided, it being passed from hand to hand. Latin in those days was a live language, and the "donat" had no columns of the vernacular set opposite the declensions and inflections to help the scholar along. In this age it would be the same as an English child studying German with a grammar entirely in that tongue.

After centuries of existence as a manuscript booklet and for nearly a century as an engraved or "block book," the donat finally came face to face with the printing press. It was quite naturally one of the first booklets which the early printers ran through their presses, and it is safe to assert that every leading printer of the fifteenth century, issued one edition at least of this celebrated school book. It would require considerable study on the part of a modern Latin scholar to decipher the abbreviations of a donat.

Legim' stands for legimus.

Ptito ipfco for præterito imperfecto.

Legebam for legebamus.

Pposita for preposita.

Ingeti laboe for ingenti labore, &c. So accustomed was the world to the engraved or block book donats that it was slow to accept the printed booklets. Long after the new art had obtained a firm footing, donats printed from wooden blocks continued to be issued.



Pope and Hughes.



NDER date January 20, 1832, the late Mr. J. Payne Collier has given the following interesting facts in relation to Pope and Hughes :—

"I was in luck yesterday morning. Passing along Holywell Street, I cast my eyes over some books exposed on a stall for sale; the first I took up was a very nice clean copy of Hughes' 'Calypso and Telemachus,' 8vo, 1712, for which I paid 2s. 6d., and walked away with it in my pocket. I did not reach home, or look at it again for some hours. I saw then that there were two fly-leaves, somewhat shorter than the pages of the book, and examining them, I found that they were covered with writing, in a

hand that I recognized in an instant. It was Pope's ! and it was headed by him—

“ ‘ To Mr. Hughes,
On His Opera ’ ;

it consisted of thirty-eight couplets. This is the second piece of original composition by Pope *in his own autograph* that has devolved into my hands quite accidentally, and I am duly grateful. I transcribe the whole of it here, exactly as it stands in the original, lest by any chance that original should be lost. To whom the book had belonged first, I know not : probably to Hughes himself, who pasted in the fly-leaves, but the name of a former owner, whoever he was, has been cut away ; possibly it was Pope's own book and he may have deposited in it his tribute to Hughes. It has no great originality, and one of the rhymes, ‘ sons ’ and ‘ mourns,’ is unlike Pope in his later day. In 1712, when ‘ Calypso and Telemachus ’ was acted and published, he was in his twenty-fourth year.

“ ‘ To Mr. Hughes, on his Opera.

“ ‘ When, dearest Hughes, you strike the tunefull strings,
And, taught by you, our British Opera sings,
Th’ Italian Muse is forc’d to quit the stage,
Whilst charms superior captivate the age :
Music and Verse no longer disagree,
Nor’s Sense thought useless now to Harmony.
In your Telemachus both parts unite,
And charming sounds are joyn’d with solid wit.
These Nature studied, and those powerfull arts
Which strike the secret springs that guide our hearts.
Sooth’d with your verse, fierce factions peace proclaim,
Rough Whiggs grow mild, and hottest Torys tame :
At your command their conquer’d passions move,
With you they rage, they pity, hate and love.
Then such instructions flow from Mentor’s tongue,
Minerva only could inspire the song :
Whilst each description shines so clear and bright,
We fancy every thing before our sight.
How gayly drest the first bright scene appears,
What wanton beautys all the island wears !
Methinks I hear the murmuring waters flow,
And echoing rocks repeat Calypso’s woe.
Now the fond Goddess lost Ulysses mourns,
But quickly for the younger hero burns :
What art doth she not try ? what charms put on ?
To make the beateous haughty youth her own.
Then, what fierce furies in her bosom rise,

To find the prince her proffered love despise.
 See in Telemachus the best of sons,
 With what true filial piety he mourns ;
 Whence Eucharis coquet, gay, young and fair,
 Finds means to trap him in th' enchanted snare :
 With greedy looks he draws his ruin on,
 Sucks in the charm, and hastes to be undone.
 Here Mentor for a while withdraws his face ;
 And let's him feel the danger of the place,
 But as he seems just sinking in the waves,
 Exerts the goddess, and the hero saves.' "



The Evolution of Bookbinding.

MR. COBDEN-SANDERSON, in a recent lecture on Book-binding, referred briefly to the various plans pursued to preserve and utilize valuable manuscripts. It was not, he said, until in the mediæval European period the plan of doubling or folding the sheet of vellum or parchment was hit upon, that bookbinding, in our modern sense, sprang into being. It was soon discovered then that to sew the folded sheets to thongs or cords and attach "boards" (at first veritable wooden boards) to the sides of the book was the best way to preserve valuable manuscripts uninjured either by wear or accident. The invention of printing and the introduction of paper did not effect any material alteration in the bookbinder's craft, except to render it more in request by the more general diffusion of books. The lecturer then went on to advert to some of the names eminent in bibliopegistic history, commencing with Matthias Corvinus, the patriot King of Hungary, whose extensive library, rendered especially illustrious by the magnificence of the binding of many of the volumes, was destroyed by the barbarous Turkish invaders ; and rendering due homage to Jean Grolier, the eminent French Chancellor, whose patronymic gives a name to a certain species of elaborate book-binding.

Title-pages in the Days of Pope.

THE authority of title-pages in the earlier half of the last century was, as we all know from the complaints of the poet himself, very slender ; and no bookseller was deemed to have committed felony, without benefit of his clergy, in filching the good name of some well-known author to place in front of his book.



Books in Early Times.

STONE was probably the first substance upon which figures or letters were engraved, and this was done with a sharp instrument of iron or copper. Epigenes states that the ancient Chaldeans engraved their astronomical observations on bricks for about 700 years. The characters upon the Babylonian bricks brought into this country are evidently the impressions of an engraved block : engraved cylinders have been found which were presumably employed in impressing characters upon the soft clay previous to its being hardened by exposure to fire or sun. Tiles, lead, wooden tables, &c., were employed in very early periods for similar purposes.

Probably, no material used in the composition of books, as we now understand the term, has a higher claim to antiquity than the skin of the goat or calf, which was tanned soft and dyed red or yellow. This material is even more durable than parchment. The Arabs imprinted their ideas on the shoulder-blades of sheep. Parchment has held its own ever since its introduction. For this material it is said that we are indebted to Eumenes, king of Pergamus, who was desirous of possessing a more splendid library than that at Alexandria, but was frustrated in his endeavours by the Ptolemies, and this led to the invention of a substitute for papyrus. But parchment is mentioned by Herodotus and Ctesias as of great antiquity, and the approximate date of its introduction is therefore involved in obscurity. The papyrus of the Egyptians was used for making paper in the most remote Pharonic periods. It was so expensive that it was chiefly used for the inscriptions of funeral rituals, in the transfer of property, and official documents. The right of growing and selling this material was monopolized by the Government, who made a large profit out of its sale. Although more frail and brittle than parch-

ment, papyrus is not the less durable, as specimens still existing prove. A method of making paper from cotton and silk, *Carta bombycina*, which was discovered early in the twelfth century, somewhat superseded the use of parchment, which had at that time become exceedingly scarce and costly. The Chinese were apparently acquainted with the art of paper-making from vegetable substances as early as A.D. 95, and Gibbon advances an opinion, "from credible testimony, that paper was first imported from China to Samarcand A.H. 30 (=A.D. 652), and invented, or rather introduced, at Mecca A.H. 38 (=A.D. 710)." Linen paper was first used during the eleventh century. The Moors introduced it into Spain; the earliest specimen preserved of it is an Arabic version of the "Aphorisms" of Hippocrates, dated A.D. 1100. But linen paper was rarely used in Europe for four or five centuries after that date. Writing and printing paper was not made in London until 1690, although "a kind of mixed paper" was in use in the thirteenth century, and of this evidence still exists.

"In one of the earliest forms of books," says a writer in a contemporary, "only one side of the material was written upon, and one sheet was joined to the end of another till the work, or one section of it, was finished, when it was rolled up on a cylinder or staff. The leaves composing such books were designated *paginae*, from which we derive our term 'page'; the sticks upon which they were rolled were *cylindri*, at each end of which was a knob for evolving the scroll. These balls were called *umbilici*, or *cornu*, 'horns,' of which they were often made, though sometimes composed of bone, wood, or metal, either elaborately carved, or richly inlaid with gold, silver, or precious stones; the edges of the scroll were called *frontes*. On the outside of the scroll was written its title. In the earlier manuscripts the writing was not divided into words, but joined in continuous lines. The Greeks read from right to left, and from left to right alternately, the reader commencing the one line immediately under the termination of the line above." The size will be pretty clearly understood when we state that a volume not unusually extended to a length of fifty yards, whilst each line varied from a foot or so to a couple of yards long. A roll of calico will give the reader a pretty good notion of the general appearance of an ancient book.

Eschenburg, in his "Manual of Classical Literature," describes the implements used by the Grecian and Roman scribes:—"A reed cut like our pens; inks of different colours, but chiefly black; a sponge to cleanse the reed, and to rub out such letters as were written by mistake; a knife for mending the reed; pumice for a

similar purpose, or to smooth the parchment; compasses for measuring the distances of the lines; scissors for cutting the paper; a puncher to point out the beginning and end of each line; a rule to draw lines and divide the sheets into columns; a glass containing sand, and another glass filled with water, probably to mix with the ink."

Concerning the trade in books in Greece we have scarcely any authentic records. Hermodorus, the Sicilian, a philosopher and pupil of Plato, was one of the earliest booksellers, and probably the first to practise "trade dodges." In these days the law of copyright was in a most primitive state, and authors had scarcely any control over the publication of their writings. The accomplished Sicilian just named promoted the sale of Plato's works without the author's leave, and with a considerable pecuniary advantage to himself, throughout Greece and even so far as his native country Sicily. That the trade of bookselling and transcribing in Greece must have been considerable, it is certain.

When literature established itself for a time at Alexandria, book-selling became at once a profitable profession, whilst its general importance and high character were universally acknowledged. The business was almost exclusively in the hands of the Greeks, who unfortunately were not the most conscientious men in the world. Carelessness in transcribing and trickery generally characterized their dealings, and imperfect and forged editions were frequent and serious.

It was, however, at Rome that literature became established for a lengthened period. This was not wholly of indigenous growth; but arose through a variety of circumstances which it is not necessary to enter upon here. The "literary" Greek, after wandering about the world for a number of years, at last found a welcome haven of rest in Rome. The opulent Roman surrounded himself with Grecian attendants who possessed literary ability, which, in some cases, was of a high order. Their names are known even at the present day. The wonderful fabric which Cæsar had so restlessly laboured to raise was emulated in various ways by the wealthy Roman, to whom indeed reading was an essential and important item in each day's programme. The "glory that was Greece" wedded itself finely to the grandeur of Rome. The literary tastes of the Grecian fostered and grew with the Roman at Rome. It was at this period that the trade of bookselling obtained a decided footing and established itself. The production of books and pamphlets advanced by leaps and bounds, and their manufacture and publication were "effected

with great rapidity." The bookseller was considered an eminent personage. His wares were recognized articles of commerce, and the trade was not long wanting for members. The cultured Roman, fond of reading, spent most of his time either at the bookshops or at the baths, where in all probability some orator or poet would be holding forth. A library was considered as indispensable to all houses of pretension, as were also the slave readers or *anagnostæ*.

The Roman booksellers were known as *bibliopolæ*, or *librarii*; but the latter term more correctly referred to the slaves employed in the transcription of manuscripts, the petty dealers or vendors of small wares being particularly denominated *libelliones*. The bookseller's shop was called *libraria* or *taverna libraria*; whilst the streets near the Forum, Palladium, Sigillarii, Argiletum,—whence Martial,

" Argiletanas mavis habitare tabernas
Cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostro vacent,"—

the Temple of Peace, and the Via Sandalinaria, were the places where books were principally exposed for sale. The habit of literary men, and others interested in literature, frequenting booksellers' shops, which were regarded as a sort of literary club, was a very common practice in England during the last century.

The antiquity of bookstalls may be considered as proved beyond doubt. Catullus speaks of hunting among the bookstalls for his friend Camerius. It was to Cornelius Nepos, the author of an Italian history which has perished, that Catullus dedicated his collected works. The dedication commences with—

" My little volume is complete,
Fresh pumice-polished and as neat
As book need wish to be."

We have already pointed out that pumice was one of the articles of the stock-in-trade of Greek and Roman scribes. "Fresh pumice-polished" refers to the ancient custom of polishing the parchment with pumice-stone on the inside to better take the ink, and on the outside to finish. Catullus was an epicure in the matter of choice volumes, for he denounces Suffenus for writing verse at a fast and careless rate, and issuing his works set forth in gaudy colours, "red strings, spruce covers, paper new and superfine." Licinius Calvus Maser on one occasion sent his friend Catullus a book of poems, which the latter describes as a "horrible and deadly volume" of bad

poetry, a "rascally rabble of malignants." This infliction Catullus playfully threatens to retaliate :—

"Come but to-morrow's dawn, I'll surely hie
To stall and bookshop, and the trash I buy,
With sums on Cæsius and Suffenus spent,
Mischievous wag, shall work thy punishment."

Atticus must be regarded as the most eminent of Roman publishers. He had a large number of slaves specially trained for the purpose of transcription. By this method the trade in books received a great impetus. With Atticus, the profession which he followed with such energy and success was one rather of pleasure than profit. It was at once a passion and a study, and Cicero—whose brother married a sister of Atticus—was among those who appreciated his talents. Atticus had access to all the libraries of Athens, and speedily obtained copies of all choice and valuable books worth preserving. His collection after a few years' diligence became a very large and valuable one, and he formed a resolution to part with it. Cicero, who was anxious to become the owner but could not afford it, begged Atticus to reserve the lot for him until a more convenient season. Atticus carried his zeal to such an extent, that even his page-boys were trained to read and write for him. At his death he left behind him the respectable fortune of 10,000,000 sesterii, or £87,500 of our money.

In addition to Atticus, other publishers of less repute were the speculative Tryphon, the prudent Atrectus, Tul. Lucensis, the brothers Sosius, Q. P. Valerianus Dicus and Ulpus. We have it on the authority of Galenus that the minor lights of the bookselling constellation forged the imprints of the more celebrated *confrères* for inferior books in order to command a sale. The columns of colonnades were largely used for posting up "publishers' announcements."

The mode of transcription was carried on in this way: when several copies of one book were demanded, a certain number of slaves, varying from half a dozen to a hundred, were engaged in simultaneously writing down from dictation, one slave dictating keeping almost any number at work.

The date of the year as well as the name of the copyist, or of the publisher, were often placed at the end of a book. In the earlier ages of book production in Greece, the scribes of that country reckoned usually from the creation of the world, which they cal-

culated to have taken place 5,508 years before the commencement of the Christian era. At other times the reckoning dated from the death of Alexander, the accession of Philip Aridæus, or of Diocletian.

The references to the *librarii* are frequent, *e.g.*, "Ut scriptor si peccat, idem Librarius usque," of Horace; "Non meus est; nocuit Librarius illis," and "Jam Librarius hoc et ipse dicit ohe jam satis est, ohe Libelle," of Martial.

It is a very general mistake to suppose that books were dearer in Rome at the time of which we have been speaking than now. Such was not the case. The general cheapness is a matter of some surprise to us, although the small cost of slave labour probably accounts for this. Martial himself states that his first book of Epigrams was sold neatly bound for five denarii (equal to nearly three shillings), whilst a cheaper edition was published at from six to ten sestertii (twelve to eighteenpence). Four sestertii would have purchased his thirteenth book of Epigrams. The advantages accruing to the multitude through this cheapened scale was not regarded by authors themselves in a favourable light.

With the final decline and ultimate downfall of Rome, the literary tastes of former generations were almost entirely swept away in the wreck. The care of books and the fostering of literature became relegated in the natural order of things to the cloister.

W. R.



"Paradise Regained."

A COPY of the first edition of "Paradise Regained," which, with "Samson Agonistes," was licensed on July 2, 1670, was recently in the market: it had an old MS. note on the fly-leaf to the following effect:—"It is somewhat remarkable that these two Poems were not printed by *Simmons*, the same who printed the *Paradise Lost*; and what could induce Milton to have recourse to another Printer? Was it because *Simmons* was not encourag'd by the sale of *Paradise Lost* to become a Purchaser of the other Copies? Certainly he, who in two years sells 1300 copies of a volume in quarto, bought for two payments of £5 each, has no reason to repent his Purchase."



The Royal Polyglott.

THIS wonderful monument of Christopher Plantin's indomitable perseverance and unwearying devotion to a lofty purpose is to-day as splendid a product of the printing press as it was three centuries ago. Consisting of six folio volumes it required five years of unremitting toil to complete the work, from August 2, 1568, to August 18, 1573. The visitor to the British Museum gazes with something like awe upon the spotless pages and brilliant letterpress of this magnificent work, upon which the hand of time seems to rest so lightly.

The editor of the work was as remarkable as its printer. Benedictus Arias Montanus was at the time of assuming the position of editor of the Polyglott a man famous for his vast erudition and almost miraculous powers of endurance. He partook neither of wine nor meat, and knew no pleasure save complete submersion in the vast labour which confronted him. For four years he applied himself for eleven hours a day, Sundays not excepted, to the task of making ready the copy. Forty persons were constantly employed on the great work of setting type, printing and binding. It was something that no visitor to Antwerp neglected to gaze upon, this vast array of labour and the order and system which reigned in the rooms occupied by the various operatives. Although undertaken and pushed forward by the most distinguished patrons, Plantin was almost impoverished by the costs of the enterprise. As the great project neared completion arose most urgent demands for copies in vellum. But King Philip was inexorable. He would allow no one to have a vellum copy but himself. For him there should be thir-

teen copies printed on vellum, for which 1,600 dozen skins were called for.

The edition consisted of 1,213; 960 on grand royal paper of Troyes, 200 on paper *au raisin* de Lyon, thirty on imperial paper *à l'aigle*, and ten on grand imperial paper d'Italie. These last were not to be sold, but were to be reserved as presents for distinguished people. Plantin maintained that they surpassed in beauty and splendour the copies on vellum. Of the thirteen copies on vellum six were sent to the Escorial Library, one presented to the Pope and another to the Duke of Savoy. Still another vellum copy, the one now in the British Museum, was presented by Philip to the terrible Alva, or, as worded in the presentation by Montanus, from the "best of monarchs to the best of ministers." But scarcely had the Polyglott left the press when, to Plantin's dismay, word came that the Pope refused to acknowledge it as orthodox. The reasons were variously stated. It was charged that the Talmud had been quoted, and that Montanus had called in the aid of a heretic, one Masius. Fortunately for Plantin, Pius died, and his successor proved more accommodating.



"Sylvanus Urban" on Himself.

"FEW," remarked "Sylvanus Urban" in his Autobiography which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some years ago, "will require to be informed who or what I am. The favourite of past generations, I have still a host of friends in the present. Many of these know me thoroughly, and date their affection for me from their earliest recollections; others will recognize me as their occasional associate in the club or reading-room, if not invited to their closet or library; whilst all who have attained to any acquaintance with the fields of general literature, must own to somewhat more than a casual knowledge of my name. . . . I have long survived my original comrades and competitors, and am by far the senior of my living contemporaries. . . . To have survived the term of more than a century and a quarter, is, indeed, no common lot."



A Moral Peerage.

IN the year 1772 was published "The Complete English Peerage" by the Reverend Frederic Barlow, M.A., who is described on the title-page as "Vicar of Burton and Author of 'The Complete English Dictionary,'" which latter work we have never seen; and if its completeness was of the same order as that of the "Peerage," we are not inclined to lament that we are unacquainted with it. The "Peerage" is of little value as a genealogical work, and—though probably held in some estimation in its day, judging from the fact that two subsequent editions (1773 and 1775) apparently were published—is of no value now, save as a curiosity of literature. For the Reverend Frederic Barlow professed not only to be a genealogist, but a candid historian and a moral censor. *His* book was not to be written in an adulatory spirit, as was and is the wont of such compilations. It professed to contain "a particular and impartial relation of the most memorable transactions, as well of the DEAD as the LIVING, of those who have distinguished themselves either by their noble or ignoble deeds; without exaggerating their VIRTUES or palliating their INFAMY." As became a parson, he proclaimed in his preface, or "Advertisement" as it is called, that he "shall not be afraid to pull aside the ermine, to show the corruption with (*sic*) lies hidden behind; and *our reverence for truth will embolden us to disclose the weakness of the head, even when circled with the diadem.*" "Nothing," he further says, "will be neglected to render it [his work] as perfect as it is singular; and while we will look down on the frowns of high birth, we hope we

shall meet with the patronage of those who are lovers of truth, and the admirers of *real* nobility." And having promised to translate and explain the mottoes "for the convenience of our unlearned readers," the good and moral man plunges into his task.

A few specimens from this work, which the author admitted to be a "singular" one, and which is really in parts most amusing, will serve to show what Mr. Barlow meant by his brave and noisy "Advertisement." Notwithstanding his reverence for truth and his resolve to palliate no infamy and tear aside the ermine, it is but too patent that, like Moore, he "dearly loved a lord," and the faults of a nobleman, still less of a prince, were not as the faults of the untitled poor sons of humanity. The prince-dukes, grandsons of George II., were, as everybody knows, reprobates of the first water; and this is how Mr. Barlow writes of Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, next brother to the future George III. :—

"The prince is tall and comely, very fair, with blue eyes; his complexion is ruddy, and he has the general contour of features of the whole family. His youthful days were not distinguished by any remarkable incidents, and as he advanced towards manhood the usual diversions and amusements attractive at that period engrossed his chief attention. With regard to his amours, they were in no way remarkable, till his connection with the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave." We then get a history of this lady, and of "the passionate and sincere" love of the prince, and then the clergyman speaks: "We shall not enter into a political disquisition on the propriety or impropriety of his highness's (*sic*) conduct; or consider whether the dictates of nature should give way to reasons of state: we shall only observe that there still appears a very strong mutual affection between them, and that she seems formed to make the best of wives. His highness, last year, went abroad for his health, which was much impaired. While he was in Italy his disorder increased, and his life seemed in imminent danger; the sorrow and grief which this lady could not refrain displaying upon the occasion, plainly evinced the sincere love she bore this prince. Upon his return, after paying his compliments at Court, he fled to her arms, where he found the most tender reception; and she expressed her joy at his recovery, in so warm a manner, as to communicate to him the highest satisfaction." This is very good in its way, but his brother Prince Henry, Duke of Cumberland—a blackguard of the choicest dye—is treated even more apologetically. After stating his titles and the date of his birth, the fearless exposé of infamy says: "The lives of many princes do not, in many respects, surpass those of private men; they

seem born with the same foibles, the same passions, the same weaknesses, and their elevated station, so far from concealing them, renders them far more conspicuous. The vices of a private man are only known to his own little circle of acquaintances, unless they are of so black a dye as to be called forth in a court of justice; but those of the great man cannot escape the attention of the world in general. We are led into this reflection from the extraordinary amours of this prince, which, in a few years, have swelled the annals of gallantry as well as the records of the courts." With this exordium we have a history of the prince's intrigue with Miss Elliott, the actress; and a very full account, with the letters that passed between them, of his "affair" with Lady Grosvenor. The celebrated suit in connection with this amour—as Mr. Barlow calls it—was not finished before the choice prince "was seen in the arms of another mistress at Southampton. This lady was Mrs. B——y, of Hatton Garden," and she in her turn gave place quickly to Mrs. Horton. Of the latter lady, whom the prince married, the author gives a glowing character, speaks in unconcealed rapture of her "judicious and noble economy," of her persuasive powers over the prince in regard to gambling and horse-racing, and hopes his intrigues are now ended. *Eheu!*

But lest it might be imagined that the Reverend Mr. Barlow, awed by the divinity that doth hedge a king and a king's kin, or undesirous of checking his career to a possible bishopric, handled royalty tenderly and palliated the offences of princes, and would keep his promises about pulling aside the ermine and so forth when he came to deal with the mere nobility, we shall give an extract or two from his subsequent pages. Of the Duke of Somerset he says: "His grace is yet unmarried, though no enemy to the fair sex, for, if we are rightly informed, he amuses himself, after being fatigued with study or business, with the company and conversation of a favourite of that sex, a tender-hearted, sympathizing lady. There are said to be some oddities in his grace's disposition," &c., &c. He has nothing to say against the Duke of Richmond, but "we are sorry that our impartiality [!] compels us here to mention the errors of a female [!] nearly related to him." Nancy Parsons is of course coupled with the Duke of Grafton. The Duke of St. Albans was "the sport of fortune" because he had spent his patrimony, and had to live on the continent, and had an intrigue "upon his hands with a servant maid." Mr. Barlow is more amusing than usual in his comments on this nobleman. He very fully tells us how his grace's creditors in Brussels were clamorous, and how "he was obliged to

give his parole of honour that he would not quit the walls of that city till they were all satisfied," but "*by some accident*" his grace was found without the gates. One would think Mr. Barlow was writing a comic peerage, instead of a high-toned moral one. The Duke of Dorset was "not entirely exempted from those frailties which human flesh is heir to. However, his conduct, even in his foibles, admits of almost an entire palliation"—and what is the palliation this reverend gentleman offers?—"for, being a bachelor, it is but natural to suppose," &c., &c.

It would be tedious to go through all the scandals and gossip that this reverend, maudlin, and prurient prig records but to extenuate or make light of. But his attitude towards the erotic vagaries of the nobility is in remarkable contrast to his promises in his "Advertisement." He undertook to disclose the "weakness of the head even when circled with the diadem;" the only weakness of the head he has disclosed is his own. Amongst the list of subscribers, whose names appear at the end of the second volume, there is, as might well be expected, no person of title (save one—the Countess Dowager of Westmoreland), so that it is to be conjectured that he compiled his "singular" book for that class, which apparently has existed at all times, and which delights in the tattle and scandal of the servants' hall, and views what he euphemistically calls the "foibles" of the upper classes with tolerance, if not admiration. But for a parson, even an eighteenth century parson, the morals of Mr. Frederic Barlow, M.A., are peculiar.

In conclusion, we may give a taste of Mr. Barlow's quality in the translation of mottoes, taken at random from his pages. *Fari quæ sentiat*—"To speak what he thinks." *Vix ea nostra voco*—"Importing that the great actions or exploits of our ancestors cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have been performed by us their descendants, and that we cannot, with justice or propriety, value ourselves upon them." *Animo et fide*—"By courage and fidelity, loyalty or honour." *Je le tiens*—"I hold him or it." From which one would conclude Mr. Barlow was a schoolmaster or tutor. He cannot see the play in the Temple and Nevile mottoes—*Templa quam dilecta!* and *Ne vile velis*; and the Godolphin motto, which he gives as *Francha leale Toge*, evidently nonplussed him, for it is untranslated, as is also *Crom a boo*, the Leinster motto.

C. M. COLLINS.

[We presume that Mr. Collins, whose communication reaches us from Brisbane, possesses an edition of Barlow's "Peerage" dated

1772; if so, it is an earlier than is described by either Watt or Lowndes. The British Museum possesses only the 1775 edition, which claims to be the second, "with additions." The first volume consists of 479 pages, and the second of 474 pages, besides the list of subscribers' names, addenda, index, and twenty-five coloured plates of armorial bearings. Barlow's "Complete English Dictionary; or, General Repository of the English Language, containing a Copious Explanation of all the Words in the English Grammar," appeared in two vols., 1772. The "Peerage" was "printed for the Author, and sold by S. Bladon, No. 16, Paternoster Row."—ED.]



Book-Burning.

"THE Memorials of the Church of England, humbly offered to the Consideration of all True Lovers of our Church and Constitution," was published early in the summer of 1705, with a design to influence the Parliamentary Elections in favour of the High Church party, the pamphlet being a severe invective against the Whigs. It was construed to contain injurious reflections on Queen Anne, and the Grand Jury of the City of London and County of Middlesex "made a presentment against it (August 31st)," with the result that the pamphlet was burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in open court, on September 1st; and, three days after, before the Royal Exchange. The author of this pamphlet, which at the time of its first appearance created a great deal of noise, was unknown until it was re-printed in 1711—"or at least only guessed at." The editor of the new impression states in the preface that it was written by Dr. James Drake, a physician, with the assistance of Mr. Poley, who were both dead in 1711. From this preface we also learn that Drake studied at Cambridge, and came up to London in 1696; he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians. The "narrowness of his fortune" compelled him to "list himself in the service of the booksellers, as an author, and then he had the satisfaction to see whatever he did pass off very currently, with a favourable acceptance of the public."

The late Mr. Tomlines as a Bookseller.

THE late Frederick Guest Tomlines, a historian and journalist of repute, concluded, Mr. G. A. Sala tells us, in the autumn of of his life that he would set up as a retail bookseller. He proposed to deal chiefly in mediæval literature, in which he was profoundly versed. This venture was scarcely successful. A customer entered his shop one day and asked for a particular book, as marked in the catalogue.

"I had really no idea that it was there," meditatively remarked Mr. Tomlines, as he ascended a ladder to a very high shelf and pulled out a squabby little tome.

Then he remained about five and twenty minutes on the ladder absorbed in the perusal of the volume, when the customer, growing impatient, began to rap on the counter with his stick. Thereupon Mr. Tomlines came down the ladder.

"If you think," he remarked, with calm severity, to the intending purchaser, "that any considerations of vile dross will induce me to part with this rare and precious little volume, you are very much mistaken. It is like your impudence. Be off with you!"

Paper and Bookworms in the East.

ENGLISH paper as at present made is not adapted to the Indian or Chinese climates. Owing to our mode of preparing writing paper, says the English Consul at Swatow, the sizing after a certain time entirely disappears, leaving the paper useless for writing purposes. This result is brought about by the excessive dampness of the atmosphere during about three months of the year. A manufacturer who could discover a size unaffected by damp would find his profit in supplying the considerable demand for writing materials among foreign merchants in India and China. Another point to which attention is directed is the wholesale destruction of books in China by insects. These pests first attack the glue used in the backs, and gradually perforate the whole volume. Cockroaches, too, entirely disfigure the covers by eating away patches of the glazing. The remedy for both these nuisances is a mixture of corrosive sublimate, creosote, and rectified spirit, which is applied with a brush in the joint of the book between every six or seven pages.



John Newbery, the Publisher.

THE name and memory of John Newbery have manifold claims upon the attention of all interested in children's literature. Newbery was something more than a mere trader with no other aim than to issue books which, irrespective of merit, would sell well. Booksellers in the earlier half of the last century were not remarkable either for their intelligence or for their business morality, and Newbery was not only an intelligent man, but he was also a good and generous one as things then went. It is not only as the first publisher who made a specialty of children's books, but as the friend and employer of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, that he deserves a niche in literary annals.

The name of Newbery or Newberie was intimately associated with the annals of bookselling long before the most famous representative of the name was born. Ralph, or Rafe, or Rodolph Newberie, was one of the most prolific of sixteenth century publishers, and his publications, from 1560 to 1619, include works of Camden, Hakluyt, Holinshed, Homer, and Virgil. He was Warden of the Stationers' Company in 1583, and Master in 1598 and in 1601. Contemporary with him there were other Newberys, "J.," and "T.," and, from 1616 to 1634, "N." Newbery issued very many books. As a connecting link between the two booksellers, we may point out that in 1633 "Ralph" Newbery bequeathed a sum of £5 annually for the poor of the parish of Waltham St. Lawrence, Berkshire—a bequest now known as the Bell charity. It may, however, be reasonably doubted whether the two "Ralphs" were identical.

John Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard," as Goldsmith calls him in his "Vicar of Wakefield," was born

at Waltham St. Lawrence in 1713. The exact date is not known, but the parish registers contain an entry of his baptism on July 19 of that year. The place is about five miles south-west of Maidenhead and nine miles east of Reading. His father was a small farmer; and although he appears to have given his younger son, John, a fairly good education for the time, it was chiefly owing to the lad's natural taste for reading that he became "a very good English scholar."

About 1730 John Newbery left the country village for Reading, where he had secured an engagement as assistant in the shop of one of the leading merchants. It does not appear to be very clear as to who the merchant was, or the nature of his calling. Mr. Welsh assumes him to be William Carnan, the printer, proprietor and editor



"THE CORNER," EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

of one of the earliest of provincial papers—*The Reading Mercury and Oxford Gazette*. If this be so—and there is no reason to doubt it—it will be easily understood that a situation under such conditions must have been very agreeable to the lad. When Carnan died at Reading, in 1737, he left all his property to his brother Charles and to John Newbery, appointing them his executors. Carnan's widow was only six years older than the assistant, and no very long time appears to have elapsed between Carnan's death, and the engagement and marriage to John Newbery of his former master's wife.

The business prospered so well, that Newbery formed the resolution of opening a shop in London. Before this, however, he made a business tour through England, starting from Reading on Wednes-

day, July 9, 1740, and returning home about the middle of the next month. John did not confine his attention to newspapers and printing, but sold a very miscellaneous assortment of goods, including cutlery and patent medicines. Newbery appears to have opened a shop or warehouse at the Bible and Crown, near Devereaux Court, Without Temple Bar, in 1744, with a "city office" at the Golden Ball, Castle Alley, Royal Exchange, for the convenience of shippers, &c. In August, 1745, he had removed to the Bible and Sun, near the Chapter House, in St. Paul's Churchyard. It was not, however, until after John Newbery's death that his nephew Francis Newbery removed to the historic corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, of which, through the courtesy of Newbery's successors, Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, that we give, on page 122, a small illustration as it appeared during the earlier years of the present century. The corner is situated at the left side of the traveller as he journeys towards St. Paul's Cathedral—one portion of the shop being in the Churchyard, and the other in Ludgate Hill.

Returning, however, to John Newbery, he had no sooner settled in the corner house than he commenced to publish children's books in great variety and quantity. Johnson at about this time became acquainted with Newbery; and Prior, in his life of Goldsmith, gives seven memoranda of money borrowed by the Doctor from the bookseller. The dates range from 1751 to 1760. Dr. James, whose Powder, with over thirty other patent medicines, formed a portion of Newbery's stock-in-trade, was, like Dr. Johnson, a native of Lichfield, and it is probable that one introduced the other to the bookseller.

The dozen years from 1755 to 1767 were the most important in Newbery's career. His business, in both lines, had greatly increased, and he now became associated with Goldsmith, whose first contribution appeared in Newbery's *Literary Magazine* either late in 1757 or early in 1758. On April 15th of the latter year, he started a weekly newspaper entitled *The Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette*, in which first appeared Johnson's "Idler." Late in 1759 the energetic bookseller was again planning a new periodical, which appeared as a sixpenny monthly with the new year, and having as a title *The British Magazine or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies*. Smollett was editor, and Goldsmith one of the contributors. Newbery's next journalistic venture was *The Public Ledger*, which, starting on January 12, 1760, is still published, but it is merely a daily price-list of produce, &c., issued for the benefit of Mark Lane merchants and shippers. The first number was given gratis, but subsequent

issues were priced at twopence-halfpenny each. It was to this journal that Goldsmith largely contributed, writing two articles per week and receiving a guinea for each. In the early numbers of *The Public Ledger* appeared the "Chinese Letters." Besides these, Goldsmith was employed to do a great deal of what we now term "editorial" labour for Newbery, such as translating, compiling, editing, and composing introductions.

The most famous episode is, of course, that in relation to the publication of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which appeared in 1766, with the imprint of Francis Newbery, of the Crown, Paternoster Row. Among the numerous theories in connection with the sale of this famous work, the version of Boswell is the commonest and most generally accepted. Boswell relates that Johnson received a message from Goldsmith, who was in great distress, being arrested for debt by his landlady. He told Johnson that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson looked into it, saw its merits, and, telling the landlady that he would soon return, went to a bookseller and sold it for sixty pounds. Mr. Welsh, in his interesting work, "A Bookseller of the Last Century" (*i.e.*, John Newbery), states that there is no evidence in any existing papers to show whether the manuscript of the novel was sold either to John Newbery or to his nephew. Mr. Welsh also declares the M^S. of "The Vicar of Wakefield" to have been sold four years before its publication. In 1764 there is an entry in the books of the printer, B. Collins, of Salisbury, which shows that he had purchased a third in the novel for £21. These facts would appear to entirely upset Johnson's, or rather Boswell's, story in reference to Goldsmith's dilemma. The reason for the delay in publishing cannot now be ascertained, although several industrious writers have indulged very freely in speculations. The first three editions resulted in a loss, and the fourth (1770) started with a balance against it of £2 16s. 6d. The fourth, however, brought in a profit to the "adventurers."

But there are many points of interest about the books which Newbery published, and the men he employed to write them. The "points" are, perhaps, chiefly interesting to bibliographers. Charles Knight says, in reference to Newbery's "special line" of children's books, "There is nothing more remarkable in them than their originality. There have been attempts to imitate its simplicity, its homeliness; great authors have tried their hands at imitating its clever adaptation to the youthful intellect, but they have failed." Many of these little books were written by Newbery himself, and some probably by Benjamin Collins, the printer at Salisbury. Full bibliographical lists

of Newbery's books may be found in Mr. Welsh's monograph on "the philanthropic bookseller." The quaint little books are now and then met with on old bookstalls, but the handling of children is detrimental to literature, and most of Newbery's are thumbed out of existence. "Goody Two-Shoes," "Valentine and Orson," and the host of others, have had their day, and no longer play a part in the education of youth.

John Newbery died on December 22, 1767, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five, in spite of the numerous pills which were puffed as cures for all ills to which flesh is heir. The "shadows" of many mighty men haunt the churchyard of St. Paul's, but perhaps in that crowd of ghosts there is not one whose claims to remembrance are so firmly fixed as the vendor of books, pills, *cum multis alias*—the friend of Goldsmith, Johnson, Smollett, and many others—John Newbery to wit.

The present age is essentially a practical one, and sentiment has to give way to convenience. It is, therefore, with a sense of regret we learn that, owing to the recent rapid development of their business, Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh are obliged to build larger premises. They have secured a prominent site in Charing-Cross Road, quite close to Covent Garden, where building operations will begin at once. They hope that their new premises—which will bear the name of "Newbery House"—will be ready for their occupation in June or July next. Thus, the old business at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard will follow the example of so many others, and migrate to the West of London, and another ancient landmark of the City will disappear.





Smollett's "Regicide."

SMOLLETT'S "Preface" to the "Regicide," which was first published in 1749, is one of the most interesting illustrations of the great difficulty which a comparatively unknown man experienced in the last century in getting a play produced. It is only one of a large number which met with a similar fate, but in no instance, we believe, is the story of hopes and failures so circumstantially related as in the following preface. It forms a valuable contribution to the history of "authorship by profession." We have omitted several paragraphs which are reflections upon his treatment rather than concrete facts in connection with the publication :—

Whatever reluctance I have to trouble the public with a detail of the mortifications I have suffered in my attempts to bring the ensuing performance on the stage, I think it a duty incumbent upon me to declare my reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary manner; and if the explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon those who drove me to the necessity of making such an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself that a fair representation of the usage I have met with will be as a beacon to caution other inexperienced authors against the insincerity of managers, to which they might otherwise become egregious dupes; and, after a cajoling dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit from having finished a tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself entitled to some share of indulgence for the humility, industry, and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees; and, in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity,

I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone. But, as early as the year 1739, my Play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron, consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of these suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul !) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year, advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage. But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice ; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination, I demanded his final answer with such obstinacy and warmth that he could no longer resist my importunity, and refused my tragedy in plain terms. Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation ; affirming that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only, but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf. Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long, and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other house.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it ; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight. But four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play, and then it was retrieved by pure accident.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wrecked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste waked my paternal sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but also to new model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in the most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public, and, in the meantime, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordship to the new manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it to the ensuing winter, he would bring it on. In the interim my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return ; and the conscientious manager next season, instead of fulfilling his own

promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a player, the fate of which everybody knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event; and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune that attended my unhappy issue, which in the succeeding spring had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendments, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence I laid my account with seeing it appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here, too, I reckoned without my host. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre bluntly rejected it as a piece altogether unfit for the stage, even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with any performance which had gained the good opinion of the honourable person who approved and recommended my Play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interposed so urgently in its behalf with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success that the season was almost consumed before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman who interested himself in my concerns to go and expostulate with the vaticide. And, indeed, this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand; and in the mettle of his wrath pronounced my Play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surprised at the hardness and severity of this sentence, asking how he came to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was first put into his hands; he answered that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion, for the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words: "Sir,—I have received Mr. L——'s answer; who says, he thinks your play has indubitable merit, but his prior promises to Mr. T——n, as an honest man, cannot be evaded." And concluding thus: "As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you'll be advised by me, rest it with me."

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was a message to my patroness, importing (with many expressions of duty) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer make such alterations as I had agreed to at a conference with some of his principal Performers, he would assuredly put my Play in rehearsal, and in the meantime give me an obligation in writing for my further satisfaction. I would have taken him at his word without hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyship. The play, however, was altered and presented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus have I, in the most impartial manner (perhaps too circumstantially), displayed the conduct of those playhouse managers with whom I have had any concern relating to my tragedy; and whatever disputes have happened between the actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous animosities unworthy of the reader's attention.



Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day.

MR. CHANCELLOR R. COPLEY CHRISTIE.

ONE of the most incontestable facts in connection with the collectors of books is that no two have precisely identical tastes. There is, in many cases, a strong resemblance between the libraries of two Bookworms; but a mere cursory inspection will not fail to reveal phases or classes of books which do not occur in the two between which a comparison is drawn. Several, for example, make a speciality of eighteenth-century literature; but then they do not all make an equally special feature of such diverse subjects as (say) "Curliana" and "Junius," as did the late Mr. Edward Solly. It is this fact which renders every wisely-made selection of books of general interest to all who have the "bump" of the collector properly developed.

Mr. Chancellor Christie's splendid collection of books is essentially that of a specialist, who, having several specialities, has, in a manner of speaking, several libraries within one. There are probably few Englishmen who possess so thorough a knowledge of the French literature of the sixteenth century as Mr. Christie, who is not only regarded as a high authority on this subject in England, but also in France.

Nearly every one of Mr. Christie's books being rare, or in some way interesting to the genuine booklover, it becomes a somewhat embarrassing matter to "pick out" the gems for description. Being the author of "Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance; a Biography"—which is the only complete book on the subject, has recently been translated into French, and occupied over eight years in the writing—the visitor naturally desires to see the works of the great printer-martyr first. In his admirable bibliographical appendix, Mr. Christie describes eighty-four books which were printed by Dolet. Many of these are now lost; and the relative value of the three principal existing collections will be at once seen when we

state that Mr. Christie possesses copies of forty-four, the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris thirty, and the British Museum twenty-five. Of the French translation, it may be mentioned that M. Goblet, when Minister of Public Instruction, ordered one hundred copies to be purchased for distribution among the provincial libraries of France, and the Municipality of Paris one hundred and twenty for the libraries under its charge.

Several in the collection now under notice are unique, and nearly all are in a fine state of preservation and beautifully bound. Now the genial "Bookworm" hands us a copy of "L'Enfer de Clement Marot de Cahors en Quercy, valet de chambre du Roy," printed at Lyons by Dolet in 1542, "avec privilège pour dix ans"; close to it are several other Dolets which were unknown to bibliographers until Mr. Christie's monograph appeared in 1880—notably, "Tabulæ Poeticæ Joannis Murnellii," which is entirely uncut, just as it left Dolet's workshop in 1541. This little book, which consists of forty-eight pages, has quite an elaborate pedigree, and may be cited as being analogous to precious stones: their former owners are as well known to the specialist as the successive owners of a royal crown to a people. The history, therefore, of this little book, which is a reprint of one of the most famous introductions to Latin verse of the day, and ran through numerous editions, is fully described in "Etienne Dolet," and a *fac-simile* of the title-page given on page 322. If lovers of Rabelais do not find here "La Plaisante et Joyeuse historye du Grand Geant Gargantua," printed by Dolet in 1542, and sold a few years ago for 1,580 francs, they will at all events rejoice in the handling of the great French satirist's work printed in 1553, which is also excessively rare, and particularly so in the splendid condition of Mr. Christie's.

Mr. Christie's collection of Horaces is probably one of the finest in existence, excepting that possessed by one or two public libraries. The collection of about eight hundred volumes is made up in the following manner. Of complete editions of the text unaccompanied by a translation, there are ten of the fifteenth century, all folios, the earliest being that of Milan, 1476; ninety of the sixteenth century; fifty of the seventeenth, seventy-five of the eighteenth, and fifty of the nineteenth centuries. There are besides English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Swedish translations, also commentaries and essays, dissertations and lives, in English, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German. We sincerely trust that Mr. Christie will do for Horace what he has done for Dolet, what Willems has done for the Elzevirs and Renouard for the Aldines. A good

book on the subject is much wanted, and no more competent an authority than Mr. Christie could be found.

Speaking of Aldines reminds us that these form a "special line" (as the linendrapers say) with Mr. Christie. He has upwards of three hundred specimens, of which eighty were printed by Aldus the elder (1495-1514), sixty-six by Andrea de Asola and his son (1515-1529), one hundred and forty-three by Paulo Manuzio (1533-1574), and thirty-five of Aldus the younger. Among these there are nearly forty *editiones principes* of Greek classics, including Aristotle, Aristophanes, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Demosthenes.

Apart from Etienne Dolet, whose office was, as we have already indicated, at Lyons, the publications of the early French printers generally are objects of special interest to Mr. Christie, whose collection of their works is undoubtedly the most extensive of any private individual, whilst it contains, moreover, several unique examples. He has, for example, about four hundred printed by Sebastian Gryphius at Lyons from 1528 to 1556. Two or three of these were written by Dolet.

Mr. Christie's library is also peculiarly rich in works of, or relating to, Pomponatius, Hortensio Landi, Postel, Ramus, J. Sturm, Scioppius, Giulio Camillo, and particularly Giordano Bruno, upon which last he contributed an interesting article to *Macmillan's Magazine* in October, 1885. Of Postel, the great scholar and visionary of the sixteenth century, there are no fewer than twenty-five original editions. Among old illustrated books (remarks Mr. Andrew Lang), the most famous, and one of the rarest, is the "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*," "wherein all human matters are proved to be no more than a dream." This allegorical romance was published by Aldus in 1499, for Francesco Colonna. Mr. Christie has a copy of the second edition of this work printed in 1545, with the beautiful illustrations attributed to Giovanni Bellino or Carpaccio, the same as in the edition of 1499. Besides this, there is an old unpublished French translation in MS. (an account of which and of its author will be found in M. Claudius Popelin's introduction to his recent French translation), and the French edition of 1561, with the imitations said to have been executed by Jean Cousin. The first edition of this book is placed at £100, while the second is worth rather under half that sum. But books of this kind rarely depreciate in commercial value, as the great public libraries are gradually securing every copy, and the chances of private individuals obtaining examples grow more remote year by year. Equally quaint and interesting as showing the times

and manners—and perhaps also equally *bizarre*—are the quaint little “*Nugæ Venales*” and “*Facetiæ Facietiarum*,” in Latin and German, which the German students of the sixteenth century indulged in as a relief to the heavier classics. Of each of these Mr. Christie possesses copies of all the known editions.

But it would occupy several numbers of *THE BOOKWORM* to fully describe all the rarities which Mr. Christie has carefully gathered together during his book-collecting career ; and we must now content ourselves with mentioning that books noticeable on account of the beauty and antiquity of their binding also form an interesting and, of course, valuable feature of his library. It is particularly rich in examples of early French and Italian binders who executed their work with all the love and care of true artists. Many of the examples are from the Yemeniz, Didot, Sunderland, Turner, and the Syston Park (with its extremely ugly device and frequent bad taste) libraries. Nearly every eminent modern French binder is also here represented by one or more examples of his work. Several are from the library and in the rich but not always tasteful binding of the Marquis de Morante,¹ whose catalogue, compiled by himself, “is one of the most remarkable, one of the most interesting, and one of the rarest” in existence, and of which Mr. Christie possesses a complete set.

Though manuscripts are not among the specialities of Mr. Christie’s library, yet he possesses a certain number that are not without interest, including several of different portions of Horace of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, unpublished commentaries of Oudendorp and Wyttenbach thereon, and a manuscript of the “*De Senectute*,” and other short treatises of Cicero of the thirteenth or early part of the fourteenth century. He also possesses a transcript of the unpublished autobiography (*Philotheca*) of Scioppius, and of many other of his manuscripts from the originals in the Laurentian Library at Florence.

Mr. Christie is President of the Chetham Society, of the Record Society, of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, and an active member of very many other learned societies. He wrote several articles in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and is an occasional contributor to *The Quarterly Review*, among other journals, and an M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, where he had as tutor the late Mark Pattison, certain of whose “*Essays*” just published have been revised by Mr. Christie.

A BOOKHUNTER.

¹ Of this “*Bookworm*,” an extremely interesting article by Mr. Christie appeared in *The Manchester Quarterly*, April, 1883.



Bennet, the News-Crier.

IN the February issue of *BOOKWORM* (p. 86), we published an illustration, by Rowlandson, of the manner in which vendors of newspapers formerly announced their wares. The "*Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany of Poems*," which was edited by E. Fenton, and published by Bernard Lintot, in 1709, contains the following, anonymous, lines (which form an interesting supplement to what we have already said on the subject of "crying" news) "on the death of old Bennet, the News-Crier":—

"One evening, when the sun was just gone down,
As I was walking thro' the noisy town,
A sudden silence thro' each street was spread,
As if the soul of London had been fled.
Much I enquir'd the cause, but could not hear,
'Till fame, so frighten'd that she did not dare
To raise her voice, thus whisper'd in my ear :
Bennet, the Prince of hawkers, is no more,
Bennet, my Herald on the British shore ;
Bennet, by whom I own myself out-done,
Tho' I an hundred mouths, he had but one.
He, when the list'ning town he would amuse,
Made echo tremble with his bloody news,
No more shall echo now his voice return,
Echo for ever must in silence mourn.
Lament, ye heroes, who frequent the wars,
The great proclaimer of your dreadful scars.
Thus wept the conqueror that the world o'ercame,
Homer was wanting to enlarge his fame :
Homer, the first of hawkers that is known,
Great news from Troy cry'd up and down the town.
None like him has there been for Ages past,
Till our stentorian Bennet came at last :
Homer and Bennet were in this agreed,
Homer was blind, and Bennet could not read."



Biblio-Kleptomaniacs.

THE phases of bookhunting are manifestly numerous. We recently gave an anecdote of one class, and now print another without vouching for its veracity.

“If I find you stealing my books again, I’ll have you locked up. Get out, now quick ! and don’t let me see you in here again.”

The speaker was a bookseller, who thus addressed a nicely-dressed, venerable old man.

“Steal it? Why, bless you, of course he meant to steal it,” he said. “We have those fellows come here so often and carry off our books without being caught, that when we do catch them at it we want to call the police, and I suppose we ought to do so, but we don’t. We find so many people who are thoroughly honest in other respects, who will steal books, that we are apt to become suspicious of everybody after being in this business a while. You don’t hear of all the cases that we do, for you see, when we catch a party stealing he is always anxious to pay for the books and hush up the matter. Do we settle in this way? Oh yes, we let most of them go, although I suppose we ought to prosecute them. But then it takes a good deal of time and trouble to bother about prosecuting. I have seen all kinds of people come in here and steal books. Indeed, book-thieves are almost always of the so-called respectable classes, for the ignorant ‘lower class’ don’t take interest enough in books to know their value. The poor ones that are caught are arrested, convicted, and branded as thieves, just as if they had stolen a loaf of bread or a pocket-book ; those that have a good enough social standing to get them out of the scrape are simply ‘bibliomaniacs.’

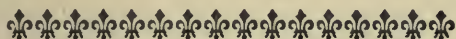
“There are several classes of people who steal books. Some steal the whole books, while there are others who only have a mania for fine plates and engravings. I have known numerous instances of

parties who stole simply the title-pages of rare and valuable books. Indeed, I have seen one or two bound books made up entirely of those precious title-pages. Taking out the title-page from an ancient work of course makes it worth very much less. Let me find a cheap old book and I'll show you how they do it, if you don't know."

The dealer picked up a dilapidated pamphlet and a piece of string. Wetting the string, he opened the pamphlet, and placing the wet string between two leaves, closed the pamphlet tightly again for a few seconds, after which he drew the string quickly out. Opening the book, the pages at the place where the string had been placed were quite easily removed, and without the noise of tearing.

"Now you see how they take out engravings, title-pages, &c. By the way, speaking of this mania for stealing title-pages, I ought to tell you that here in London there is a man who has quite a large business in making title-pages for old books that are mutilated in this way.

"Another trick that book-thieves make use of is to have extra pockets made in their coats. Of course when we find these fellows with extra pockets, seemingly made for the purpose of making book-stealing a business, we have no pity on them. We just hand them over to the police; but there are very few who go to work systematically to steal books. It is said that a good many who buy light literature at news-stalls, roll two books together, and carry them away, when they have only paid for one."



An Author Wanted.

THE following bitterly humorous piece of satire appeared ostensibly as an advertisement, in the *Craftsman* for November 18, 1727: "This is to give notice, that any true-bred author, who can produce a sufficient testimonium of his ability and secrecy, and is willing to contribute his assistance towards writing down the liberties of the city, and palliating bribery, corruption, and monopolies, will meet with all fitting encouragement, by applying to the Master of the House, at the first great gates on the right hand in Lombard Street, who is ready any morning to explain the particulars, and treat with persons on the premises. N.B.—Taciturnity will be strictly required."



The Earliest Arithmetical Books in European Vernaculars.



R. F. HENDRIKS contributes the following very interesting paper to *Notes and Queries* :—

“Notwithstanding the learning and pains that have been devoted to the bibliography of arithmetic, a vast deal of time and research will still have to be expended upon it before the field can be said to have been thoroughly gleaned. The difficulties in the way are so great as to deter the ordinary inquirer. Very few arithmetical books are found even in the largest of the great miscellaneous libraries that come under the auctioneer’s hammer in these days. The old booksellers’ stalls and shops have long ago been weeded of almost every ancient book on arithmetic. Maynard, who has been dead more than a quarter of a century, must have been the last of his craft in London who dealt exclusively in old mathematics and arithmetic. The occasional catalogues of his stock often contained rarities, and at a reasonable price, or, at least, such as I should think so now, whatever I may have thought of them in former days.

“The well-known and justly esteemed work of De Morgan, ‘Arithmetical Books from the Invention of Printing to the Present Time,’ appeared in 1847. Since then nothing worthy of much note has been published on the subject. We should, therefore, feel all the more thankful for his labours, conducted as they were with such extraordinary ability, and in so profound as well as entertaining a manner. At the end of his work De Morgan gives an index not only of the names of authors, whose works he more or less fully describes, but of those he had succeeded in finding ‘anywhere’ as belonging to a writer on arithmetic before 1800. De Morgan gives an alpha-

betical list, including about 1,500 names of authors whose books he had inspected, and he describes about one-third of them, say 500. Peacock, Dean of Ely, who had preceded him in arithmetical bibliography, referred to only 150 writers. De Morgan's final conclusion was that the number of works on arithmetic published in Latin, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and English (the words 'and in other languages of Europe' seem to have been omitted by him), from the invention of printing up to the middle of last century, cannot be less than 3,000, giving to each language less than an average of one a year. I have at various times made some additions to my interleaved copy of De Morgan's work, but the slowness with which they have grown in the course of a long-continued interest in the subject has led me to the impression that a large majority of the 3,000 works has absolutely perished, so that not a single copy will ever be found. The survival of the fittest may be assumed, but it cannot be proved. There remains the question—Can English or foreign bibliographers, either singly or by united efforts, ever hope to double De Morgan's *catalogue raisonné* of 500 works, and make it 1,000? Mere names are of no use. What is wanted is a descriptive catalogue from actual inspection, such as De Morgan made with such distinguished ability. In the meanwhile, can correspondents add to the stock of information which would solve a minor question, namely, as to the earliest surviving printed book on arithmetic in each of the leading vernaculars of Europe?

"The earliest of all is probably the Italian tract, printed at Treviso in 1478, in 4to, and entitled 'Incommincia una practica molta bona et utile a ciaschaduno chi vuole uxare larte de la merchadantia chiamonta vulgarmente larte de labbaccho.' This anonymous production was never seen by De Morgan at the time he wrote his book, but he may perhaps have seen it afterwards in the Libri collection. Libri considered his copy probably unique, but a second copy has turned up, a year or two ago, at the sale of the Woodhull Library and it sold at an enormous price.

"In Latin, the international vernacular of the learned, there does not appear to be so early *dated* an arithmetical book as the preceding. The most ancient with a date actually seen by De Morgan was the work 'De Arithmetica,' by Philip Calandri, erroneously stated in the Grenville catalogue to be the first printed on arithmetic. It was published at Venice, in 4to, in 1491; but much earlier undated Latin tracts on this science are mentioned by De Morgan, Libri, Hain, Watt, and other bibliographers as having issued from the press before 1475, or even so early as 1465.

"As to the order of date of arithmetical books in English—for we cannot include amongst teaching treatises upon arithmetic the tenth chapter of 'The Mirrour of the World,' printed by Caxton in 1480, and headed, 'And after of Arsmetrike and whereof it proceedeth'—priority would seem to belong to Robert Recorde, whose 'Grounde of Artes' was first printed about 1540 according to De Morgan, or in 1542 according to Dr. Peacock. Undoubtedly there were many earlier arithmetical treatises by Englishmen, but they were written in Latin; notably those by Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury (printed in 1495), and by Cuthbert Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, and afterwards of London (printed in 1522).

"No very early arithmetical book in Spanish is to be found in De Morgan, but there is one catalogued in the Salva Library. This was written by Gaspar de Tejada, and is entitled, 'Suma de Arithmetica Practica y de todas Mercaderias. Con la horden de Contadores. Con privilegio Imperial,' Valladolid, 1546. The place of printing was unknown to De Morgan, who also was in error as to its date.

"As to the earliest arithmetical book printed in German there is some uncertainty. De Morgan mentions, on the authority of Hain and others, two anonymous books, viz., a 'Rechnungsbüchlein,' printed at Babenberg, 1483, 12mo, and the 'Rechnung auf alle Kaufmanschaft,' printed at Leipzig in 1489, 8vo. But the earliest German arithmetical book he had himself seen was 'Ain nerv [*sic*, but doubtless a mistake for *neu*] geordnet Rechenbiechlin auf den linien mit Rechen pfeninge,' &c., printed by Jacob Kobel, Augsburg, 1514. He describes this as a work on computation by counters and Roman numerals, the Arabic numerals being explained, but not used. In the frontispiece is a cut representing the mistress settling accounts with her maidservant by an abacus with counters—the Roman or Boethian, as contrasted with the Arabic system.

"Amongst my own books I have a German arithmetic, printed at Augsburg in the same year as the above (1514), but by another printer, Erhart Oglin. Singularly enough, it begins with the same four leading words of title, 'Ain neu geordnet Rechenbiechlin,' but then it throws overboard counters and abacus, and proceeds, 'mit den zyffern den angenden schülern zu nutz. Inthaltet die Siben species Algorithmi mit sampt der Regel de Try, und sechs regel d. prüch Und der Regel Fusti mit vil andern güten fragen den Kündern zum anfang nutzbarlich.'" Then follows the author's name of this interesting children's arithmetic (a small quarto of forty-eight pages), 'Joann Böschensteyn, von Esslingen, priester,' and, as he adds 'neulich aussgangen und geordnet,' it would be interesting to know

if any copy of an earlier edition than the one above described is in existence anywhere. The probability is against this. It was a school-book, issued in a paper cover, and likely to be well thumbed and torn, and then destroyed, a fate which attaches to the most popular arithmetical books in all ages ; the best, perhaps, perishing in the using, whilst, perchance, a spare copy of some of the more worthless may survive, so that it becomes an affair of chance rather than of selection.

“ Before concluding this long note I ought, perhaps, to mention that Böschenteyn’s work, like the anonymous book also printed in Augsburg in the same year, the description of which by De Morgan is above quoted, has also its woodcut on the title ; but here the mistress is settling accounts, not with her maidservant, but with her manservant, and not by an abacus with counters, but on a slate with good Arabic figures written on it : the new order of things *versus* the old.’



The Mazarin Bible.

THE copy of this rare book, which was the first printed by Gutenberg with movable metal types, and should be more properly called the Gutenberg Bible, which was in the library of Lord Hopetoun, recently sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, brought the large sum of £2,000, bid by Mr. Quaritch. It was slightly injured in some of the first leaves of Vol. II., but on the whole is a very fine copy. The most extraordinary thing is that its existence was quite unknown to its possessor, and it was only discovered when Mr. Hodge, jun., was arranging for the removal and sale of the library of Hopetoun House, near Edinburgh. As every one knows, it is a Latin Bible, printed by Gutenberg and Fust, about 1450–55, at Munich. This is the fourth of these extremely rare and most interesting Bibles which have been sold within the last fifteen years : the Perkins copy in 1873, for £2,690 ; the Syston Park, Sir J. Thorold’s, £3,900, in 1884 ; the Lord Crawford’s copy, £2,650 ; and this present one.



Literary Anachronisms.

IF to err is really human, there is a good deal more humanity in the world than cynics and pessimists generally admit. Every one is often committing errors of some sort, while others exhibit a singular facility in this respect. But for the present we have nothing to do with common errors, and shall concern ourselves only with those of great men whose vagaries have been pointed out by the lynx-eyed contributors to *Notes and Queries*. Shakespeare, even, does not escape detection, as will be observed by those who look no farther than Dr. Brewer's "Handbook." Modern research has told us that neither Macbeth nor Richard the Third was the tyrant which our great dramatist makes out; the former in particular was a firm ruler, and his claims to the throne were more just than those of Duncan, who was not murdered at the castle of Inverness, but at the smith's house near Elgin. Macbeth, moreover, was not slain by Macduff at Dunsinane. Two or three anachronisms occur in "Winter's Tale," where the vessel bearing the infant Perdita is spoken of as "driven by storm on the coast of Bohemia," which has no sea-board at all! In the fifth act and second scene of the same play, one of the characters refers to the Italian artist and architect, Julio Romano; but as the character in question is assumed to exist about fourteen hundred years before Romano was born, the absurdity of his reference is very apparent. In "Twelfth Night" (act v. scene 1), the Illyrian clown speaks of St. Bennet's Church, London, as if he and the Duke of Illyria were both natives of London. In "Coriolanus" Shakespeare makes Volumnia the mother and Virgilia the wife of Coriolanus, whose wife was Volumnia, and his mother Veturia. Delphi is here spoken of as an island, which it is not, being a city of Phocis. A number of other Shakespearean anachronisms might be pointed out. The marvellous story

of the "Morte d'Arthur," as related by Sir Thomas Malory, is considerably varied by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King," and in some instances the statements of the laureate are totally irreconcilable with those of the ancient chronicler. Tennyson does not go quite so far as a certain ingenious dictionary compiler, who described Gawain as the *sister* of Arthur. In the first two lines of "The Last Tournament" we have—

"Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round."

But legendary history states that Dagonet received his knighthood from the hand of King Arthur. In the same section of the "Idylls" Sir Tristram is stabbed by Sir Mark in Tintagel Castle; but Malory relates, in his "History of Prince Arthur," that Tristram is in his bed in Brittany, severely wounded, and dies of a shock, because his wife tells him the ship in which he expected his aunt, Isolt the Fair, to come, was entering the port with a black sail instead of a white one. In referring to the *flammeum* or yellow veil which Greek and Latin brides wore, several poets have fallen into errors. William Morris, in his charming description of "Atalanta's Race," writes thus :

"She the saffron gown will never wear,
And in no flower-strewn couch shall she be laid ;"

and Milton, in "L'Allegro"—

"There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe."

The robes or gowns were white, and the veil yellow, as just stated. The word saffron was unknown in either the Greek or Latin; the nearest word in the former approaching it being "saophron"—a girdle worn by girls. If Homer nodded occasionally, Señor Cervantes must have had two or three Rip Van Winkle spells even when writing his immortal "Don Quixote," for the number of contradictions that occur in the first few chapters of Part I. is surprising. In one place, Mambrino's helmet is spoken of as broken into pieces, but shortly afterwards, in the next chapter, the helmet appears upon the scene again whole. Nearly every reader of "Don Quixote" must have noticed the strange contradiction that occurs within the space of a few paragraphs: In one place it is said that Gines de Passamonte steals Sancho's ass, but shortly afterwards Don Quixote's henchman is spoken of as jogging leisurely along after his master

upon his ass. There are many more of the same sort which the careful reader will not fail to notice. One would hardly have thought so thorough a student of Dante as Longfellow capable of making such a "bull" as has recently appeared in a posthumous publication. The American poet expresses surprise at the exclusion of Paracelsus from the "Divine Comedy"; but as the great Swiss philosopher was not born until about two hundred years after Dante's death, the omission is easily accounted for. But even Longfellow is not quite so far out as Shakespeare, who, in "Coriolanus," makes Meneius speak of Galen about 600 years before he was born. But nearly all writers of plays during the Elizabethan *régime* committed equally absurd anachronisms, although it is the mediæval romances that will prove most prolific in this respect. One of the most amusing with which we have met is in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cryseyde," where Pandarus speaks of Robin Hood as if he had tripped the light fantastic toe with him in the merry greenwoods of England. This is the couplet (which will be found on page 28 of the sixth volume of the Aldine edition of Chaucer):—

" And to hymselfe full sobrelliche he seyde,
 ' From hassel woode, ther jolye Robin pleyde ! ' "



The Value of a Dedication.

THE late Mr. J. Payne Collier tells us in his privately printed "Diary" that his "History of English Dramatic Poetry," which came out in 1831, was dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, "who was kind and generous enough to present me with a cheque for £100 for it. I never dreamed of any such bounty, concluding that the date of giving money for dedications had long expired."





How Heyne Worked.

IN his review of Heeren's "Life of Heyne," Carlyle wrote thus of the description there given of the great scholar's methods of working:—"To the busy man, especially the busy man of letters, these details are far from uninteresting; if we judged by the result, many of Heyne's arrangements might seem worthy, not of notice only, but of imitation."

Heyne occupied the largest room in his house: in it he both worked and slept. It was lighted by four windows, three in the front of the house, towards the street; and the fourth—at which he liked to work in summer—was towards the garden.

On the principal wall of the room were two book-cases and a cabinet, which contained all the books he used in his daily work. On the opposite wall—between the front windows—stood two presses, which held respectively his own and public business papers and money. Near the garden window stood his bed; on one side of the stove a small wall-press held his ordinary clothing, and on the other side stood an arm-chair. On the remaining wall were two book-cases, holding from thirty to forty pasteboard boxes, two inches deep, and large enough to hold a folio sheet easily: each box had its inscription.

Through the room were from ten to twelve tables; each was assigned a special duty: one held books to be reviewed, at another he worked at his "Homer," &c., &c. A small desk—at which he often worked while standing—was used specially for reviews (of which Heyne wrote from 7,000 to 8,000 in his life).

All papers relating to works in which he was then engaged, were placed in the shallow boxes according to their inscriptions; also letters according to their contents; reviews; and papers relating to

the Göttingen Royal Academy of Sciences (of which he was secretary), and of the Ilfeld School, of which he was inspector.

At the close of the year he arranged his papers in bundles according to contents, and stored them in their proper presses.

Heyne rose about five in the morning; having wrapped himself in an overcoat, and drank a cup of coffee, he sat down at his writing-table. Author's work and writing of reviews occupied the first hours of the morning. In winter he took breakfast in his own room about nine o'clock—some broth, a glass of wine, or the like, often varying—then he dressed, and remained so till going to bed. But in summer his first lecture was at eight o'clock, on Archæology; the next two hours were devoted to business, especially of the University Library, where he worked from time to time with the second librarian. Towards eleven o'clock he prepared himself for the seminary; for which the hour, eleven to twelve, was set apart. Soon after twelve he dined, and then for the first time usually he saw his family. After dinner he took a sleep of half an hour—but no longer; for he must prepare himself before two o'clock for his lecture. The hour, two to three, was devoted to his private class. The afternoon hours till six (when the letters must be in the post) were mainly given to correspondence. When he gave his lectures on the Greek Poets, he lectured from five to six, especially in winter. After six he spent a quarter of an hour with his family at tea. Then he worked on till eight o'clock; shortly after which he took supper, and would remain for an hour at table, especially if a friend had come. From this he again worked till about half-past eleven, mostly at reviews. At this time he went to sleep; but if there was much to do, his light was seen still bright when all were asleep.

Heyne wrote about 1,000 letters a year. He conducted his correspondence thus:—On every letter as it was opened the date of its arrival was written in red ink. Until he replied, it lay in a pasteboard box on his writing-table—a period of about eight days—and the date of reply was written beside that of arrival. The letter was then put in the alphabetical collection.

Heyne could not have taken a copy of all the letters he wrote. Only in particular and very important cases, or when he had to write in Latin (and then very seldom) or French, did he write a draft.

P. S. A.



Two Eighteenth Century Critics.

IT cannot but be regretted that Mr. Gosse has not devoted more space to a consideration of the influence of critics and criticism upon the literature of the last century, in his entertaining handbook on "Eighteenth Century Literature."¹ Mr. Gosse has, it is true, indicated the source and inception of the movement which courtesy compels us to denominate "criticism," but he has not favoured his readers with an indication of the peculiar and marked results which this "movement" entailed. We will endeavour, in as brief a manner as possible, to indicate some features of this criticism, and so in a certain sense supply what Mr. Gosse has evidently been compelled to omit through the greater claims of what will be generally considered as more important sections. Few living students could write so thoroughly on this topic as Mr. Gosse.

A very important phase of literary activity developed itself during the latter part of the seventeenth century. The extraordinary novelty of this feature secured for it a very equivocal reception. Authors and small-beer writers now became aware that the day of purely verbal criticism had passed, and that a generation had arisen which not only exhibited no hesitation at criticising, but no compunction at publishing its strictures. The faulty logic, the inanimate verse, and the incoherent vapourings of the Grub Street hack, were, first and foremost, subjected to the dissecting-knife of the critic, who was only too delighted to hold up to derision the shortcomings of his contemporaries.

Literary criticism, observes Mr. Gosse, begins, "so far as modern conception of the critical faculty is concerned, with the Restoration, and in the famous prefaces of Dryden." Ignoring, however, the dis-

¹ "Eighteenth Century Literature," by E. Gosse, M.A., Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

sertations of Dryden, the first professional criticism in England was "introduced, about 1675, from France, where the Jesuit critics, Le Bossu and Rapin, began to formulize and adapt to modern poetry the rules of Aristotle. These Jesuit critics, by no means wanting in wit, knowledge, or even, in the case of Rapin, taste, were more fitted to deal with French literature than English. They were ready cheerfully to undertake to shut up all individual inspiration within limits which they rigorously defined, and they were only serviceable so long as men were passing through that curious craving for order and regularity."

Thomas Rymer and John Dennis may be regarded as the first regular and professional critics, and, apart from the fact that they were contemporaries, resemble one another in many respects. Each was a man of considerable ability, each passed through a University curriculum, each was maddened by a furious zeal for the honour of tragedy, and each, after a chequered career in which poverty, criticism, and ill-temper strongly obtained, died, if not quite "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown," at all events unregretted. The latent "ferocity" of the two men became active and aggressive so soon as they touched upon the subject of Shakespeare's plays, which, indeed, in the nineteenth century as in the eighteenth, have formed the happy hunting-grounds of a few incipient madmen and American "theorizers." Thoroughly recognizing the value of illustrating their precepts by examples, both Rymer and Dennis proved—as the Abbé d'Aubignac had proved—by their own plays the unutterable stupidity and lifeless character of these precepts. Amid all the rubbish and pathos which the last two centuries have to answer for in the shape of dramatic works, it is certain that the *ultima Thule* of absurdity was reached when such men as Banks, Rymer, and Dennis proclaimed themselves heaven-born writers of tragedy.

Of the two men, Rymer was the first to assume the office of critic. His earliest work in this direction was "The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered and Examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of All Ages, in a Letter to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.," which appeared early in 1678, and reached a second edition in 1692. Rymer availed himself of the principles enunciated by the Jesuit critics. The plays which he names for criticism are Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rollo," "King and No King," and the "Maid's Tragedy;" Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Julius Cæsar;" and Ben Jonson's "Cataline." But the critic stopped short with the three plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, not, however, without delivering himself of the following "criticism" of the greatest of all epochs in

dramatic history : "I have thought our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture ; one cause thereof might be, that Aristotle's treatise on poetry has been so little studied amongst us." The discussion of the two plays of Shakespeare and one of Ben Jonson were postponed, and this promise made : "With the remaining tragedies I shall also send you some reflections on that 'Paradise Lost' of Milton's, which some are pleas'd to call a poem, and assert rime against the slender sophistry wherewith he attacks it." Rymer contended, among other remarkable things, that "though it be not necessary that all heroes should be kings, yet undoubtedly all crowned heads should be heroes." We all know of the character of Pope's "taste" and "critical faculty" so perhaps it is not surprising to hear him, in answer to Spence's statement, "Rymer is a learned and strict critic," exclaim, "Ay, that's exactly his character. He is generally right, though rather too severe in his opinion of the particular plays he speaks of ; and is, on the whole, one of the best critics we ever had."

Rymer returned to the fight again on behalf of the "legitimate drama" in 1693, when he published "A Short View of Tragedy, with some reflections on Shakespeare, and other Practitioners for the Stage." In spite of the astounding absurdities of this book, it shows what no one has ever yet denied, that Rymer was a widely if not a well-read man. The "Short View" is an interesting book, and it is, as D'Israeli has pointed out, replete with curious literature, and some original Provençal poetry. Rymer's "jocularity" and ridicule upon some of Shakespeare's leading characters form rather worse reading than the stupendous cryptogram of the Yankee "mathematician." Mr. Rymer, in the wisdom of his critical *nous*, considers "Othello" "the tragedy of the pocket-handkerchief!". That beautiful incident, remarks D'Israeli, "Shakespeare found in Cynthio's novel, and probably instinctively felt how casualties, small as this one, in human affairs, may become associated with our highest passions. Rymer only exposed the poverty of his imagination when, with a morsel of Quintilian, he would demonstrate this incident to be 'too small a matter to move us in tragedy, much like Fortunatus' purse and the invisible cloak, long ago worn threadbare, and stowed up in the wardrobe of obsolete romance.'" There is a great deal more of the same sort of stuff. But from the fact that Rymer's "Short View" never reached a second edition, it may be assumed that its popularity was not considerable. To carry his precept into practice, Rymer wrote the tragedy of "Edgar, or the English Monarch" (1678), and to preserve the unities with an inviolability worthy of a better cause, the action begins at about one o'clock noon, and the catastrophe

closes at ten in the evening. Even in an age noted for its "reason" and scholastic pedantry, the influence of Rymer's criticism was almost *nil*. Dryden evidently refers to him in the prologue to "Love Triumphant," thus :—

"To Shakespeare's critic, he bequeaths the curse,
To find his faults, and yet HIMSELF MAKES WORSE."

Addison has a sarcastic allusion to Rymer's tragedy in No. 591 of the *Spectator*; and Macaulay has declared him to be "the worst critic that ever lived,"—and, so far as we know, no one has ventured to controvert this statement.

John Dennis, however, was, in many respects, and in spite of his ill-temper and extensive vocabulary of strong language, a superior critic to Rapin or Rymer, Dryden or Johnson. One of his earliest critical essays appeared in 1696, when he published some "Remarks" on Blackmore's "Prince Arthur." The temperate manner in which he expressed himself led to a friendship, and to the writer of ponderous epics comparing Dennis to Boileau as a poet, and declaring him superior as a critic. Rymer's "Short View" called forth from Dennis "The Impartial Critic" (1693). Dennis entertained a good opinion of Rymer on the whole. But he entirely disapproved of the latter's advocacy for a revival of the Grecian drama. Dennis ridiculed the theory, and contended that it would be absolutely necessary to restore not only their religion and polity, but to "transfer us to the same climate in which Sophocles and Euripides writ." The arguments are carried on in a sprightly and amusing dialogue form of five sections, and students of the drama will find this pamphlet very interesting. Dennis's "Letters on Several Occasions" were mostly critical; they were addressed to Dryden, Wycherley, and Congreve. In these, Dennis appears, not as a quarrelsome and bellicose critic, but as a dignified and able commentator on men and things.

His greatest and most important critical work was entitled "The Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry" (1701). In the first division, the author attempts to prove that the principal reason why the ancients excelled the moderns in the greater poetry, was because they mixed religion with it; and in the second, he argued that the moderns might equal the ancients by "joining poetry with religion revealed to us in the sacred writ." This essay occupied 216 octavo pages, besides the twenty-seven dedicatory pages. It reached a second edition in 1725. Steele was evidently referring to this particular work in the *Guardian* of March 25, 1713, when he observed

that one of the many artifices of the pretenders to criticism is an insinuation "that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients." "The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry" (1704) was a sort of sequel to the work just referred to, and in this also Dennis still insists upon the wide scope which religion affords for poetic treatment.

The "Three Letters on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare" (1711) must be reckoned among the best and most sagacious of Dennis's criticism. He argues against Shakespeare's scholarship in a far wiser and more subtle strain than Rymer, with his vulgarity, or Farmer, with his equally offensive diatribes. Dennis admired Shakespeare sincerely,—such as, in fact, we find among none other of the critic's contemporaries. His distress at Shakespeare's violation of poetical justice is truly ludicrous, but it is perfectly consonant to his own rules. Addison, in the 39th and 40th numbers of the *Spectator*, ridiculed the critic's notions of poetical justice, which is described as having "no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. No specific reference, however, to Dennis is made, but the allusion must have been obvious enough. In the 47th number (April 24, 1711), which is on laughter, a couple of humorous lines are quoted from Dennis, but not from any complimentary motives :—

"Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

Steele, it seems, had promised Dennis to speak favourably of his talents in the *Spectator*, but Dennis strongly resented this form of paying a compliment. Addison, however, and not Steele, wrote this paper. It is also highly probable that the author of "Cato" wrote the 548th number (November 28, 1712), in which "poetical justice is very severely dealt with. Dennis was still further annoyed with numbers 70 and 74 of the *Spectator*, which contain Addison's two delightful papers on "Chevy Chase," which he also demolished from a critical point of view.

Addison's "Cato" was produced in 1713, and Dennis's "Remarks" on that play came out in the same year. It was, we should remember, quite as legitimate for Dennis to criticise "Cato," as it was for Addison to ridicule the "poetical justice" theory. As Dennis very truly says in the introduction to his "Remarks," he "could expect nothing by attacking so successful a play, but the character of an envious and ill-natured man, and perhaps of an arrogant and an insolent and presumptuous one." He argued that Addison, by a "great deal of false and abominable criti-

cism," had poisoned the general reader in order to prepare the way for "Cato." The *Spectator* of September 10, 1714, contains a reference to "the smatterers in criticism, who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to descry imaginary blemishes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors."

Pope's frequent references to Dennis as "the critic," in the "Dunciad" and elsewhere, are too well-known to be quoted here; and we think we have already shown that Dennis was a man of considerable abilities. But it is a fact which admits of no dispute, that his influence amongst his contemporaries would have been far greater than it was if he had controlled a very bad temper, and delivered his judgments without his obvious zeal for a "fad." His high appreciation of Milton, which antedated Addison's *Spectator* essays, his admiration of Dryden, and (with the reservations indicated) of Shakespeare, prove conclusively that he was normally a man of much discernment and sound knowledge. His alteration and "improving" of several of Shakespeare's Plays are probably the most unhappy attempts ever made by any of the numerous band who have meddled with the works of the great dramatist.

The careers of Rymer and Dennis are amongst the saddest and most deplorable stories to be found in the annals of English literature. If industry ever deserved an acknowledgment, these two men deserved it. If they were not exactly buried in paupers' graves, they at all events spent their last days in great misery—and misery in the earlier part of the last century is not conceivable to the "general reader" of to-day.

W. R.





Song for Biblio-maniacs.

Books we gather, books we gather,
As a miser gathers gold ;
Ever adding, ever adding
To their number, though untold :
Gloating o'er them, gloating o'er them,
With cold, cruel, eager eyes ;
Not the wisdom, not the wisdom
Seeking that within them lies.

Rarely reading, rarely reading,
Shelve we them against our walls,
In their contents, in their contents
Finding naught but what appals
All our senses, all our senses,
And discovering greatest worth
But in bindings, but in bindings,
In condition or in dearth.

Uncut edges, uncut edges,
Happiness on us bestow ;
L. P. Copies, L. P. Copies,
Fill our shelves to overflow :
O the pleasure, O the pleasure
That is ours but to possess !
O the anguish, O the anguish,
If by chance our stock gets less !

Then the fancy, then the fancy,
That when Nature's debt we've paid,
And book-bargains, and book-bargains
Aye beyond our grasp are laid,
That the furore, that the furore,
At the sale of our vast hoard,
Will out-rival, will out-rival
Aught that Dibdin doth record !

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.



Two Classes of Antiquaries.

THERE are two classes of antiquaries, as widely divided from each other as we from our antipodes. There are men who batten on the *husk* of antiquity, and never reach the kernel; but pronouncing the outer rind inimitable nutriment, insist upon all the world not only swallowing and digesting, but delighting in this *pabulum*. But there is a better sort:—these love ancient things, not because they are ancient, or even because they are rare, but because in the contemplation of them they are able to detect the *spirit* of ages gone by, to obtain a wider field for the exercise of their sympathies, to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge and intellectual enjoyment. Of the former we leave it to the remembrance of every reader to supply examples. Regarding them *en masse*, they are a gentlemanly, amiable, innocuous race; well bred, and well fed; intimately acquainted with the cookery of the time of Edward III., but not neglectful of its progress under Victoria I.; connoisseurs of old portraits, and of old port too; addicted to gossip and green fat—and with no particular fault that we know of, except an utter incapacity of distinguishing subjects of real importance from matters utterly tiresome and trivial, with a pretty strong repugnance to anything requiring accurate information—*i.e.*, severe study. Your true antiquary must be a spirit “finely touched.” He owns no kindred with the small-eyed pedant who sees in the portrait only the hard lines it represents; at whose bidding the old hall does not overflow with guests; to whose mind the parchments suggest no idea beyond what their dry technicalities were intended to convey; for whom the coin has nothing besides its workmanship, or its legend, to recommend it; who can discover in the parish register only names and dates apparent to the beadle.



The Library at Wimborne Minster.¹

THE old library of Wimborne Minster, in Dorset, is of more than local interest, because it is not merely a storehouse of valuable books and documents, but a reminder that the movement inaugurated at Manchester half a century ago was but a revival of what seemed an almost forgotten idea. No doubt Cottonopolis is to be credited with originating the great free-library movement of to-day, and the famous meeting which gave such a stimulus to gratuitous knowledge for all would be memorable, were it only for Thackeray's comical failure at public speaking. The advantages to be derived from popularizing knowledge were, however, expounded at a much earlier date, and the theory was put into practice in at least one instance which may be seen at the present time.

By the will of the Rev. William Stone, of Oxford, a large collection of books was given for the free use of the inhabitants of Wimborne, and in 1686 those books were placed in what was then known as the Treasury House, or room over the vestry, but which is now called the library. The books, for the most part, consisted of editions of the "Fathers," and other works of divinity; but from time to time many additions were made, and when the library was catalogued in 1725, there were on the shelves two hundred separate works. In 1863 a new catalogue was made, and it was then found that since 1725 no fewer than twenty-five works had been stolen.

Entrance to the library is made through a small door in the vestry and by means of an ascending turret staircase of the Per-

¹ Reprinted by permission from *Wit and Wisdom*.

pendicular period. The room is small but well lighted, and the library is excellently arranged. Some years ago the books lay about the apartment looking like so many old bricks covered with dust ; but when the Minster was "restored," the works were placed in their original position. Round the edge of each shelf there now runs an iron rod, to which the books are attached by means of a chain, firmly secured by a small lock. To read the books it is therefore necessary to bring a stool beneath the book wanted. There is a good deal of surmise, locally, respecting the discomfort which Matthew Prior, the poet, must have experienced in consulting the works contained in the library ; but it is more than doubtful whether Prior ever heard of it. The modern historian, and some of those that are not modern—Johnson, for example—are not content to unhesitatingly accept the statement that he was born in Wimborne.


Among the works in the library are a black letter Breeches Bible (1595), a fine copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" (1614), and Walton's Polyglot Bible (1657). The Bible consists of four volumes, in seven languages ; the New Testament of one volume in five languages ; and there is a Lexicon in seven languages, by Castello, dated 1669. Up to a comparatively recent date, the "History of the World" was in poor condition. It had been burnt through one hundred and four leaves, and this some allege to have been done by Matthew Prior when reading in the library by candle-light. There is, however, no truth in this statement. Sir Walter's monumental work has now been re-bound and the missing leaves supplied. In addition to the works we have enumerated, there are many others which are decidedly curious, but not valuable, considered from any standpoint.

The documents, &c., in the library are interesting to the archæologist and general reader alike. For more than one hundred and fifty years the churchwardens' books and papers—some of which relate to as early as 1399, and many of which are written on vellum—were kept in this room ; but for some years past the whole have been deposited in a large chest in the north chancel. The only entire manuscript now in the library bears the date 1343, and is a compendium for the instruction of priests having the cure of souls ; but there are deeds and the like relating to an earlier period. In the library there are also an ancient alms-box with lock and chain ; a small pewter vessel, about four inches in length, found over the ceiling of the room at the restoration in 1857 ; and several oak chests containing a number of interesting deeds, records, and charters, &c.

Without claiming that the collection at Wimborne possesses any great attraction when considered from merely a spectacular point of view, or that the works in it are of great rarity—as a matter of fact, there are many private collections in this county of infinite superiority to it in both respects—we certainly do claim that it is vastly interesting when it is considered that it is one of the very earliest attempts at popularizing knowledge, and it is in this light that visitors, to whom it is open at all times, should view it, and discriminate between it and the literary storehouses attached to certain other churches of distinction.



First Editions, and their Prices in the Market.

 CONTEMPORARY gives the following interesting list of prices which sundry "first editions," in the best condition, fetched at the sale of the late Mr. John Leveson Douglas Stewart, who was well known as a collector of first editions of rare books.

J. H. Burton's "The Book Hunter," 1862, £6 10s.; Lord Byron's "Waltz," 1813, £50; Lord Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," 1807, £46; Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," 1807, £7 15s.; "Cock Fighting: Directions for breeding Game Cocks, with Methods of Treating Them, &c.," 1780, £20 17s. 6d.; "Cock Fighting," by W. Sketchley, 1814, £19 10s.; Captain Cook's "Catalogue of the Different Specimens of Cloth collected during Three Voyages to the Southern Hemisphere," quarto, 1787, £5 12s. 6d.; Dickens' "Sketches by Boz," 1839, £15; Dickens' "Oliver Twist," 1838, £8 17s. 6d.; Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," three volumes, 1841, £10; Dickens' "A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree," 1852, £8 5s.; Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," 1859, £29 10s.; Dickens' "Great Expectations," 1861, £10 10s.; Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," 1865, £24; Dickens' "Library of Fiction," 1836-7, £10; Pierce Egan's "Life of an Actor," 1825, £7 10s.; Pierce Egan's "Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry and Logic," 1830, £10 10s.; "English Spy," 1825-6, £10 15s.; Fielding—"Adventures of Joseph Andrews": "History of Tom Jones," and "Amelia"—in all twelve volumes forming a complete set of the first edition, £14 10s.; Fielding's "History of Tom Jones," 1749,

£5 10s.; "Game Preserving," by L. Rawstorne," 1837, £4 17s. 6d.; "The Complete Gamester," 1709, £8 15s.; Gray's "Elegy," quarto, 1751, £3 3s.; S. Howitt's "Collection of British Field Sports," with twenty coloured engravings, 1807, £18; "Ingoldsby Legends," in three volumes, 1840-42-47, £39; W. H. Ireland's "Joan of Arc," 1824, £4 10s.; Johnson's "Dictionary," two volumes, folio, uncut, 1755, £21; Charles Lamb's "Elia," and the "Last Essays of Elia," sequel to the foregoing, two volumes, 1823-33, £11 15s.; John Leech's "Ask Mamma," 1858, £3 5s.; "Real Life in London," coloured prints by Rowlandson, Alton, Deighton, &c., 1821, £7 10s.; Gervase Markham's "Pleasures of Princes," quarto, 1614, £15 15s.; Sir William Stirling Maxwell's "Annals of the Artists of Spain," three volumes, 1848, £25; H. L. Meyer's "Coloured Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs," 1842-50, £12 5s.; Meyrick's "Armour," 1824, £9 15s.; Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," 1817, £5 5s.; W. H. Ireland's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," four volumes, 1823-8, £13 5s.; "Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins," two volumes, 1751, £9 5s.; Rowlandson's "Microcosm of London," 1811, £17 10s.; Rowlandson's "Annals of Sporting," 1809, £4 4s.; Rowlandson's "English Dance of Death," 1814-16, £37 10s.; Rowlandson's "Miseries of Human Life," 1808, £9 5s.; Rowlandson's "Poetical Sketches of Scarborough," 1813, £5; John Ruskin's "Examples of the Architecture of Venice," 1851, subscriber's copy, £54 12s.; Sir Walter Scott's "Memorials of the Halliburtons," 1824, £5 2s. 6d.; Sir Walter Scott's "Auld Robin Grey," 1825, £6 10s.; Scrope's "Art of Deer Stalking," 1839, £7 10s.; Scrope's "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing on the Tweed," 1843, £12 15s.; Seymour's "New Readings of Old Authors," in four volumes, 1841, £16 10s.; "Sportsman's Cabinet," 1803, £4 10s.; Laurence Sterne's "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," nine volumes, 1760-67, £15 5s.; Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," two volumes, 1768, £5; Dean Swift's "Travels by Lemuel Gulliver," two volumes, 1726, £17 15s.; Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," 1836, £10 15s.; Woodward's "Oleo of Good Breeding," 1801, £3 17s. 6d.; Yarrold's "History of British Birds," 1843, £16 10s.





The Origin of Certain Books.

THE motives and suggestions for writing books are sometimes as curious and interesting as their contents. Thus, Newton's "Principia" originated in his philosophical contemplations on the fall of an apple. Milton's "Comus" was suggested by the incident of Lady Egerton losing her way in a wood; and his "Paradise Regained" is attributable to his having been asked by Elwood, the quaker, what he could say on that subject. The author of that popular romance, "The Castle of Otranto," states, in a letter to Mr. Cole, now in the British Museum, that it was suggested to him by a dream, in which he thought himself in an ancient castle, and that he saw a gigantic hand in armour on the uppermost banister of the great staircase. We are indebted for a fine ode by Prior to the circumstance of the poet having incurred the writing of it as a punishment from his tutor for neglecting to be present one morning at chapel service at Westminster.

Gower's "Confessio Amantis" was written at the suggestion of King Richard II., who, accidentally meeting with the poet on the Thames, called him into the royal barge, and requested him "to booke some new thing." Perefixe's "Life of Henry IV." was written at the command of Louis XIV., to whom he was preceptor, and contains a better account of the monarch than Daniell's larger history of him. At the age of forty-five, Cowper was induced by Mrs. Unwin to begin writing a poem, that lady giving him for a subject "The Progress of Error," the first important offspring of his muse. Dr. Beddoes's curious and privately printed poem, entitled "Alexander's Expedition down the Hydaspes and the Indus to the Ocean," originated in a conversation at the table of Mr. W. Reynolds, in which it

was contended that the poetical effusions of Darwin could not be imitated. Dr. Beddoes some time after produced the manuscript of the above poem as from his friend Darwin, and completely succeeded in the deception. When Wilkie and Washington Irving were rambling together through the old cities of Spain, the painter urged his companion "to write something about them, in the Haroun Alraschid style," with a dash of that Arabian spice which pervades everything Spanish. Irving set about the task with enthusiasm, while lodging with Wilkie in the Alhambra; the result was two volumes of "Tales."

Lord Monboddo tells us that his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language" was suggested by a perusal of Sagard's extremely rare "Dictionnaire de la Langue Huronne" (Paris, 1632). From this curious book we learn that the language of the Hurons is so defective, that it has neither tense, persons, numbers, nor genders; the deficiency being supplied by accents only, by means of which different significations also are imparted to the same word. There can be no doubt that Sterne derived the idea of his "Tristram Shandy" from a perusal of Bouchet's very rare little volumes, entitled "Les Serées," 1598, containing many very laughable, and some very serious anecdotes. Sterne's mind seems, however, to have been chiefly impressed with the most ludicrous and extravagant parts of the book. Defoe is supposed to have had the idea of his celebrated novel, "Robinson Crusoe," suggested to him by reading Captain Rogers's "Account of Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez," 1718. Hogarth, according to Granger, derived the idea of his "Analysis of Beauty" from Haydock's translation of "Lomatius's Tracte, containing the Artes of Curious Painting, Carving, and Building," 1598. Milton's "Paradise Lost" seems to have been suggested to him by more than one work, perused during his classical and theological studies. Its origin has been ascribed by one writer to the poet having read Giovanni Battista Andreini's very rare drama, entitled "L'Adamo Sacra Representatione," Milan, 1633; by another, to his perusal of Jacob von Theramo's "Das Buch Belial," &c., 1472, a rare folio volume. Dunster, in his treatise on the early reading of Milton, says that the *prima stamina* of "Paradise Lost" is to be found in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's "Divine Weekes and Workes," 1633. M. Guizot thinks that our bard's immortal poem was suggested by an attentive perusal of a Latin one on the same subject, written by a French bishop at the beginning of the sixth, and published at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and several passages in which are very similar to some of Milton's. It is said

that Milton himself confessed that he owed much of his work to Phineas Fletcher's poem, entitled "Locusts or Apollyonists," 1627.

Many books have been written for the praiseworthy purpose of appropriating their proceeds to the assistance of distressed persons, and to add to the funds of benevolent institutions. It was for the object of contributing to the fund for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts that Young wrote his tragedy of "The Brothers." Marmontel wrote some of his celebrated tales to assist his friend Boissy, then intrusted with the editorship of the well-known journal, *Le Mercure de France*. In order to benefit Gretry, the musical composer, Marmontel worked up several little stories into comic operas, all of which were acted with great success. "The Tribute," a volume of poems by various living authors, and edited by Lord Northampton, originated from a benevolent wish to appropriate its profits to the assistance of the Rev. C. Smedley, editor of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, who, through hard study, had contracted a severe disorder of the eyes, which disabled him from further literary labour. Dr. Johnson wrote his "Rasselas" to enable him to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. Walter Scott's chief object in publishing "Marmion" was to procure the necessary funds to relieve his brother from certain difficulties into which he had fallen while practising as a writer to the signet. In a letter to Crabbe, Scott says, "It is curious enough that you should have republished 'The Village' for the purpose of sending your young men to college, and I should have written 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' to buy a new horse for the Volunteer Cavalry."



The First Paper in Hudson, America.

THE city of Hudson was founded in 1783, and on April 7, 1785, Charles R. Webster and Ashbel Stoddard, who had been apprentices together in the office of the *Connecticut Courant* at Hartford, commenced the publication of a weekly paper, the *Hudson Gazette*. Webster being at the same time engaged in the publication of the *Albany Gazette*, soon retired. Stoddard continued the paper until 1803 or 1804, when two active political papers compelled him to suspend the publication of the *Gazette*. In 1795 he commenced publishing "Stoddard's Diary, or Columbia Almanack," which, for more than half a century was the only almanac published at Hudson.

The Bloody Journal.

ONE of the most remarkable of privately-printed books is "The Bloody Journal, kept by William Davidson, on board a Russian Pirate, in the year 1789." "Mediterranean: Printed on board His Majesty's Ship *Caledonia*. 1812" (8vo, pp. 34, preface pp. 4). Davidson had served on board H.M.S. *Niger*, in 1791, then under the command of Admiral Sir Richard Keats. The "Journal" contains a horrible narration of the enormities committed by the crew of the Pirate in which Davidson acknowledges that he and the other Englishmen on board took the *most* active lead. Sir Walter Scott heard of the existence of this "Journal," and purposed founding a poem upon it; but on perusal, Sir Walter pronounced it too horrible for versification, and inserted the substance of it in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1812.

Basilicon Doron.

THIS famous work, which is a quarto of 159 pages, was first printed in Edinburgh by Robert Walde-graue, in 1599. It is supposed to have contributed more than anything else to James's accession to the Crown. Only seven copies were printed, and there is only one (or perhaps two) in existence now. M'Crie, in his "Life of Melville," observes: "Fond of seeing this work in print, and yet conscious that it would give great offence, James was anxious to keep it from the knowledge of his native subjects until circumstances should enable him to publish it with safety. 'With this view, the Printer being first sworn to secrecy,' says he, 'I only permitted seven of them to be printed, and these seven I dispersed among some of my trustiest servants to be kept close by them.'" It is described as beautifully printed in a large Italic letter. Prefixed to it are two Sonnets, the first of which, entitled "The Dedication of the Booke," is not to be found in the subsequent editions.

The First Play with Illustrations.

"THE Empress of Morocco," by Elkanah Settle, is said to be the first play illustrated with engravings. It was issued in 1673, 4to.

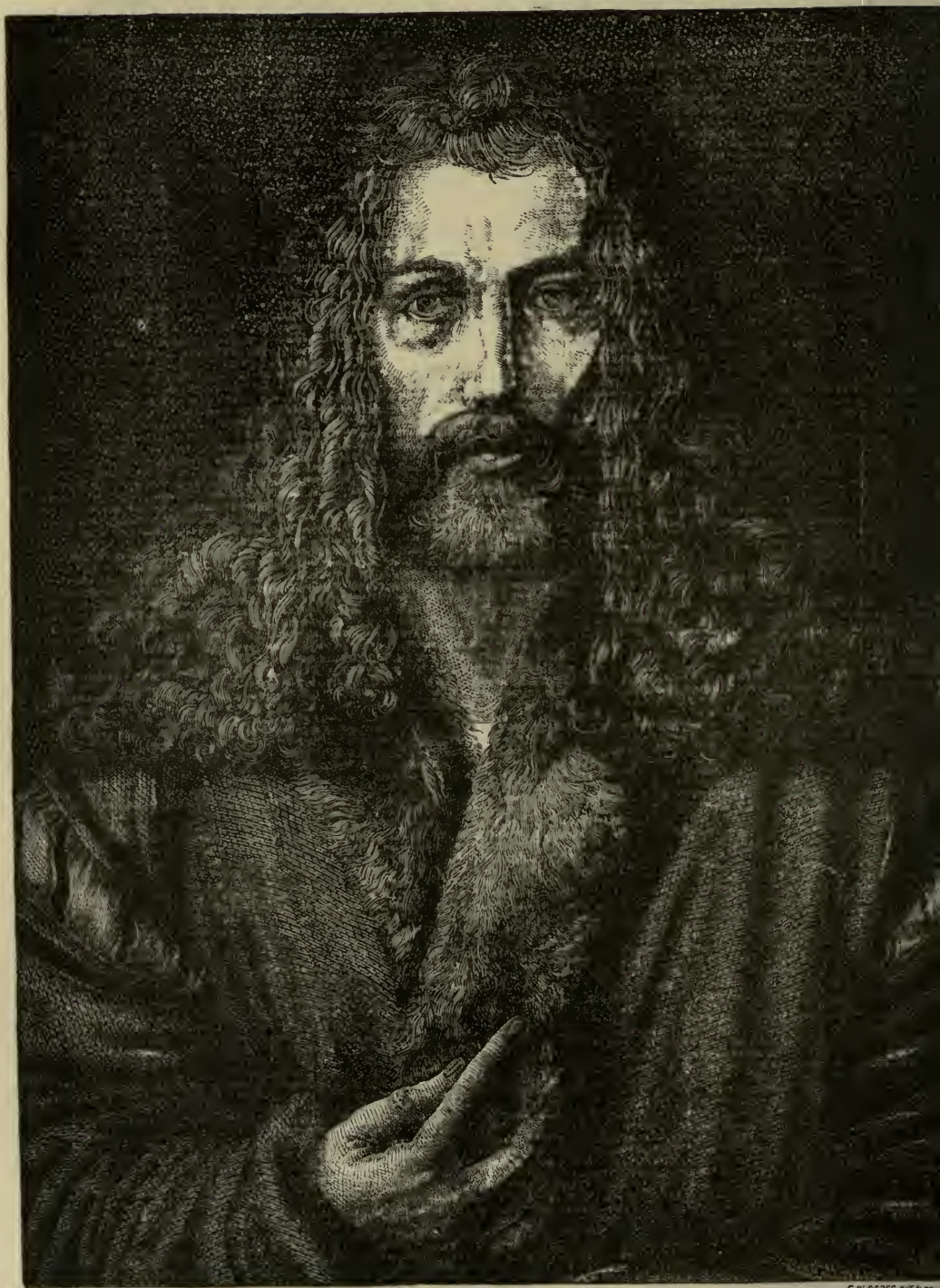


Albert Dürer.



ÜRER, whom Longfellow has so happily described as the "Evangelist of Art," is one of the many fascinating figures in the story of the great Reformation. Though neither a preacher like Luther, nor a writer of theological books like his own gentle friend Melanchthon, his influence was neither small nor merely temporary. The loss of one of his minor works would now be regarded as a much more severe calamity than that of a discourse of the great preacher or a tract of the great writer. The invective of the one and the incisiveness of the other have become equally tame and commonplace with the dust of nearly four centuries; but the works of Dürer possess a value and perennial interest which time cannot effect, or change diminish.

The situation and surroundings of Dürer's early life were essentially those most calculated to foster and encourage a taste for art. Nuremberg is not only one of the most charming and characteristic of old German cities, but in Dürer's time it was the centre of German art and trade—for "the thoroughfare of Europe lay through the Franconian plain." But in addition to this, his father's house was next to that of the famous painter, Michael Wolgemuth, and hard by were the houses of the great scholar, Hartmann Schedel, and Anthony Koburger (who acted as Dürer's godfather), the great



PORTRAIT OF DÜRER BY HIMSELF.
(From a picture in the Pinakothek at Munich.)

publisher, to whom reference is made in *THE BOOKWORM* of February last (page 76). The elder Dürer, a goldsmith, desired young Albert to follow the calling which he had himself pursued with considerable advantage. An apprenticeship followed, but it soon became evident that Dürer's taste was purely artistic, and in November, 1486, he was bound apprentice to Michael Wolgemuth. The three years having expired, he now commenced his *wander-jahre*—the years which the German journeyman tradesman devotes to seeing the world, and gaining experience by working in each town entered in the course of his travels. He appears to have gone by Colmar and Strassburg to Basle and to Venice, and then possibly farther towards the east by Gratz and Vienna, to see the Hungarian land of which his father was a native. A few works belong to this period. By May, 1494, the artist had returned to his home, his wanderings being prematurely shortened by a summons from his father. The object of this was an important one: he was to be married to the handsome daughter of Hans Frey. Posterity has awarded Dürer's wife the character of a shrew and a termagant, but, as in the case of Dante's wife, the charge rests upon extremely fragmentary grounds. That she was prosaic and even commonplace is probable, and his portrait of her in the initial letter D with which this article commences gives decidedly this impression.

Dürer's early work was principally in painting the large altar pieces which, as a recent writer observes, "still draw art students to Dresden or Munich; but these paintings, though full of interest, give slight promise of the master's later and truer work." The publication, in 1498, of a series of large woodcuts, illustrative of the Revelation of St. John, marks a great epoch in the history of wood-engraving. For some years Dürer found it not only difficult, but impossible, to keep out of debt, and it was not until after his second visit to Venice, in 1506, that a change for the better took place in his affairs.

Like most other men who achieve a distinct and emphatic success, he was subjected to the annoyance of other men passing off his work as their own. In the present instance one Marc Antonio, a Bolognese engraver, residing at Venice, copied some woodcuts of Dürer, and likewise forged his monogram. He sought redress, and an injunction was placed upon Antonio. His reputation had already preceded him, and he received a very cordial welcome from the Venetian artists. Among his acquaintances was Giovanni Bellini. He painted several pictures during his stay in Venice, notably the celebrated "Feast of the Rose Garlands," which occupied five

months, and which was executed for the chapel connected with the Exchange of the Nuremberg "colony." Dürer rarely surpassed this brilliant picture, which excited the jealousy of his rivals, and of which the damaged remains are still to be seen in the Barberini in Vienna. He writes to his friend Pirkheimer, "*Noch schelten sy es*



MELANCHOLIA.

(Reduced from the engraving in the British Museum.)

und sagen, es sey nit antigisch art, dozu sey es nit gut."¹ They, however, praised his beautiful colouring.

Dürer appears to have thrown an extraordinary vigour and intensity in his delineations of the Passion—a subject to which he

¹ "The Venetian painters abuse my style, and say that it is not after the antique, and, therefore, that it is not good."

recurred four times at least, not to mention innumerable lesser studies and larger church paintings. They have been well described as "severely grave and intensely real." There were no attempts at idealization: his soldiers are Germans in contemporary dress; the Pharisees wear the turbans of the Turk, and the crowd were just such as Dürer witnessed many times from his window. The Christ of Dürer is not the weak and amiable figure of early art, but He is "heroic in form and expression, as well as in power of bearing agony; He is Strength, enduring pain for love of men. In these curious Passion-scenes, where everywhere pinched and wretched forms and faces recur among the Pharisees and the crowd, the Christ is ever a majestic form." The great Passion series appeared in complete form in 1511. Two years afterwards he produced the remarkable and impressive engraving of "The Knight, Death, and the Devil." Readers of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" (iii. 256), will recall the words of our great modern art critic on this famous picture. In the next year he produced another work, equally as enigmatic. The "Melancholia," of which, through the kindness of Mr. John Murray, we give an illustration, is perhaps Dürer's most popular work. "On the right you see a woman in German housewife dress, but with angel wings, sitting, her head resting heavily on her hand, and her face dark with solemn thought. Round her feet lie instruments of human toil—the saw and plane, a sphere and measuring rule, and beyond a crucible is on the fire. Beside her, and on a mill-stone, which leans against the base of a column, a little winged boy seems engaged in study. Against the column hang a balance, a bell, an hour-glass, and a quadrant table of figures. In the distance, and far off, the sea lies still as a lake of glass around the wooded shores. The sky flames with a comet—portent of fear; but above is a rainbow." It would be out of place to enter here into speculating as to what thoughts were in the artist's head when the subject of this picture floated before his mind's eye.

Dürer's tour to the Netherlands in 1520 is one of the most famous and best-known episodes in his career, chiefly from the fact that he has left us a diary of the journey in which, we may mention, he was accompanied by his wife. His receptions in the various towns and cities through which he passed were little short of regal. The journey occupied about fifteen months, and by the autumn of 1521 he was once more located in the Nuremberg to which he was so much attached.

The friendship between Dürer and Melancthon is one of the

most pleasing spectacles in the histories of the two eminent men. This friendship was ripened during 1525 and 1526, when the latter visited Nuremberg to open a new college. Dürer, who wrote several works on fortification, mathematics, human proportion, &c., had a very keen literary insight and taste ; and the sympathy between the two men is easily accounted for. Melancthon's sentence of affectionate praise of his friend is well known, "His art, great as it was, was his least merit."

Besides the pictures which we have already named, "The Adoration of the Trinity" and the "All Saints" are among his great works, whilst "The Four Apostles" (which was finished and presented to his native place in 1526) may be regarded as his latest masterpiece. His portraits were often very successful, his most celebrated picture in this section being that of Jerome Holtzschuer ; but those of Frederick the Wise of Saxony, of Melancthon, Erasmus, and Pirkheimer, being also excellent. Dürer's copper-plate engravings, many of which are exquisitely finished, include "St. Hubert," "St. Jerome," "Adam and Eve," the "Christian Knight," and "Fortune."

Indeed, Dürer as an engraver is a subject that might very well occupy a lengthy essay ; for it is to him more than to any other man that we are indebted for the taste, skill, and energy which characterize early examples of wood-engraving. He raised the pursuit from a mere mechanical occupation to the position of art, with the result that the majority of leading artists of his time devoted much genius and attention to its development. It seems, therefore, a very remarkable fact that the art of wood-engraving should have commenced to decline to within a few years of Dürer's death. The first signs of this became evident in the diminishing size of the pictures, and also in the boldness of outline and vigour of tone. Dürer's prints (observes Gilpin in his "Essay") "considered as the first efforts of a new art, have great merit. Nay, we may add, that it is astonishing to see a new art, in its first essay, carried to such a length. In some of those prints which he executed on copper, the engraving is elegant to a great degree. His 'Hell' scene particularly, which was engraved in the year 1513, is as high-finished a print as ever was engraved, and as happily finished. The labour he has bestowed upon it has its full effect. In his wooden prints, too, we are surprised to see so much meaning in so early a master : the heads so well marked, and every part so well executed."

He was also sculptor as well as painter and engraver, and, according to the inscription on his tomb, without a rival in either

art : "*Artium lumen, sol artificum ; pictor, chalcographus, sculptor, sine exemplo.*" Dürer died at Nuremberg on April 6, 1528.

[We have to thank Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher of Albemarle Street, for permission to use the four accompanying engravings from Mr. Eaton's translation of Thausing's "Dürer," published by Mr. Murray.—ED.]



DÜRER'S HOUSE AT NUREMBERG.

My Books.

ALL round the room my silent servants wait—
 My friends in every season, bright and dim ;
 Angels and seraphim
 Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
 And spirits of the skies all come and go
 Early and late ;
 All from the old world's divine and distant date,
 From the sublimer few,
 Down to the poet who but yester-eve
 Sang sweet and made us grieve,
 All come, assembling here in order due,
 And here I dwell with Poesy, my mate,
 With Erato and all her vernal sighs,
 Great Clio with her victories elate,
 Or pale Urania's deep and starry eyes.
 O friends, whom chance and change can never harm,
 Whom Death the tyrant cannot doom to die,
 Within whose folding soft eternal charm
 I love to lie
 And meditate upon your verse that flows,
 And fertilizes wheresoe'er it goes.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Possibilities of Caligraphy.

THE *Monthly Magazine* for August, 1823, states that a gentleman named Beddell, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, had written Goldsmith's "Traveller," "Deserted Village," essays on "Education," "Distresses of a Disabled Soldier," "The Tale of Assam," essays on "Justice and Generosity," on "The Irresolution of Man," on "The Frailty of Man," and on "The Genius of Love," and the National Anthem in a square of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This was done with the naked eye, and without abbreviation, the whole comprising upwards of one hundred thousand letters. Within the square the writer had described two circles ; in the inner one (of the compass of a sixpence) he had delineated the beautiful building of Ottery St. Mary Church, the shades and lines of which formed part of the writing. The same gentleman is also stated to have written, within the circumference of a pea, the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, without abbreviation ; it is said to be exquisitely written, and in the centre was formed, by the writing, a dove with an olive branch.



Book-lovers' Songs.

LOVE lifts a man up and makes him sing. Be the subject of his song what it may, so long as it be crowned by love it hath a charm which no mere art could bestow on it. Thus a poet's mistress hath beauties of body and mind born altogether of the imagination, and certainly apparent to none but the singer—at least to the same extent; and when a poet loves a book, all the associations connected in any way with it are enhanced tenfold. Imagination, the kingliest possession of the poet-lover, turns all it touches into gold.

Only consider for a moment the wealth of love which the genial compiler of the "Book-lover's Enchiridion"¹ must have showered upon his work! The man who could gather together the wisdom we find within its covers could certainly write of his own love in no mean manner; and the only feeling of regret we ever experience in the perusal of the volume is born of the fact that we find the name of Alexander Ireland on the title-page only. The book is essentially a collection of prose; prose, nevertheless, in many instances warm and breathing with the full life of poetry.

Such a selection (rather, indeed, collection) undoubtedly suggested to Mr. Brander Matthews his "Ballads of Books," under which title he gave to book-lovers the most notable of what had been sung of volumes rare and loved. Its table of contents suggests all sorts of quaint versification, curious banter, and sincere affection. Here is Edmund Gosse with his "Sultan of my Books"; Andrew Lang with his "Rowfant Books" and "Ballade of the Book-hunter"; and Austin Dobson with his "Book Plate's Petition." We have Horace and Herrick, Burns and Catullus, with a host of other singers, with their songs on the same enchanting theme.

¹ By Alexander Ireland. Fifth Edition, 1888.

Just after this volume had been issued in America a little book of poems¹ made its appearance in England, which clearly proved that a young singer had sprung up who knew how to render genuine music through his reed, and moreover knew how to pour the baptism of verse on the subject of musty folios and duodecimos "black with tarnished gold." Here, in company with "Cherry Blossom" and "A Thanksgiving for Violets," we find "The Bookman's Avalon," "A Ballad of Bindings," and "Who has not loved an Elzevir?" But what avails our telling of the contents of this volume? for it is now found only on the shelves of the favoured few whose good genius timely prompted them to secure a copy. But our author has again given utterance in a dainty little book with the suggestive title, "Volumes in Folio," which, with its gray and white boards, hand-made paper, and Chiswick Press printing, makes an altogether covetable possession. This also is destined to be scrambled after—perhaps, alas! stolen—for the issue consists only of two hundred and fifty small paper copies and a few on large paper; and what are these among so many who will desire to possess?

That our high estimate of the gifts of Mr. Le Gallienne are by no means too supremely pitched will be evident to all who read his book, for it is full of quaint conceits which have a grace and spontaneity about them which almost make the word "conceits" inappropriate. If the charm of his book is due to art, it is to art of the highest kind. However assiduously a man may educate himself in the technicalities of the poet's craft, however skilfully he may learn to finger his reed, if the godlike breath be not blown the result is very weak. 'Tis a poor apology for a sacrifice that is not visited by the fire from heaven. But there is something higher than art in Mr. Le Gallienne's verse.

We have room but for a few extracts from "Volumes in Folio," and these we give at haphazard, for it is difficult to make choice among dainty morsels. Here is the author's "Confessio Amantis":—

"When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austere lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?"

¹ "My Ladies' Sonnets." By Richard de Gallienne (Privately printed, 1887).

Yea ! ye are precious then, but most to me
 Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
 To whispering twilight in my little room,
 And eyes read not, but sitting silently
 I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
 And hear you breathing round me in the gloom.'

That there is an essentially human side to even the love of books
 is shown by "A Bookman's Complaint of his Lady"—

" My lady oftentimes chideth me
 Because I love so much to be
 Amid my honest folios.
 'Thou lovest more to pore on those,'
 In pretty scorn she sometimes saith,
 'Than on thy mistress' eyes, I faith !
 Small good true lovers gain meseems
 From dust and must of printed reams.'
 Ah ! would that I could make her see
 What is so clear to thee and me,
 How much our happy love-life owes
 To those poor honest folios.
 She little dreams that hidden there
 I found the glass that mirrored her,
 A magic glass which showed her me
 As my own soul's ideal *She*,
 Long ere we met and wedded eyes,
 Or made a soft exchange of sighs.
 Nor knoweth she that thence I drew
 The thought that, sweet as morning dew,
 Changeth the leaden life to gold,
 And keepeth Love from growing old.
 Nor may I tell what things beside
 Within those leathern covers hide.
 How would she scorn my small deceit,
 Dare I confess that fine conceit
 That pleased her so the other day
 Was from an old-world roundelay ;
 And many another charm and grace
 That keeps Love young in spite of days,
 Was but a bloom that long had lain
 'Mid yellow pages young again."

If more of us loved our books as does Mr. Le Gallienne there
 would be less lurid pessimism in the world. Listen to the song of
 his sweet content :—

“ With Pipe and Book at close of day,
 O, what is sweeter, mortal, say !
 It matters not what book on knee,
 Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
 It matters not meerschaum or clay.

“ And though one's eyes will dream astray,
 And lips forget to sue or sway,
 It is ‘ enough to merely *Be*,’
 With Pipe and Book.

“ What though our modern skies be grey,
 As bards aver, I will not pray
 For ‘ soothing Death ’ to succour me,
 But ask thus much, O Fate ! of thee,
 A little longer yet to stay
 With Pipe and Book.”

As we have intimated, this little volume is one for book-lovers to buy, borrow, or steal—to get possession of in some manner ; and the perusal of it cannot fail to make many exclaim that Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang must look to their laurels as singers of bookish songs.

J. ROGERS REES.



Authors and their Own Works.

NOW, as a century ago, the authors who most relish having their own works read are generally those who most dislike to hear the productions of others. Dr. Johnson once squabbled with a literary friend on this point, and observed, “ I never did the man an injury ; *but he would read his tragedy* to me ! ”





John Milton in Westminster.

IT was (writes Mr. T. C. Noble, to *The Westminster Magazine*) in one of those substantial brick-built houses which formerly stood in that historical part of old Westminster known as Petty France—now York Street—that there lived from the Christmas quarter of 1651, till the year of the Restoration, 1660, “The Prince of Poets,” John Milton. It was “a pretty garden house, next door to the Lord Scudamore’s, and opening into St. James’s Park,” and had been in the occupation of a Mr. Robert Roane and his wife Martha, until our poet purchased for £60 the interest in the lease, and removed thither from his old official residence by Scotland Yard, Whitehall.

Petty France, in Milton’s day, was very different to the York Street of our time. Our poet had for his neighbours on one side Mr. Gostocke, Colonel Medhopp, and Dr. Staynes, and on the other side Mr. Thomas Herbert and Lord Scudamore, all which names occur in the Assessment Book for raising the Army and Navy Maintenance Tax in 1655. In the parish rate-book occurs this entry: “Mr. John Milton, 2s. 6d. and 4s.,” the first being the assessment on his “Rent,” and the second, on his “Estate.” It is my privilege to be the first (I believe) to note in print this interesting fact, and I think it but right to state that probably this fact would have remained buried among our records had it not been for the convenient and safe depository provided for them now at the Town Hall.

It was in this Petty France¹ house that our poet lived through all those trying days of his existence, so graphically pictured to us by the Rector in his most valuable and entertaining discourse (February, 1838). In this house—in more modern times known as No. 19, York Street (adjoining if not actually upon a portion of the site where the Panorama building exhibiting a view of Niagara Falls has been erected), and which had been pulled down to the front door and its belongings by the month of May, 1882—John Milton resided, as I have said, from Christmas, 1651, until 1660. Here he did duty as Cromwell's secretary; here he became totally blind; here he married his second wife, and, alas for him! buried her within fifteen months after, and here he composed that inimitable verse—the grandest and most lasting monument to his memory—"Paradise Lost." Speaking of this poem, it may be of interest if I state that the original agreement, dated the 27th of April, 1667, for the sale of the copyright for £5 (and in which agreement are some curious stipulations) was presented to the British Museum in 1852 by Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, and is known as Add. MS. 18,861. The original receipt for the £5 was sold in London twenty years ago for £45, and purchased by an American, while another receipt, dated 1669, and one by his third wife, Elizabeth, dated 1680, was sold in the well-known auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in Leicester Square, at the Dawson Turner sale, in 1859, for £93!

On November 12, 1874, the 200th anniversary of the burial in the chancel of Old St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, of "John Milton, gentleman," I published in *The Standard* newspaper the substance of a most interesting series of documents, relating to the poet's father, found under the usual circumstances of such finds at the Public Record Office. The valuable MSS. (which a keener eye than the officials saw the value of) were for the first time printed by me, but the subject was not perfectly completed until another discovery made by me some six years later,² and at a time too when Colonel Chester (Editor of the Westminster Abbey Registers) also discovered the genealogy of our poet's mother.

It was while John Milton was a resident in Petty France, and

¹ In 1643 the street was called "Pettie France," and exactly 200 years afterwards it is still known in the rate-books as "Petty France." In 1844 to 1847 it is called "Petty France, or York Street," and in 1848 "York Street" only. This is another fact now for the first time decisively recorded.

² See *Athenæum*, July 3, 1880, and "Life of Milton," by Prof. Masson, Second Edition, vol. i. (1881).

quite blind, that he married his second wife, Katherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. In the parish Register for 1656, the publication of the Banns is thus recorded:—

“John Milton of this parish, Esq., and Mrs. Katherin Woodcocke of the parish of Aldermanbury, spinster, published October 22, 27, November 3.”

On the same days the Banns were published at St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and on the 12th of November (on the anniversary of which he was buried some eighteen years later) he was married before Alderman Dethicke, J.P., probably in the Guildhall, London.¹

The issue of this marriage was a daughter. It is registered in our Books under the heading “Births: dayes of entrance,” thus:—

“1657, Oct. 19. Katherin Milton, d. to John, Esq., by Katherin.”

Some one in the “good old times” has added, “This is Milton, Oliver’s Secretary.” But our poet’s happiness was short-timed, for both mother and child died shortly after, and both were buried in our church. The Burial entry reads:

1657, Feb. 10. Mrs. Katherin Milton.

1657, March 20. Mrs. Katherin Milton. C.

The C of the second entry means Child, and the date according to present Calendar is 1658.

I will quote another fact or two not generally known. John Milton the Scrivener, of Bread Street, Cheapside, died at the house of his illustrious son in Barbican,² in Cripplegate parish, March, 1646 (7), and was buried in St. Giles’ Church. The Barbican House (No. 17 on the south side) existed until 1864, when it was sold by the Hayward family to the Underground Railway Company, for £3,250. The last actual tenant was a dyer by trade, named Heaven, and when he left the premises he had a board placed in front of the first floor window, upon which was inscribed the notice that “Heaven, removed by the Metropolitan Railway,” was to be found at a new address thereunder advertised. And it may interest our American cousins if I tell them that at Toledo, in Ohio, a window removed from this very house was to be found, a year after that had been pulled down.

¹ Masson’s “Life of Milton,” First Edition, 1877, vol. 5, p. 282.

² I have among my Manuscript Collections the original conveyance of the old house (not Milton’s house) called the “Barbican,” which, in the reign of James the First, was the town house of the Spanish Ambassador.

After John Milton left this parish, in 1660, he removed to Jewin Street, close to the Church of St. Giles, in which he was subsequently buried. In 1662 (3) he married his third wife. On the 11th of February, in that year, he took out a licence at the Faculty Office, which gave the power to "John Milton, gent., aged about 50 years, and a widower," and "Elizabeth Minshall, a mayden, aged about 25 years, and att her own disposing," to marry either at the Churches of St. George, Southwark, or St. Mary Aldermary; and the marriage accordingly took place in the latter church on the 24th of February following. This lady was of the Cheshire family of Minshall, but then a resident in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. There was no issue by this third wife, who survived her husband many years. Three daughters by the first wife survived the poet, but his only son by her died sometime between the months of May and October, 1652.

And this date reminds me that I have before me now as I write the diminutive newspaper for that year, called the "*Mercurius Politicus*," the censorship of which was in the hands of Milton; its "editor" and owner being Marchmont Needham, the poet's neighbour in Petty France, and one of his best friends. Marchmont, the eldest son, was baptized on the 6th of May, 1652, and if only for a passing note, and to show how a name clings to a parish, I need only add that many in this parish to-day remember the late parish clerk and church servant for about fifty years, whose name was W. E. Needham.



A Bookman's Logic.

THE following is the reply which a man sent to a bill from his bookseller:—"I never ordered the book; if I did you didn't send it; if you sent it I never got it; if I got it I paid for it; if I didn't I won't."





Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day.

ROBERT SAMUEL TURNER.

THE life and habits of the late Robert Samuel Turner were essentially those of a bookworm, and, as has been the case with many other truly great men, "the public" knew not of him or his works. Mr. Turner was born in London on February 25, 1819, and received his education at Enfield, at the school of Dr. Thomas May, in the old palace of Queen Elizabeth: it was an interesting edifice with its ornamental ceilings, its antique chimneys, and its oak panels. One of the scholars of that school was his cousin and intimate friend, George Townes, the well-known chemist. Mr. Turner left school in 1834, and was destined for a commercial career, which, however, he left to devote himself entirely to literature, and to the formation of a library.

Few men of his time had so intimate an acquaintance with Spanish and Italian literature, to say nothing of that of France and England. Mr. Turner's books were not only of the finest examples possible, but many of them were large-paper copies and bound by the most eminent binders, including Clovis, Eve, Desenil, Boyet, Derome, Padeloup, Capé, Trautz-Bauzonnet, Lortic, Hardy-Mennil, Kolhler, Thompson, Roger Payne, Hering, Lewis, Smith, Zaehnsdorf, Bedford, Wright, Hayday, Riviere, and others more or less eminent.

Those who had not the pleasure of Mr. Turner's personal acquaintance must satisfy themselves with a perusal of the two recent sale catalogues, and, if they are fortunate enough, the "Catalogue de Livres rares et précieux imprimés et manuscrits. . . . provient de la Bibliothèque de M. Robert S. Turner," which was printed in Paris

in 1878. From a mere glance at the latter it will be seen how remarkably rich the Turner library was in *editiones principes* of French classics. There was, for example, an original edition of the "Essays" of Montaigne, Bordeaux, 1580, which was a beautiful example in the binding of Trautz-Bauzonnet; the "Politique de l'Écriture Sainte," by Bousset (Paris, 1709); the "Arithmétique" of J. Pelletier du Mans (Lyons, 1554); the "Reucil de l'origine de la langue et poésie françoise" of Cl. Fauchet (Paris, 1581); the "Deux dialogues du langage françois italianisé," by H. Estienne (Geneva, 1578); the Aldine "Ovidii Fastorum libri" (1561); and the exceptionally rare "Opera Jocunda," by J. G. Alioni (Astensis, 1521). In French poetry we may mention the two "Romans de la Rose," one being printed in Lyons in 1485, and the other at Paris in 1529. Besides these, we may call attention to the "Œuvres" of Du Bellay (1569), the "Œuvres" of Van der Noot (Anvers, 1580), and the "Fables" of Fontaine (Paris, 1678-1694). The same catalogue contains a description of the works of Rabelais (1553), the first and rarest collected edition; the Paris "Gil Blas" of 1747, in four volumes; and an especially fine set of Boccaccio's, including the rare editions of Giolito (1542 and 1548), of Lyons (1555), of the Elzevirs (1665), and of Paris (1757). But whether it is in history, in philology, in theology, in science in arts or jurisprudence, the careful student will probably be astonished at the remarkable catholicity of Mr. Turner's taste, and of the uniform tact which he displayed in gathering together the very best and rarest books on each section. An interesting account of this sale will be found in "La Bibliomanie en 1878," by M. G. Brunet (Bruxelles, 1878). This sale, which began on March 12th and concluded on March 16th, consisted of 774 lots, which fetched a grand total of 319,100 francs.

The remaining and principal part of Mr. Turner's library was sold by Sotheby in two portions, the both occupying twenty-six days. The first commenced on Monday, June 18th, and the sale of the second began on November 23, 1888. The first instalment, which consisted of 2,999 lots, fetched £13,370 13s.; and the second of 4,569 lots, fetched a sum total of £2,874 17s. 6d. There were some very notable books in these sales, the chief, perhaps, being "Alioni Opera Macaronica," "Amatus Fornacius," Aretino's different works; books relating to America, including the famous "Cosmographia" of Waldsee-Müller, who invented the name of America; the "Paesi novamente ritrovati et Novo mondo da Vesputio," a copy of which was sold for £270 in the Beckford sale, and which at Mr. Turner's sale sold for £186. The library was also rich in the

various romances of chivalry, including the most esteemed French, Spanish, and Italian works. The novels of such writers as Bandello, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Giovanni, Fiorentino, and Murtado de Mendoza were abundantly represented, and many rare and beautiful editions of Dante, Boiardo, Berni, Ariosto (among which last was the 1572 (Venetia) "*Orlando Furioso*," which has a very beautiful woodcut title, containing a medallion portrait of Ariosto, fifty-one remarkably fine woodcuts by Dosso Dossi, with ornamental borders and numerous woodcut headings and initials), caused a considerable amount of attention among the book-buying public. One of the notable Spanish books was "*Barahona de Soto (Luys) Primera Parte de Las Lagrimas de Angelica*" (Granada, 1586), of which Cervantes, in his review of the Library of Don Quixote, makes the curate say—"Barahona was one of the most famous poets of the world, and not only of Spain, and to have seen it burnt I should have shed tears myself." Of the works of Giordano Bruno, who is said to have been burnt alive for his atheism, the Turner library contained a very fine series; all are rare, and several examples excessively so. It is interesting to note that Bruno's "*Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante*" of 1584 is dedicated to Sir Phillip Sidney, and of which only twenty copies are supposed to have been printed. Among numbers of other highly curious books we come across a series of editions of the works of that quaint oddity Thomas Coryat, whose "*Crudities*" of 1611 sold for £40 10s. The pleasant works of Master Geoffrey Chaucer were in favour with Mr. Turner, who possessed the 1552 edition (sold for £45), and that of 1602. Of early English literature Mr. Turner had an extensive knowledge, and his library contained some fine books in this branch.

Mr. Turner had a small but most select and interesting series of manuscripts. The only one to which we have space to refer is one of about 1546, and is entitled "*Pelegrine's Defence of Henry VIII.*, written shortly after his Death, and proving him to have been a pious and religious King," &c. This highly interesting "*Defence of Henry VIII.*" was written by W. Thomas, under the name of Pellegrino was translated into Italian and printed in 1552, but this English original appears to have remained unpublished. The author, a Welshman, wrote a "*History of Italy*," printed in 1549, but rigidly suppressed, and burnt whenever met with. In 1554 he incurred the vengeance of Queen Mary, and he was hanged, drawn, and quartered for high treason on May 18, 1554. The MS. is in many respects of historical importance and value.

Being one of the most active members of the Philobiblon Society,

one would naturally expect Mr. Turner's library to contain, as it did, a complete set of the beautiful books which the members now and then presented to the society. But he also possessed the *Transactions* of nearly every French and English literary society of note.

A book of peculiar interest to "doggy" men is "De Canibus Britannicis," published in 1570. It is the first work on English dogs written by Dr. Caius, the Welsh pedagogue, so amusingly introduced by Shakespeare into his "Merry Wives of Windsor." Law students will also be interested in learning that Mr. Turner's library contained an example of Fulbeck's "Preparative to the Study of the Law" (block letter, 1620), which Lord Chancellor Egerton declared from the Bench to be the best book for style and method.

Among quaint English books, perhaps one of the most notable which Mr. Turner possessed was "Koranzo's Feast," by Thomas Bishop (1811): from an autograph note of Geo. Daniel, we learn that "this most extraordinary production (doubtless the work of a madman) was written by one Hayes (Thomas Bishop is an assumed name), footman to Lord Belgrave. One hundred and fifty copies were printed, of which more than one hundred and thirty were burnt at Sweeton's fire. The sixteen plates which embellish the volume are quite as unique as the text."

The one great aim of Mr. Turner's life was to have his library complete under one roof, but the rapidity with which his treasures accumulated prevented this consummation. Even when he took up his quarters at the Albany—where he had one of the largest rooms in the building—the space was inadequate, a large quantity of books remaining stored away in different houses in boxes. All his cases possessed glass doors; and instead of long rows of shelves, he preferred a series of independent cases of various sizes. Mr. Turner had the true student-bookworm's hatred for grangerized books, and he had also a love for books with beautiful exteriors. Mr. Turner died June 8, 1887.

We may state, in conclusion, that we are indebted for many of the foregoing facts to Mr. Turner's great friend and fellow-book-lover, Mr. H. S. Ashbee.

A BOOKHUNTER.





Intrusions on Literary Men.

AN author's time is generally his sole estate, a fact forgotten by a class of loungers who are continually honouring authors with their visits, or rather their visitations, and thus sadly interrupting the culture of the said literary estate. Thus, to humour one man, an author is frequently compelled to lay down the pen with which he was going to amuse and instruct thousands, and is also hindered in the attempt to earn his bread. Locke has justly remarked, "If we are idle, and disturb the industrious in their business, we shall ruin the faster." The elder Aldus, the famous Venetian printer, placed an inscription over his door, saying, "No leisure for gossiping, and those only are admitted who come upon business, which they are especially requested to despatch in as few words as possible." In the same way, but more gently, a learned Italian wrote over his study door that no one could be allowed to remain with him unless able to co-operate in his labours. The illustrious Robert Boyle found it necessary to advertise in the newspapers that he could not receive visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works. Boileau used to be visited by an idle and ignorant person, who complained to him that he never returned his visits. "Sir," replied the wit, "we are not upon equal terms; you call upon me merely to get rid of your time—when I call upon you, I lose mine." The amiable scholar, Melancthon, uttered no reproach on such occasions, but coolly noted down the time he had expended, that by greater industry he might make up for the lost time. Evelyn was obliged to study during great part of the night, to redeem the continual loss of time through the calls

of morning visitors. "We are afraid," said some of those visitors to Baxter, "that we break in upon your time?" "To be sure you do," was the sharp and frank reply. Montesquieu, complaining of one of these bores, says, "The favour he confers by often passing his mornings with me, occasions great damage to my work, as well by his impure French, as the length of his details." The biographer of Sir Walter Scott states that the great novelist was always at home to everybody, man or woman, rich or poor, "and he never seemed discomposed when intruded on, but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him; for I have remained in his study in Castle Street, in hopes to get a quiet word with him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders besides myself. Noblemen, gentlemen, painters, players, and poets, all crowded to Sir Walter. At Abbotsford, his house was almost constantly filled with company, and it was impossible not to be sorry for the time of such a man thus broken in upon."



A Book Printed on White Silk.

AMONG the very numerous forms in which books have been printed, none perhaps is more curious than a book printed on white silk at Nismes, in 1606, in 4to. It is entitled "De epidemia in Galliam Narbonesen et Nemausum de que Prefectura Henrici Montmorantii panegyris," and was written by Cheironus. It appears to have been one of the very first books printed at Nismes. The British Museum possesses a copy, on the title-page of which may be seen the very pretty device of the printer, viz., a chained crocodile hanging across a palm-tree. It is not known for certain if all the copies of this tract were printed on silk, and of its author scarcely any reliable information has been handed down to posterity. He was, however, head master of the Protestant school at Nismes. The book is dedicated to Henry de Montmorency, who was afterwards beheaded for high treason by order of Cardinal Richelieu. This book escaped the notice of Brunet, but it is referred to in Cotton's *Typographical Gazetteer*.



An Old Critique on Authorship.

REVIEWING is not, as is sometimes thought, a modern method of advertising the existence of a book. And one of the earliest periodicals—now represented by *The Athenæum* and many others—which contained criticism of books, was *The Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious*. From the first number, dated Monday, January 16, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$, we extract the following notice:—

“In this little Tract,¹ the Author undertaking to set before us in short the true and most profitable way of Reading and Writing Books, first tells us of many vastly voluminous Writers; some having writ 6, some 7000 volumes: and of vast Libraries, amongst others, of that of Alexandria, founded by Ptolomy King of Egypt, the year after the Creation of the World 3704, according to others 3680, said to contain 400000; or as others write, 700000 Volumes. And of that of Theodosius Junior at Constantinople, containing ten Myriads of Books.

“Next, considering that the number of Books is now grown almost infinite, since the invention of Printing (the press being able to do off as much in a day as a man can write in a year), he thinks their multiplicity and various lecture prove prejudicial to many Students, breeding rather a confusion and distraction in their thoughts, than promoting any clear and well-digested knowledge: though upon the whole matter, he will not have this evil to proceed so much from the multitude of Books, as from the ill use of them.

“He thinks the world cloy’d with many trivial and useless Writers,

¹ “Christiani Liberii [*i.e.*, Willem Salden] *Germani Βιβλιοφιλία, Sive de scribendis, legendis, et æstimandis libris exercitatio parænetica, &c.* Ultrajecti. In 12°. 1681.” Of this work there are two copies in the British Museum.

but gives this as a rule : If men would take care that ill Books be not written, and that good Books be not ill written ; but that in their composing a due regard be always had of Prudence, Solidity, Perspicuity, and Brevity, there would be no cause left for us to complain of the too great number of Books.

“ Prudence chiefly consists in this, that a man never apply himself too rashly or inconsiderately to write, but that he first learn and well imbibe what he purposes to teach others : thus the wisest men have always took time to render their Works perfect. Isocrates spent ten, or as some will have it 15 years in writing one Panegyrick. Virgil took seven years to perfect his *Bucolics*, and eleven for his *Æneads*, and judged them to be unfit to be published at last. *Jacobus Sannasarius* writ three Books *de Partu Virginis*, but was 20 years in publishing them. St. Austin’s Book ‘*De Civitate Dei*’ took him up many years. And Diodorus Siculus was 30 years writing his History. Hence he advises writers to consider the apt saying of Zeuxis to Agatharchus, who was blown up with an opinion of a quick hand in painting ; *Diu pingo, quia æternitati pingo*.

“ So he says men should be no less studious of Solidity (he means in subjects that will bear it, not in things written more for the diversion of the Mind than for correctness), that is, men must take care that what they write be not weak, frivolous, doubtful, carrying little shews of truth ; but things that are true indeed, firm, and beyond all exception ; and so fortified and confirmed with stress of Arguments, that they manifestly shew labour, and readily force the assent of readers. Not that this solidity can be everywhere observed alike, it being above the infirmity of man so to do ; but men should be very wary not to flatter themselves so far, as to think that others are bound to believe their bare say-so’s.

“ He requires also such Perspicuity, that he would have the Book which is made publick to be the Looking-glass of the Author’s mind ; clearly presenting the sence of what is written to the reader. As for authors who use an affected obscurity in their writings, as though they desired not to be understood, he thinks they might gratifie their own humour and the World much better by being silent.

“ Lastly, he will not have a man so far indulge Perspicuity, as to neglect a due Brevity : For as Obscurity makes a Book useless, so if it be drawn out in Length, it becomes tedious. It is certain, that it is not in the *bulk* of the body, but in the intention of the virtue of all things, that the perfection and laudable being consists. Now the way to observe this brevity he says is this :

“ 1. If Writers insist on that chief subject which they have made

choice of to treat on, rejecting all things that are not *ad Rhombum* ; and not do as some, who drawing everything from every thing, expatiate themselves as much on I know not what other matters, as on the principal Argument itself.

“ 2. If they undertake to treat of no things *ex professo*, but of which, others, at leastwise as far as they can understand, have writ either nothing or little, or at least not so elegantly and profoundly as they propose to do. Here he reflects severely on Plagiaries ; and for a rule to good Writers, he advises them to let alone, as much as may be, what is well said by our predecessors, and to apply themselves rather to other things which haply are not so well explicated. We know many things, but there are many more which we know not ; in the search and explanation of which, he thinks moderate Wits may find employment enough. There are some things that require a more inward unfolding and illustration, some a more solid proof, and answers to objections and exceptions newly started against them, some a more spiritual application to the practice of Piety : in the sifting, clearing, teaching and inculcating of these things, he wishes a man chiefly to insist, who desires to profit the publick.

“ 3. If men stick chiefly on the things to be treated of, and not so much on profuse amplifications of words ; and he thinks this the onely thing which has deterr'd many from perusing the great Volumes of the Fathers, that they nauseate men with their tedious allegories, topologies, and tiresome amplifications, which they must run through before they come to a mite of gold.

“ 4. If when they are to contend with adversaries, they endeavour to fight them not so much by the number, as by the weight of their Arguments : this being a common fault of many Scripture-Controvertists, and which often makes their Volumes swell beyond measure, that opposing their adversary with numerous ratiocinations, they go about rather to overwhelm than convince him.

“ To those who read a multiplicity of authors, he gives a caution against a *Studium vagum* ; advising them, if they will have anything stick by them, to make choice of, and apply themselves closely to certain authors, and to form their thoughts according to them. He gives other useful instructions, which you may find in the tract it self.”

H. H. S.



Swift and Addison.

THOMAS MUNDEN, the son of the famous comedian lately dead, gave me three original letters by Addison in his large and most distinct handwriting. I did not keep copies of them; and I am sorry for it, because I lent them to a person (well introduced to me) who professed to be about to write a new life of Addison, and I never could recover them after the somewhat sudden death of the borrower. I have not heard of them since; and the loss makes me now more particular as to lending anything, whether in print or in manuscript.

I cannot rejoice too much that I did not lend him, on the same occasion, what he very much pressed, an original letter from Dean Swift to Ambrose Phillips, which, in the opening paragraph, speaks highly of Addison; it bears date, "London, Sept. 14, 1708," and runs as follows:—

"Nothing is a greater argument that I look on myself as one whose acquaintance is perfectly useless, than that I am not so constant or exact in writing to you as I should otherwise be; and I am glad at heart to see Mr. Addison, who may live to be serviceable to you, so mindful in your absence. He has reproached me more than once for not frequently sending him a letter to convey to you. That man has worth enough to give reputation to an age; and all the merit I can hope for with regard to you will be my advice to cultivate his friendship to the utmost, and my assistance to do you all the good offices towards it in my power."

The letter enters into many other particulars, relating to war, peace, and love; and as "Namby-pamby" was then in Yorkshire, it expresses a hope that he would marry some lady of that county with £10,000.—From J. Payne Collier's "Autobiography" (January 8, 1832).





Patrick Carey's Poems, 1651.

DURING a course of desultory reading in search of early examples of the use of the old French forms in English poetry, Mr. Austin Dobson kindly drew my attention to a comparatively rare volume, a copy of which afterwards came into my possession. Its full title is "Trivial Poems and Triolets, written in obedience to Mrs. Tompkins commands by Patrick Carey, August 20, 1651. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1820." An engraved vignette of a helmet and a shield is on its title-page, described thus in the editor's preface: "There is no crest on the helmet or proper distinction of colour in the shield, which bears what heralds call a cross anchoree, or a cross moline, with the motto, *Tant que je puis*. Beneath the motto is a rose." The only manuscript copy of the poems known to exist was presented by Mr. John Murray to Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott. This was "a small duodecimo, written in a very neat hand (the author's autograph), was perfect, and in tolerable good order, though scribbled on the blank leaves, and stripped of its silver clasp and ornaments." Sir Walter Scott caused it to be printed for the first time, and prefaced it with an appreciative note, dated Abbotsford, April, 1819. . . . The book is a thin 4to of 67 pages, including the notes.

In *The Athenæum* of May 7, 1887, the Rev. C. F. S. Warren, M.A., contributed a long and peculiarly interesting sketch of its author; tracing his descent from Henry, the first Viscount Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The "somewhat unhappy life and premature death—for he could have been barely thirty—of the Hon. Patrick Carey," is well told therein.

The poems are dated Warnefurd, *i.e.*, Warnefurd Park, a house near Southampton, Hampshire, where Patrick Carey's brother, Lord Falkland, then lived. Who the Mrs. Tomkins was is doubtful, nor, if the MSS. were hitherto unpublished, as Sir Walter Scott conjectures, is it easy to understand why Mr. Warren supposes Carey "perhaps procured some slight profit from its composition." But this is no place to dilate upon the man, it will suffice for the present purpose to note that Carey was associated with Richard Crashaw as one of the translators of the "*Dies Iræ*," that he appears to have been a Roman Catholic, and contemplated a monastic life at Douay, is said to have returned to the Church of England, but the details of his life, of his marriage, and his death, are easily available to those who wish to hunt them up, as, in the article referred to, Mr. Warren has supplied full particulars, with references to many authorities and contemporaneous notices.

The volume in question is precluded by an "Octave." The first section is entitled "Ballades," but, bent on tracing the earlier use of the form we now distinguish by this name, disappointment shows quickly they are ballads only, the first being written to the tune, "Once I lou'd a Mayden Fayre;" the second is to the tune of "I'll doe by thee as ne're was donne;" the third, "I would give Twenty Pound;" the fourth, "to y^e Tune of Bobbing Joane;" the fifth to the tune of "Troy Town;" the next, "But I fancy Louely Nancy;" of the succeeding one, to the tune of "The Healths." Sir Walter Scott supplies a note identifying the "Walles of Sweet Wickham" it sings. In all there are twenty-three of these ballads.

The second section is inscribed with the text: "I will sing unto the Lord" (Psa. xiii. 5, 6), and opens with the three triolets that justify the second half of its title. They are indeed triolets, but of no surpassing merit, yet are (so far as I know) the earliest examples of this little French verse in English composition. It is curious to note how truly Carey has caught the form, for they not only follow the literal word order of the triolet, but catch somewhat of its inner meaning, that eludes so many who torture unfit ideas to its arbitrary shape.

There is one entirely delightful poem, entitled "Nulla Fides," which has the naïve frankness and simple humour we prize and admire in Herrick, George Herbert, Crashaw, and many another of the choir whose melodies yet witch us with undying charm. The imagery is so terse and bold, the mixture of literal fact and exaggerated fancy so childish and yet so powerful, that, once read, this

quaint little poem sticks in the memory with half respect, half amusement, as its sententious periods recur to one.

- 1 For God's sake marcke that fly :
See what a poore, weake, little thing itt is.
When thou has marck'd, and scorn'd itt ; know that this,
This little, poore, weake fly
Has kill'd a pope ; can make an emp'rour dye.
- 2 Behold yon sparcke of fire ;
How little hott ! how near to nothing 'tis !
When thou hast donne despising, know that this,
This contemned sparcke of fire,
Has burnt whole townes ; can burne a world entire.
- 3 That crawling worrne there see :
Ponder how ugly, filthy, uild itt is.
When thou has seen and loath'd itt, know that this,
This base worrne thou dost see
Has quite deuour'd thy parents ; shall eate thee.
- 4 Honour, the world, and man,
What trifles are they ! Since most true itt is
That this poore fly, this little sparcke, this
Soe much abhorr'd worm, can
Honour destroy ; burne worlds ; deuoure up man.

Carey's version of the "*Dies Iræ*" is too long to quote, and opens up a literature of its own that would be out of all proportion to this article. With all its woful shortcomings, of inversions and rhymes, that find worthy parallel but in the lumbering flights of the homely, bestridden Pegasus whereon T. Sternhold, W. Wittingham, and J. Hopkins essayed Parnassus' steeps. Several of its verses have more than scant merits ; for, in spite of many stumbles, the dignity of that supreme hymn is not entirely lost ; and although "*Dies Iræ, dies illa*" is but feebly paraphrased in such a terrible perversion as "*A day full of horreur, must,*" yet to avert the hasty condemnation so clumsy a line invokes, not a few might be pleaded that have caught the spirit that inspires that marvellous cry for mercy.

Certain pictures in words—headed, Christ in the cradle, in the garden, and in His Passion—have phrases that recall Marlowe and the sixteenth century poets, rather than Carey's own contemporaries.

When all our nicely-balanced criticism has demolished such poems as these, there is an awkward feeling that the essence of poetry remains. Of course the quaint diction and unusual spelling has a

certain decorative charm, that pleases us by its mere unlikeness to current poetry ; yet, beyond all these accidents, even in the rhymes of this almost unknown singer, there seems a trace of the singer singing because he must—not because Mrs. Tomkins commands, although his performance be in obedience to her behest. Nowadays, too often, Mrs. Tomkins—whether the unknown represents fame, fortune, or mere notoriety—appears to have forced an altogether voiceless minstrel to try hard to mimic the song of a true bard, and turning from these unluckily not idle singers of an empty day, there is a singularly restful pleasure in conning over the old-world rhymes. The tempting little volume must be closed, for page after page shows much that is worth perusal. Probably no one would buy the book were it reprinted, for it is but an aftergrowth of a rich harvest, and set by side of the more famous parterres where bloom the rarest flowers of that wonderful period, it might seem an unkempt seedling, yet it has a fragrance and colour not unworthy of plucking a few stray blooms and bringing them into the rush of the more expensively-laid-out garden of to-day, wherein much of the artificial beauty is but clever landscape gardening, and where not a few of its rare orchids, delicately-nurtured exotics, and highly-trained florists' flowers, miss the grace and perfume of this little home-grown posy.

GLEESON WHITE.



Two Unique Books.

A COPY of a work supposed to be the only one in existence is unique, or a single copy of an edition printed in some special manner, as on vellum ; but it is left to the bibliomaniac to endeavour to produce a unique copy by binding. This, however, has been done in two different ways : a London bookseller secured himself a unique copy of the "History of James II.," by the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, by binding the book in fox-skin ; and Askew, the bibliomaniac, made a book unique by binding it in human skin !



Books and their Worms.

IN the wide and varied history of fabulous creatures, the sea-serpent, the bookworm, and the mermaid run each other very close for premier position. But for our present purpose the bookworm must rank first among the legends of the marvellous in which our forefathers so much delighted. A perpetual bogey and terror to the possessor of books, the little insect itself was rather an abstract certainty than a concrete, optical fact. Its nature, its habits, and even its appearance, were alike matters of speculation and heated controversy, but much of the consequent uncertainty has faded before the light of modern research, and after several specimens have been successfully "slaughtered." The imaginative faculties of our forefathers had at times elastic tendencies, and, from their descriptions, the term bookworm should call up before the mind's eye all sorts of dreadful insects, and, among them, such as that figured in "Micrographia," and of which a facsimile has appeared in the *BOOKWORM*. R. Hooke, the author of "Micrographia," which appeared, in folio, 1665, at the expense of the Royal Society of London, gives what he considers a very faithful representation of the enemy, in addition to long and minute remarks relative to the extraordinary figure. But, in truth, the bookworm is quite a harmless insect, and not at all terrible. True, he ploughs his way steadily, industriously, and quite impartially, through one's rare Aldines, cherished Elzevirs, unique black-letter tomes, and most precious folios. The humble worm usually commences at the title-page, and sometimes with the cover, and impartially carries his trail to the very last page; but he does *his* reading in a much less ostentatious manner than his bipedal prototype!

There are bookworms and bookworms. The entomological species are probably quite as numerous in character as those belonging to the genus *homo*. Magliabecchi, who "ate on his books, slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible," has, to push a simile to an extremity, an insect parallel in the bookworm, which the learned Mentzelius (according to Mr. Andrew Lang) described as crowing like a cock unto his mate—for both were extremes. Every sort of bookworm, insect and otherwise, possesses an inquisitive temper, which, to re-echo the words of *Mr. Spectator*, "gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country, for I cannot for my heart leave a room before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them." But if the habits of the bookworm itself have been caviare to the general, the peculiarities of the human grub are still less known to the public. True, probably everybody knows that Magliabecchi covered floor, bed, and every available spot in his house with books, and that when he wished to sleep he would throw an old rug over those that were on the floor, and stretch himself upon them; but, as we have already pointed out, he is an extreme example, and not typical, of the genus. The human, like the insect, bookworm leads an existence characteristic for its serenity, and to him books are life, air, water, food, and, in fact, everything. If the two races of bookworms differ in point or degree of utility or otherwise, they are, at all events, identical in living a retired life, in being buried among books, and in following an occupation which is the one absorbing feature of life. The careers of the human "worms" may not in all cases be so useful as they should be, but it is to these snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, to their painstaking investigations of involved points which historians find it convenient to ignore, and to these students of things which antiquity has made sacred, that we owe the solution of innumerable historical problems, the just making or unmaking of careers hitherto misunderstood or misrepresented. As a general marshals his men in regular array before commencing a battle, so the bookworm draws up his premises from incontrovertible facts before delivering judgment either to confirm or disprove the statements of previous writers. And in carrying out this principle, the bookworm does an important work—thankless, no doubt, but invaluable nevertheless. The trail of the bookworm is very rarely found over beaten literary tracks.

AN OLD BOOKWORM.



“Flagellum Salutis” and its Author.

SOME time ago we furnished in the pages of *THE BOOKWORM* a brief account of a curious old medical disquisition, entitled “Hermippus Redivivus,” which purported to show how the life of man might be prolonged beyond its allotted span, by constantly inhaling the breath of little girls.

Not long since, we discovered a work equally whimsical and ridiculous, both in point of idea and treatment, reposing “in sober state,” as that delightful old bookworm, Charles Lamb, would say, high up on a dusty shelf of an old library, and it is the purpose of the present paper to supply a short description of the authorship and contents of this extraordinary production. It is a neat little octavo tome, measuring just eighteen inches in length, by little more than twelve and a half in breadth, containing about 158 pages, bound in substantial calf, in good serviceable condition, and printed moreover in antique German type, on paper of excellent quality, which is as firm and strong at the present time as it was when it left the maker’s hands close upon two centuries ago.

The title-page is adorned with no less than five curious miniature engravings. Above the first of these, which represents a young child in the act of fleeing from a serpent, is inscribed the motto, *fuge et luge*; above the second, depicting a husbandman in a kneeling attitude, praying for fine weather, *ora et ara*; the third, a smith, working with might and main at his forge, *cura et dura*; the fourth, a flourishing bay tree, *fungit et ungit*; and the fifth and last, a peacock strutting about in a garden, *fastus et astus*.

"Flagellum Salutis," for such is its title, is a medical treatise undertaken with the object of proving the efficacy of stripes and blows as infallible remedies for the cure of all the ills to which flesh is heir, by Christian Franz Paullini, M.D., a German physician and naturalist of some considerable repute in his day, who published it at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the year 1698.

From the scanty particulars which have been transmitted to posterity concerning the life of this decidedly original theorist, we gather that he was born at Eisenach, in Thuringia, in 1643; that he prosecuted his studies and researches at various universities in the Fatherland; that the degree of M.A. was conferred, *jure dignitatis*, upon him at Wittemberg; that he was crowned poet at Hamburgh; and finally graduated as a doctor in the faculty of medicine at the famous University of Leyden. He is further stated to have practised successfully in Hamburgh, Altona, and Holstein; to have been dignified with the title of Count Palatine in recognition of his services; and to have enjoyed the patronage of the prince-bishop of Münster, who appointed him as his chief physician and historiographer. The duties appertaining to these offices he continued to discharge with exemplary zeal and conscientiousness until the time of his death, which occurred in 1712. Dr. Paullini's contributions to the literature of his country were varied and prolific, but in none of them has he contrived to display a greater amount of erudition, combined with the most arrant nonsense, than in the volume now before us—the sub-title of which, when smartly translated, sets forth that it is "a curious disquisition, showing how all kinds of oppressive, irksome, and well-nigh incurable diseases may be speedily and effectually cured through and through, by means of blows. Illustrated with a choice assortment of acceptable and droll stories, and containing many peculiar remarks and fine observations."

Dr. Paullini plunges into his subject by directing the attention of his readers to the significant fact that corporal punishment receives the express sanction of both the sacred Scriptures and the ritual of Holy Church; adducing in support of his first assertion the words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, *castigo corpus meum*, and for the second, the sharp box on the ear bestowed by the bishop to each candidate when administering the rite of confirmation, in token that the confirmee must be prepared to endure suffering and bodily pain at the outset of life's pilgrimage. Having laid this down as a sort of preliminary axiom, our author boldly and unhesitatingly avers that, as a universal panacea for effectually working the cure of all and any bodily ailments, there is nothing to compare with the lash, since, to

use his *ipsissima verba*, “it stirs up the stagnating juices, dissolves the precipitating salts, purifies the coagulating humours of the body, clears the brain and the stomach, braces the nerves, improves the circulation of the blood,” and, in a word, will do everything that the extensively advertised patent medicines of modern days profess to do, viz., “arouse into action with the rosebud of health the whole physical energy of the human frame.”

This principle having been established, Dr. Paullini proceeds to apply it to various maladies, instancing many remarkable cures, which were either communicated to him or came under his own personal observation. And first of light-headedness.

In days of yore a community of Augustinian monks were thrown into a state of great consternation by one of their number suddenly manifesting signs of mental derangement. He ran about, we are told, backwards and forwards, calling upon the authorities to set their house in order, and he wrote them certain rules by which they should reform the monastery and conduct it on a scale of greater economy. This state of affairs lasted some considerable time, until at length the good brother, having been examined by his superiors and pronounced by them of unsound mind, he was ordered to be shut up in a dark cell by himself, and taken out every morning and thoroughly well whipped. By this means, he soon recovered his senses, and having expressed contrition for his former ways, was once more re-instated in the house, and departed this life “in the odour of sanctity.”

In the second section of his work, Dr. Paullini treats at some length of melancholy, and he even goes so far as to assert that one cause of this disease is, unquestionably, love. According to our author, love rarely eventuates in anything but death, or at best in the lunatic asylum, and he therefore seriously exhorts all parents, and those whose business it is to teach the young idea how to shoot, to be unremitting in the application of the rod, directly any symptoms of this passion make themselves perceptible. Should you observe your child growing melancholy, he says, you may depend upon it that love is the cause, and if you cannot succeed by any other means, flog him soundly. If that produces no effect the first time, repeat it, then if naught avails, turn him out of doors, and feed him on nothing but bread and water, until “in fine weather,” he promises amendment and begs to be taken in. Not content with merely advocating a system, our author relates a very remarkable story *à propos* of his theory, but it is somewhat too lengthy for our pages.

Dr. Paullini concludes this section by quoting a dictum of Plautus

to the effect that love is most productive of honey and gall, being indeed sweet in the taste but bitter in satiety.

For the shortsightedness, nothing will be found to be so efficacious as a sound flogging, or at least a violent blow on some part of one's person. Here is an anecdote in illustration. An old German gentleman had the misfortune to be endowed with very near sight. One day, as he was jogging along to market on horseback, the animal stumbled against some obstacle in its path, and toppled over, pitching its rider into the road. In the fall, the poor old gentleman's cranium struck against a sharp stone, but strange to relate, so far from sustaining any injury by reason of this mishap, his brain and eyes were immediately cleared, and when he stood upon his feet again, lo, he possessed the sight of an eagle !

In like manner was sight restored to a gallant young Prussian soldier. While walking past a fishmonger's shop one morning, he beheld a huge salmon hanging at the door, and mistaking it in his near-sightedness for one of his young lady friends, he politely doffed his cap and paid his respects to it. A fellow comrade, who chanced to be passing by on the opposite side of the road at the same time, made a note of this little delinquency, and twitted the poor fellow so often upon his unfortunate mistake, that he was reluctantly constrained to challenge his tormentor to a duel. The challenge was accepted, and in the encounter the short-sighted soldier was wounded by his antagonist in the left eye, and thenceforward his sight was unimpaired.

Deafness, according to Dr. Paullini, is best cured by a box on the ear. More especially is this to be commended in the treatment of the young, whose excuse too often is that they "didn't hear." Under such circumstances recourse to bodily castigation is indispensable. Dr. Paullini relates the story of a deaf youth whose parents had educated him for the sacred ministry, but who ran away from school, and bound himself apprentice to a journeyman tailor. Both the complaint under which he laboured, as well as his proclivities for snipping, received a check by the application of a ponderous pair of drumsticks to his body, for he returned to college, applied himself with great ardour to his studies, and eventually rose to great distinction in the Church.

Flagellations, knocks, or blows, may, says Dr. Paullini, be applied with equal success to that sad affliction known as lock-jaw. Our author, as usual, is ready with an anecdote in attestation. It is related of a celebrated Oriental traveller, Nicholas Vorburg by name, that during the course of his wanderings in distant lands he visited

the city of Agra, where dwelt the Great Cham, to whom he had the honour of being introduced. It was the imperial dinner hour, and his Majesty, who had but recently returned from taking his walks abroad, was about to refresh his inner man with a huge bowl of rice. Exercise had evidently whetted his appetite, for he was perfectly ravenous, and with a profound contempt for the manners and customs of polite society, his Majesty scooped up a quantity of rice, and raised it to his huge mouth, opened to the very utmost extent. Mournful to relate, he had miscalculated the capabilities of his jaws, which in the twinkling of an eye were dislocated ! At beholding such an awful exhibition, we are told that the slaves turned pale with dismay, the courtiers took counsel together as to how they should act, the priests muttered prayers to their idols for his recovery, but nobody attempted to administer any kind of relief to the unhappy monarch, who sat high upon his imperial throne, black in the face, with his eyes starting from their sockets, and his mouth, chockfull of rice, extended almost beyond measure. Moved with compassion at the pitiable plight in which the Great Cham was placed, Nicholas Vorburg, who had been graciously invited to join the banquet, without even pausing to prostrate himself, skipped nimbly up the steps of the throne, and saluted the monarch with such a sharp blow upon the side of his face that it instantly caused 'the rice to fly out of his Majesty's mouth. A second blow, still sharper than the first, had the effect of setting the monarch's jaws in working order again. But imagine the sensation which Vorburg's conduct produced. The slaves literally screamed aloud, at what they considered to be a gross outrage perpetrated upon their monarch's sacred person ; the courtiers all with one accord drew their scimitars with the intention of hewing into pieces the rash mortal who had dared to invade the precincts of the throne, while the priests now showered curses upon the delinquent instead of blessings upon their sovereign.

Fortunately for all concerned, his Majesty recovered his power of speech just in time to explain matters to his retainers, and to prevent them from hauling off poor Vorburg to the place of execution. The story adds that the Great Cham signalized his gratitude to his preserver by sending him away loaded with presents.

In the next section Dr. Paullini repeats his assertion with regard to the punishment of youth, and, as might be expected, he caps it with a short story.

Dr. Paullini inclines to the belief that one of the most expeditious cures for innate laziness will be found in the application of blows, many and frequent. He commends to the attention of the medical

faculty, when cases of this kind are submitted to them, that course of treatment which the erudite Dr. Hermann Mikla asserts that he saw in vogue among the natives of Iceland. It was on this wise. The sluggard having expressed a hearty desire to be cured of his habits, was forcibly thrust into a sack lined with wool. Its mouth having been securely fastened up, it was dragged about, trundled down hill, kicked, jumped, and sat upon by his friends and acquaintances. This part of the ceremony concluded, the patient crawled leisurely out of the sack, swallowed a black draught in order to open the pores of his skin, and retired early to rest. A cure nearly always followed. It appears that this plan had been adopted, with but slight variation, in Germany, some years before Dr. Paullini penned his treatise.

That large class of people who suffer from periodical attacks of toothache may, we think, derive a hint or two from Dr. Paullini's observations under this heading. Blows, says he, in the treatment of this are excellent, and lest this assertion should fail to secure that respectful consideration it deserves, our author takes care to mention that a certain professor (Dr. Erasmus Vinding by name), at whose feet he had sat in his youth, endured terrible nocturnal sufferings on account of his teeth. We are told that directly the unfortunate man felt the pain beginning to gnaw, he would endeavour to alleviate it by springing from his couch, and pass the remainder of the night in bouncing first on to the table and then on to the floor. Dr. Paullini preserves silence upon the feelings of those who occupied the apartments situated immediately beneath those occupied by Professor Vinding, and on the face of it we fail to see what relation can possibly exist between the extraordinary performances of that worthy and blows, the subject under discussion. But if we consider the matter a little more attentively, we shall see clearly enough that Dr. Paullini has here designedly left something unsaid. May we not infer from his silence that it was customary, when the professor indulged in his pranks, for the enraged and disturbed occupants of the adjoining chambers to turn out *en masse*, armed with sticks, or the first thing that came to hand, and vigorously to stir up the stagnating juices, dissolve the precipitating salts, &c., of the doctor's body, and by so doing mitigate the pain?

Last of all, Dr. Paullini declares bodily castigation to be simply invaluable as a remedy for tertian fever. Of course we need hardly say that this observation is accompanied by an anecdote. A certain attorney who suffered from frequent attacks of tertian fever, gave great offence to a nobleman in a lawsuit in which he was engaged by

making him the laughing-stock of the court. The nobleman, however, determined upon having revenge. He accordingly entrapped the unwary attorney into paying him a visit, and then offered the man of law one of two methods of punishment : one of which was to sit on an ant-hill until he had committed to memory the seven penitential psalms, whilst the other was to run round the yard whilst the nobleman's servants scourged him with horsewhips. The attorney chose the latter, and, covered with bruises from head to toe, the luckless wight was at length permitted to crawl to his home ; and we have it on the authority of Dr. Paullini that he never again cracked jokes in court at the expense of his clients, nor was he ever afterwards known to suffer from attacks of tertian fever.

W. C. SYDNEY.



An "Edition" in Early Times.

IT is probable that the first printers did not take off more than two or three hundred, if so many, of their works ; and therefore the earliest printed books must have been still dear, on account of the limited number of their readers. Caxton, as it appears by a passage in one of his books, was a cautious printer, and required something like an assurance that he should sell enough of any particular book to repay the cost of producing it. In his "Legend of Saints" he says, "I have submysed myself to translate into English the 'Legend of Saints' . . . and William, Earl of Arundel, desired me—and promised to take a reasonable quantity of them—and sent me a worshipful gentleman, promising that my said lord should during my life give and grant to me a yearly fee, that is to note a buck in summer and a doe in winter."



Earliest Specimen of Paper.

PAPER made with linen rags appears to be of earlier date than that assigned by Koop (1342). Dr. Prideaux assures us he had seen a register of some Acts of John Crauden, prior of Ely, made on linen paper which bears date 1320. He also avers that the earliest specimen of linen paper bears the seal and signature of Adolphus Count of Schomberg, in the university of Reutelen in Germany, dated 1239, with a letter from Joinville to Louis, about the year 1260. Amongst the records preserved in the Tower of London is a letter addressed to Henry III., and written previously to 1222, which appears to be on strong paper of mixed materials. From the *Navorschèrs Bijblad* for 1853, pp. xiv. xv., it appears that linen paper was well known in the twelfth century. Petrus Cluniacensis, a writer in the first half of that century, alludes to paper in his "Tractatus contra Judæos." Stow tells us cotton paper was in use in 1000, but that from linen rags not before 1319. It is stated that the most ancient manuscript, on cotton paper, with the date 1050, is in the Imperial Library at Paris, and another in the Emperor's Library at Vienna, dated 1095. Casiri professed to have discovered the real place from whence paper came. In the middle of the seventh century a manufactory of paper from silk existed at Samarcund (648), and in 706 one Youzef Amrù of Mecca discovered the art of making it with cotton (the produce of the Arab country). And a learned Greek, employed in forming a catalogue of the old MSS. for Henry II. of France, always called the article "Damascus paper." Further, a Chinese author of the third century gives a minute description of the manner in which the Chinese tore up their garments, reduced them into pulp, and made paper. Lastly, in the introduction to vol. i. of Morrison's "Chinese Dictionary," we are told "paper was invented in China by a person named Tsac-Lun, about the end of the first century."





Bailey's "Dictionary."

THERE seems to be a very general impression that Dr. Johnson's was the first systematic dictionary of the English language. It is almost superfluous to inform any one at all acquainted with English literature that this impression is an incorrect one. To Nathaniel Bailey is due the honour of having compiled one of the earliest English dictionaries, which, with all its faults, formed an invaluable groundwork upon which Samuel Johnson reared a superstructure of painstaking and far-reaching labour.

Of Nathaniel Bailey scarcely anything is known. Indeed, beyond the fact that he was a Seventh-day Baptist, that he kept a school at Stepney, and that he died on July 27, 1742, we know nothing of his career. The nature of his works was not likely to attract much attention to the career of a man who, in common with students of his day, was regarded as a perfectly harmless being. Had Bailey thrown the same amount of energy into politics or general literature as he expended on his "Dictionary," it is more than probable that he would now be accorded no inconsiderable amount of space in the various biographical works. If we know next to nothing of his life, we are at all events in possession of evidence which proves beyond a doubt that it was not by any means an idle one.

"An Universal Etymological English Dictionary," by N. Bailey, appeared in 1720. It is dedicated to Prince Frederick Lewis, the Duke of Gloucester, and to his three sisters, Anne, Amelia Sophia Eleanor, and Eleanor Caroline, the children of George Augustus and Wilhelmina Charlotte, Prince and Princess of Wales—George I. and Sophia being then king and queen. The volume is a very fine piece of typographical work, and it has not only the appearance of having cost its editor much time and care, but an internal examination will

reveal a freedom from printer's errors and clerical slips quite remarkable for the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The philology and the definitions of course do not admit of a close inspection. The pages, which are numbered, are arranged in double columns; and, although the book is octavo size, only four leaves (consisting of eight pages) go to a signature. The signatures conclude at Cccccc,—the book being therefore an extensive one of over eleven hundred pages. There are about forty subjects on each page, and as the compiler has derived some of his materials from the Arabic, Welsh, Chaldee, Hebrew, Greek, Dutch, French (old and modern), Danish, German, and Anglo-Saxon, besides exhausting the vocabularies of everyday slang of the racecourse, hunting-field, legal and military terms, and provincialisms of many places, it will be at once seen that the compilation must have occupied the best portion of his life, and that he must have been, for the time, a well-educated scholar before he undertook so laborious a work. To give an idea of its popularity, we quote from the British Museum Catalogue a list of the editions in the National Library, with dates: second, 1724; third, 1726; fourth (with large additions), 1728; sixth, 1733; eighth, 1737; ninth, 1740; tenth, 1742; fourteenth, 1751; seventeenth, 1757; twentieth, 1764 ("to which are added above 3,000 words"); twenty-first, 1766; twenty-third, 1773; twenty-fourth, 1782; and the thirtieth, which was published in Glasgow, 1802. The names of ten booksellers appear on the imprint of the first edition.

Following the list of abbreviations used in the Dictionary, we get this interesting "advertisement": "Youth Boarded and Taught the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages, in a method more easy and expeditious than is common; also other school-learning, by the author of this Dictionary, to be heard of at Mr. Fayram's, Bookseller at the South entrance of the Royal Exchange, or at Loyd's (*sic*) Coffeehouse in Lombard Street, Mr. Batley's, Bookseller at the sign of the Dove in Paternoster Row." A somewhat similar notice appeared in the second folio edition of 1736, with, however, an additional fact to the effect that the author's house was "in Stepney near the church."

The second part of Bailey's Dictionary—which is in a sense a supplementary volume—appeared in 1727. It never attained to anything approaching the popularity of its precursor, and is, in fact, a comparatively rare book at the present day. The folio edition, which professed to contain the material in the two octavo parts, first appeared in 1730. A second edition was published in 1736, and a third in the year following. The folio edition—of which we have

only examined the second edition—is a fine, and excellently printed volume, concluding at signature 9N, and containing, on an average, between eighty and ninety words and phrases, explained more or less fully.

The quaintness of the explanations generally, and the grotesqueness and quite unconscious humour of many others, render Bailey's Dictionary a most entertaining book for desultory reading. For example: "London Pride," which is known among botanists as *Saxifraga umbrosa*, is described as "a sort of flower"; and Ale is laconically alluded to as "a drink well-known." From these two examples, it would seem that Mr. Bailey merely included them in his list, not to explain their meaning, but because the words existed. Botanists will be much amused by the paragraph under "Agarick," which, according to the compiler, is "a whitish mushroom growing out on the trunks and great branches of old trees, especially the Larch-tree." We are also informed that "Despair" signifies "a passion of the soul, which makes it cast off all hopes: A timorous consternation of an abject mind." This is an amusing, and by no means exceptional, definition of "Luck": "Chance, Fortune—'Give a man Luck, and throw him into the Sea.' This proverb *in terminus*, savours a little too much of Heathenism or Prophaneness, but it may very well befit a Christian mouth, if that which the vulgar call Luck and the learned Fortune, be denominated Providence, for if that be on a man's side, you may throw him into the Sea, and not be actually and legally guilty of murder. This was verified in the Prophet Jonah." As showing the mutability of things, we may quote the following "entry" respecting London Bridge: "A noble Bridge, built of stone, upon 19 arches cross the river Thames, adorned with stately buildings, making a street, and not to parallel'd in the whole world." And yet in about a century afterwards this structure, which in Bailey's eyes had no rival, was looked upon as one of the greatest anomalies in London, and soon ceased to exist!

Heraldry was a strong point. Bailey gives plates of the various charges, with descriptions taken from Guillim and Morgan. For instance, "Tronconnee," says he, "in Heraldry signifies a Cross or some other Thing cut in Pieces; yet so, that all the Pieces are so placed, as to keep up the Form, tho' set at a small Distance one from the other." Curious, too, are the words of seamanship: "Lee watch, a Word of Command to a Man at the Helm, and is as much as to say: take care that the Ship don't go to the Leeward of her course." It will interest philologists to know that the "Japonnese Language is said to be very curious, they having several words to

express one thing, some in Honor, others in Derision, some for the Prince, others for the people," &c. To "spirit away children" is "to entice them privily from their Parents or Relations, in order to convey them beyond Sea, a Practice some years since too common, but now not so much in use, it being Death so to do, by Act of Parliament." Here and there are little articles on old customs: "Swarf-Mony, a Payment of an Half Penny yearly to the Lord of the Manor of Lodebrook in the County of Warwick, which was to be performed in the following manner. The Person must go before the Rising of the Sun, and walk three Times about the Cross, and say, *the Swarf-Money*, and then take a Witness and lay it in the Hole, but must look well to it that his Witness do not deceive him, for if he make not Proof of the Payment, he forfeits Thirty Shillings and a white Bull."

But in spite of all its faults, Bailey's "Dictionary" is still a book of much value to all students of English philology. It has preserved from oblivion a large number of archaic words and phrases. It is also especially valuable in connection with provincialisms, inasmuch as he names the particular counties to which each belongs. Indeed, Bailey's work is indispensable to students of the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

One feels almost sorry to dispel a very prevalent tradition that Bailey's was the first English dictionary illustrated with illustrations, but the "*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*," 1707, contains upwards of sixty woodcuts.

W. R.





Book-plates and their Mottoes.

EVER since the introduction of heraldry (observed a writer to *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1866), it has been the custom with the owners of books to have emblazoned thereon the arms of the individuals or corporations possessing them, and many libraries and museums contain records in this form of the greatest utility to the historian, genealogist, and lawyer ; but it is not with the exterior of volumes that we now have to do, though many of them bear decorative stamps embossed in relief or impressed in gold, upon leather and vellum, well worthy of preservation. It is with the heraldic bearings and devices of lovers of literature, found imprinted on paper or vellum, and pasted within the covers of volumes—labels, generally known by the name of *book-plates*—works often coeval with the period of the printed volume, the original binding, the introduction of engraving, or the invention of printing, and highly curious in themselves, though now somewhat scarce, and particularly so in early books. This scarcity arises from rebindings, and from the possessors tearing away records of former owners, to make space for their own. In the present day it is pleasing to see growing a conservative spirit, dictating the preservation and restoration of old bindings, plates, notes, papers, and all appertaining to the volume or its former guardian. In past times when a book changed owners, these plates were torn out or destroyed, new ones being sometimes stuck over the old devices—a happy method for the collector, by which many curious examples have been preserved, three or four deep. In our day these records of past ownership are more regarded, and frequently rest beside the printed arms of present possessors, if there be room for them. In some places the modern book-plate takes the fly-leaf opposite, or the end of the cover ; the board lining being the better position for security, as it is an integral part of the volume.

There are several collections of "book-plates"—works curious, beautiful, and instructive, telling of history, family story, and art in blazonry, showing how the latter has degenerated in the display of form, tincture, and invention. The ancient Pursuivant, being an artist as well as an erudite scholar, worked onward, tiding down the stream of progress, until, fascinated by sensual beauty, by the Syrens of the Renaissance, he lost compass and helm, going down with Art, Chivalry, and Taste, all being wrecked alike, on the shores of the Pagan dead. In this simple phase of bibliographic art, the student and antiquary may learn much.

The legends, mottoes, and quotations upon book-plates are often quaint and precise. We append a few as specimens:—

S^R ROBERT CLAYTON, OF THE CITY OF LONDON,
KNIGHT, ALDERMAN, AND MAYOR THEREOF. *Anno 1679.*

EX BIBLIOTHECA SERENISSIMORUM
UTRIUSQUE BAUARIÆ DUCUM. 1618.

EDWARD DUKE OF NORFOLK,
EARLE MARSHALL OF ENGLAND.

Belonging to the Library bequeathed by the
Will of EDWARD DUKE OF NORFOLK to remain
in his family.

Henry Howard &
Thos. Eyre, Esqrs. } Executors.

ROBERT VANSSITTART, OF LONDON, MERCHANT.

WILLIAM THORNTON, BATCHELOR.
(*Gent. and Master are also used.*)

DE LA BIBLIOTHEQUE DE MONSIEUR LARCHER, 1741

DAVID GARRICK.

La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a
emprunté un Livre, c'est de le lire afin de
pouvoir le rendre plutôt.

Menagiana, vol. iv.

MR. HORATIO WALPOLE.

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO LORD NAPIER.

LIBER · E · MVSEO · EDWARDI · CRAVEN · HAWTREY ·
ETONENSIS.



My Books.

THEY dwell in the odour of camphor,
They stand in a Sherraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful books of mine ;—

In their cream-coloured "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate "watered linings,"
They are jewels of price, I grant ;—

"Blind-tooled" and "morocco-jointed,"
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less :—

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
The dear and the dumpy twelves,—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière,—

And the Burton I bought for fourpence,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
For the others I never have opened,
But those are the ones I read.

AUSTIN DOBSON, in *Longman's Magazine*.

The "Cuckoo Song."

THE earliest ballad known in the English language is believed to be a "Cuckoo Song," written at the beginning of the reign of Henry III. It is as follows :—

" Sumer is icumen in
 Lhudè sing cuccu ;
 Groweth sed and bloweth med,
 And spright the wdè nu.
 Sing cuccu.
 Awe beteth after lamb,
 Lhouth after calvè cu,
 Bulloc sterteth,
 Buckè verteth,
 Murie sing cuccu ;
 Cuccu, cuccu ;
 Wel sings thu cuccu,
 Ne swik thu naver nu."

Which may be thus modernized :—

Summer is come in,
 Loud sings the cuckoo
 Groweth seed and bloweth mead ¹
 Now springs the wood ;
 Sing cuckoo.
 The ewe bleats after the lamb,
 The cow lows after the calf,
 The bullock starts
 The buck verts,²
 Merrily sings the cuckoo,
 Mayst thou never cease.

¹ Is in flower.

² Retires to the ferns and shade.





Drayton's "Polyolbion."

THERE is," observes the Seigneur de Montaigne, "a certain low and moderate sort of poetry that a man may well enough judge by certain rules of art;" and there can be scarcely any question about Drayton's "Polyolbion" being included in this category. In structure it is as perfect as Spenser, but it lacks what Montaigne calls the "supream and divine poesie," and, consequently, fails to "ravish and overwhelm our judgment." "Polyolbion" belongs to that large class of books of which every one has heard but few have read. In spite of Charles Lamb's praise, and the unquestioned tributes of equally eminent men, "Polyolbion" is too tremendous and unprofitable a task to be undertaken even by a very earnest student at the present day. Mr. A. H. Bullen, who has recently published some "beauties" from among Drayton's numerous books of poetry, describes the "long-rolling verse" of "Polyolbion" as having "something of the springiness of heather; we cover the ground insensibly, and find a growing delight in the labour." Hallam also speaks in high praise of this extraordinary effort. It is, he says, "essentially designed to instruct, and speaks to the understanding more than to the fancy. The powers displayed in it are, however, of a high cast. The style is sustained with extraordinary ability on an equable line from which he seldom much deviates, neither brilliant nor prosaic; few or no passages could be marked as impressive; but few are languid and mean. The language is clear, strong, various, and sufficiently figurative; the stories and fictions interspersed, as well as the general spirit and liveliness, relieve the heaviness incidental to topographical description. There is probably no poem of this kind in any other language comparable

in extent and excellence to the 'Polyolbion'; nor can any one read a portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly-gifted author."

"Poly-Olbion, or a Chorographical Description of all the Tracts, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, and other Parts . . . of Great Britaine," was first published in folio in 1612. It was printed for M. Lownes, J. Browne, J. Helme, and J. Busbie, and consists of 303 pages. It is evidently the labour of many years, for, in 1598, Francis Meres reported that Michael Drayton "is now penning in English verse a poem called 'Pola-olbion.'" The first part contains eighteen sections or songs, to each of which is added a "poetical" map of the district described in the song. The divisions may be summarized thus:—1, The landing of Brute, Cornwall, Devon; 2, Dorsetshire, and the adventures of Sir Bevis of Southampton; 3, Somersetshire; 4, Contention of the rivers of England and Wales as to which country Lundy belonged; 5, Sabrina, as arbiter, decides that it is allied "alike both to England and Wales"; Merlin and Milford Haven; 6, the Salmon and Beavor of Troy, the Tale of Sabrina, the Druids and Bards; 7, Hereford; 8, Conquest of Britain by the Romans and by the Saxons; 9, Wales; 10, Merlin's prophecies, Winifred's Well, defence of the "tale of Brute"; 11, Cheshire, the religious Saxon kings; 12, Shropshire and Staffordshire, the Saxon warrior kings, and Guy of Warwick; 13, Warwick; Guy of Warwick concluded; 14, Gloucestershire; 15, the marriage of Isis and Thame; 16, the Roman roads and Saxon kingdoms; 17, Surrey and Sussex, the sovereigns of England from William to Elizabeth; and, 18, Kent, and England's greatest generals and sea-captains. This goodly list exhausts the main headings of the first part, and it will be at once seen how little the subjects lent themselves to successful poetical treatment. The first, or 1612, issue appeared without any printed title-page, table, or commendatory verses, which are included in the second, or 1613, issue, as well as the words "Henricus Princeps" in the portrait of Prince Henry, to whom the work is dedicated. To each Song are appended copious annotations, full of antiquarian learning, by John Selden—indeed, this part is in general so accurate that the work is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. It is to be regretted that Selden's annotations were confined to the first part.

The second part, consisting of Songs 19 to 30, was written some years later, and the complete poem (with commendatory verses before the second part by William Browne, George Wither, and John Reynolds) was published in 1622. This was printed by

Augustine Mathewes for John Marriott. The following is a summary of the general heads:—Song 19, Essex and Suffolk, English navigators; 20, Norfolk; 21, Cambridge and Ely; 22, Buckinghamshire, and England's intestine battles; 23, Northamptonshire; 24, Rutlandshire, and the British saints; 25, Lincolnshire; 26, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, with the story of Robin Hood; 27, Lancashire and the Isle of Man; 28, Yorkshire; 29, Northumberland; and 30, Cumberland.

This second part was a source of much trouble to the industrious



MICHAEL DRAYTON.

author. Writing to Drummond of Hawthornden, he exclaims, "I thank you, my dear sweet Drummond, for your good opinion of Polyolbion. I have done twelve books more, that is, from the 18th book, which was Kent (if you note it), all the east parts and north to the river of Tweed; but it lieth by me, for the booksellers and I are in terms; they are a company of base knaves, whom I scorn and kick at." Three years, however, after this letter was written, the second part actually put in an appearance.¹ The Preface is

¹ See the "Earlier History of English Bookselling," by W. Roberts (pp. 64-66).

desparingly inscribed "To any that will read it." From this source we learn that the stationers, who were concerned at the slow sale of the former part, had left out the epistle to the readers ! But we will relate the incident in Drayton's own words. He complains of the cold reception which the first portion of his great work met, and that he not only failed to receive the encouragement which his friends predicted, but that he had been subjected to base detraction, and so forth. "Such a cloud," he laments, "hath the devil drawn over the world's judgment. Some of the stationers that had the selling of the first part of this poem, because it went not so fast away in selling as some of their beastly and abominable trash (a shame both to our language and our nation), have despightfully left out the epistle to the readers, and so have cousened the buyers with imperfect books, which those that have undertaken the second part have been forced to amend in the first, for the small number that are yet remaining in their hands." Even in "the good oldtimes" of slow travelling, slow eating, and slow reading, a poem which ran into about 30,000 lines was scarcely likely to be read by everybody. "Where art thou, Michael," was the cheery inquiry of John Davies of Hereford ; and under the accumulation of miseries, Echo might well have answered, "Where indeed ?" It seems that Drummond very nearly persuaded Andro Hart, the Edinburgh bookseller, into publishing "*Polyolbion*," but the negotiations were not, happily for Hart, carried into effect.

A folio edition of Drayton's works was published by Dodsley in 1748. It professes to contain all his writings, although the later edition, in four volumes 8vo, 1753, claims to supply the deficiencies of the former. The additions are placed in an Appendix. D'Israeli points out that the rapid demand for a new edition of Drayton between 1748 and 1753 bears a suspicious aspect ; and it appears that this octavo edition is nothing more than the identical folio, only arranged in the octavo form by a contrivance, well known among printers, at the time of printing the folio.

Southey, in his "*Specimens of our Ancient Poets*," has reprinted the entire "*Polyolbion*," but without Selden's notes. The "poem" in its complete original state is still a valuable book from a financial point of view. Last year several copies were sold by auction.¹ One copy sold for £5 16s. 6d. ; another for £9 ; another for £16 ; whilst Ben Jonson's copy, with his motto in his own handwriting, fetched £33. Mr. C. W. Sutton, of Manchester, is, we believe,

¹ See "*Book-Prices Current*," vol. ii. (London : Elliot Stock).

about to edit a fac-simile of this work. As an example of Drayton's "poetry" we quote the following :—

UPON THE FRONTISPIECE.

Through a Triumphant Arch, see Albion plac'd,
In happy site, in Neptune's arms embrac'd,
In power and plenty, on hir Cleuy Throne
Circled with Nature's garlands, being alone
Stiled th' Ocean's Island. On the colums been
(As trophies raised) what Princes Time hath seen
Ambitions of her. In her younger years,
Vast earth-bred giants woo'd her ; but, who bears
In golden field the lion passant red,
Æneas nephew (*Brute*) them conquered.
Next laureate Cæsar, as a philtre, brings,
On's shield his grandame Venus : Him her Kings
Withstood. At length, the Roman, by long suite,
Gain'd her (most part) from th' ancient race of Brute.
Divorc'd from him, the Saxon sable horse,
Borne by stern Hengist, wins her : but, through force
Guarding the Norman leopards bath'd in Gules,
She chang'd her love to him whose line yet rules.

A BOOKHUNTER.



Bocard's "Pragmatic Sanction."

THERE are very few but the most studious who have ever heard of Bocard, and probably none but the greatest bookworms who have ever looked at a work he wrote entitled, "The Pragmatic Sanction." It was printed and published in 1507, and for considerably more than three hundred years it has been slumbering on bookshelves in only exceedingly extensive libraries, and is likely to go on slumbering there for ever. But this is what the author wished would be the fate of his book, expressed at the end of it in a Latin couplet, which has been fairly rendered thus :—

" May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd,
Till a beetle has drunk up the ocean,
And a tortoise has crawl'd round the world."

A Literary Bishop.

STEELE not only wrote very assiduously himself, but encouraged many aspirants for literary fame ; in addition to this, he paid men of erudition and position for assistance. For instance, the celebrated Bishop Berkeley received one guinea and dined with Steele every time he contributed a paper to *The Guardian*. It was through his writings he attracted the genial Steele, who introduced him to Dean Swift and Pope ; the Dean recommended him to the Earl of Peterborough, who appointed him as his chaplain, and took him abroad on a grand tour ; then he became chaplain to the Duke of Grafton, who held the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was at this time he took his degree of D.D., and shortly after a lady of Dublin bequeathed him a fortune. He held very singular opinions, and wrote some curious works, even after he was enthroned at Cloyne in 1733 ; for instance, "A Defence of Freethinking in Mathematics," and a book on "The Virtues of 'Tar Water.'" His beautiful diction lent a charm to his writings, even if the reader could not agree with his opinions.

The Days of Paid Dedications.

EVERY sincere lover of literature looks with special shame upon the age immediately following the Restoration. It was notorious that the dedication of a book was worth from twenty to fifty pounds, according to the rank and liberality of the patron ; and from the time of the Restoration of 1688 to the accession of George I., dedications of plays could be readily bought at a price varying from five to ten guineas each, while some freak of fashion at the latter period suddenly caused a rise to double the former rates.





Hornbooks.

THE curious book-form, called Hornbook, is, observes an American contemporary, a very ancient contrivance to provide children with a school book so constructed as to be practically indestructible. The art of printing found it already in existence, and so attached were the people to it that it persisted in its archetypal form down to the middle of the last century, the only difference being that the written letters, figures, &c., were supplanted by printed ones.

The hornbook was, in brief, a small broadside made up of the alphabet (at the top), upper and lower case, a list of the vowels, a string of a-b abs and the Lord's Prayer. This single leaf was set in a wooden frame, fashioned with a handle at the bottom like a lady's hand glass. In the handle there was a hole for a string, so that the hornbook could be slung to the schoolboy's belt. Covering the printed sheet and protecting it from the boy's destructive finger-nails, there was a plate of horn shaved down thin enough to make it perfectly transparent. Sometimes the printed sheet was simply pasted on the plate of horn. Thus it will be seen that the hornbook, which took its name from the piece of horn used to cover the letterpress, was really one of the most ingenious, as well as most simple, embodiments of the book idea.

The language is indebted to the hornbooks for that popular expression, "criss-cross." At the head of the printed page of the hornbook, and in front of the first letters of the alphabet, it was customary to place the figure of a cross; hence children were wont to call the alphabet, which made up the first row of the hornbook, the "Christ-Cross row," a name which in the people's mouths was soon softened down to "criss-cross row."

In "Richard III.," Shakespeare makes Clarence say :—

"He hearkens after prophecies and dreams
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G."

As a learned Shakespearian commentator has remarked : "The poet had probably learned to read at home with the aid of a hornbook." In "Love's Labour Lost" he thus refers to it : "Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is A B spelt backward with the horn on its head ?"

Early in the last century a hornbook sold for twopence. In a book printed in 1731 there is this mention of a hornbook : "A child in a boddice coat and leading strings with a hornbook tied to her side." The material used in the more ancient hornbooks was vellum, but paper is usually found in those of the last century. It should be added that the contents of an English hornbook were at times somewhat varied. For instance, preceding the Lord's Prayer the pious exorcism, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen," often occurred, and the whole was followed by a row of Roman numerals.

Strange to say, although hornbooks must have been made by the thousand, yet they are of great rarity. In addition to the expression "criss-cross," before alluded to, these booklets have given rise to two other popular expressions, viz., "Reading through the horn," that is, simple as A, B, C. Ben Jonson thus uses the expression :—

"The letters may be read through the horn
That make the story perfect."

And "the merest hornbook of the science," that is, the first book or rudimentary treatise.





“The Citizen of the World.”

SPEAKING personally, no work of Oliver Goldsmith had such an attraction for the present writer years ago as “The Citizen of the World,” with its charming lightness of touch, its delicate humour, and its fascinating style. The literary favourites of one’s youth often become voted dull and insipid with the growth of age, but the charm of “The Citizen of the World” is to many as great as ever. Mr. Forster, in his most entertaining biography¹ of a most delightful character, describes the work in question as “a continuous pleasure for the age, and one which was for all time. It amused the hour, was wise for the interval beyond it, is still diverting and instructing us, and will delight generations yet unborn.”

On January 12, 1760, Newbery, the publisher, started a new daily paper, the first number of which was given away, with an intimation that twopence halfpenny each would be the price of the following numbers. Goldsmith was engaged to supply two articles every week, at the rate of a guinea per article. He had written a few articles for the new paper, when the idea of “bringing on the scene an imaginary philosophic Chinaman, resident in London after long wanderings from home, and of making the adventures of this Chinaman, and of his observations of men and things in the Western world, as recorded in letters supposed to be written by him to friends in China, together with the replies of those friends, the material for

¹ We are glad to note that Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., the well-known publishers, have recently issued a new edition, fully illustrated, of this indispensable work.

a series of papers which should consist of character-sketches, social satire, and whimsical reflection on all sorts of subjects, connected by a slight thread of story." The editor of the new daily was Griffith Jones, who wrote many children's books for Newbery, but the publisher himself appears to have had a great deal to say in the management of the *Public Ledger*.

Goldsmith's first letter was published in the issue for January 24, without any title, and giving only an indirect indication that it was the first of a series. The second letter appeared five days later, and its popularity determined the author and the publisher to continue in this style. They were for some time unnumbered, and not until they appeared in book-form were they given a title; but they were known and spoken of as the "Chinese Letters," were placed in the best position in the paper, and were in a great measure the cause of popularity and success with which the *Public Ledger* met. At the close of 1760, ninety-eight of these letters had appeared, and within the next few months, at irregular intervals, the series was brought to a termination. In 1762, the letters were republished in two duodecimo volumes by John Newbery, "for the author," but without the author's name, under the title of "The Citizen of the World; or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London, to his Friend in the East."

The reformation of many abuses and the abolition of more than one social evil are due mainly to the quiet satire and exposure in these "Letters." Goldsmith, as Mr. Forster ably points out, warned the all-credulous and too-confident English of their insecure tenure of the American colonies; he denounced the evil system which left the magistrate, the county justice, and the squire to punish transgressions in which they had themselves been the guiltiest transgressors; he laughed at the sordidness which makes penny shows of our public temples, turns Deans and Chapters into importunate beggars, and stoops to pick up half-pence at the tombs of our patriots and poets; he protested earnestly against the insufficient pretexts that availed for the spilling of blood, in the contest then raging between France and England; he ridiculed the prevailing nostrums current in that age of quacks, and the cant of connoisseurship; he attacked church abuses, and the cumbersome tediousness of the law; and he warned society of the crime of disregarding human life and the temptations of the miserable, by visiting petty thefts with penalties of blood. Events of the day, such as the mad crusade against dogs, by which these faithful animals were slaughtered wholesale, formed the subject-matter for letters, and eloquent indeed is "Goldy's" noble pleading

on behalf of the poor and distressed, whilst the cutting cynicisms which he directed towards popular but foolish prejudices had most salutary effects.

The two chief characters in “The Citizen of the World,” Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black, are very charming and very picturesque. Indeed, Hazlitt characterizes the former as “the best comic sketch since the time of Addison ; unrivalled in his finery, his vanity, and his poverty.” The Man in Black is a portrait intended, in its leading details, for the author’s father, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.

Goldsmith is the unsparing historian of his own follies. Many of the most awkward and amusing *contretemps* in his works are but replicas of incidents in his own life. They are usually too well known



to bear repeating, but here is a most amusing anecdote, of which, through the kindness of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., we are enabled to reproduce an illustration from Forster’s “Life” :—The adventure occurred in White Conduit Gardens, and, as a contemporary magazine had it, “Mr. G—d—th” himself was the hero. Strolling through the scene of humble holiday, the poet seems to have met the wife and two daughters of an honest tradesman who had done him some service, and invited them to tea ; but after much enjoyment of the innocent repast, he discovered a want of money to discharge the bill, and had to undergo some ludicrous annoyances,

and entertain his friends at other expense than he had bargained for, before means were found for his release!

Indeed, Goldsmith's works are full of autobiographical touches. This is especially the case in "The Citizen of the World," which is now placed among the classics of this country.

The following bibliography of this work is reprinted, by Mr. J. P. Anderson's permission, from Mr. Dobson's sketch of Goldsmith in the "Great Writers" series :—

"The Citizen of the World ; or, Letters from a Chinese Philosopher, residing in London, to his Friends in the East," 2 vols., Lond., 1762, 12mo.

Another edition, 2 vols., Dublin, 1769, 12mo.

Third edition, 2 vols., Lond., 1774, 8vo.

Another edition, 2 vols., Lond., 1792, 12mo.

Harrison's British Classicks, vol. vi., Lond., 1793, 8vo.

Cooke's edition, 2 vols., Lond., 1799, 12mo.

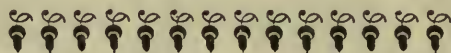
Another edition, 2 vols., Lond., 1809, 12mo.

Another edition, 2 vols., 1824, 12mo.

Lynam's British Essayists, vol. xxi., Lond., 1827.

A new edition, with original notes and illustrative woodcuts, Lond., 1840, 8vo.

The Universal Library, vol. i., Lond., 1854, 8vo.



A Conceited Author.

IN the dedication, addressed to the Earl of Pembroke, to "The Philosopher's Satyrs," 1616, Robert Acton expresses thus his opinion of his work : "This book was conceiued in dog-daies, and must bite, the signe is in scorpio, and the planets in their most criticall mansion. . . . A satire is musecke worthie of Pithagoras his opinion, especially when the planets dance a heauenly lauolto, they are nimble spirited and active, and onely hope for the passiue part of your noble patronage."



A Bookman's Life.

HE never wrote a book ;" "he never bought a book that he did not read." These (observes *The Daily News*) are singular statements to be true about one whose whole life was occupied with paper and print, and who probably possessed more knowledge on a variety of subjects than any other man in England. Yet Mr. Prothero, in his excellent "Memoir of Henry Bradshaw" (Paul, Trench and Co.), is able to report of him that, with all his reading, he never wrote a book, and, with all his book buying, he bought no books which he did not read. Mr. Bradshaw was a type, an extremely favourable type to be sure, of a particular kind of University man. He worked very hard, his whole life long, and yet only the very learned can say what he has done. His knowledge and his memory surprised Professor Mommsen more, in a favourable sense, than anything else which he met in England. Now, in matters of erudition, Professor Mommsen is rather accustomed to amaze than to be amazed, so we must regard Mr. Bradshaw as a most remarkable man, even though we do not clearly understand, at first, why he was notable. He seems to have been at once the most energetic and the most procrastinating of mortals. He would fly to Paris, Grenoble, Avignon, to collate an old book ; but when it came to getting an article out of him, editors were helpless. Nor was he at all more ready to restore an old book which had been lent him. He borrowed a little old service-book from Mr. Horner, of Mells, who wrote to him several times asking for his book. At last he wrote to Mr. Bradshaw's executors, and requested them to recover

the lost property out of his residuary estate. This touching expedient softened even the heart of Mr. Bradshaw, and he apologized for his "chronic paralysis of the will." Perhaps it was to this chronic paralysis that we must attribute his never producing anything but notes, and his preference for bestowing his knowledge freely on all who consulted him. Dr. Furnivall scolded him for attempting dozens of things at once, and another friend, when asked what Bradshaw was doing, replied that "he was doing something else." In addition to an indolence about production as remarkable as his energy in acquiring, Mr. Bradshaw suffered from the desire to do all things perfectly. Nothing can be done, or very little, by a man determined that his work shall leave nothing for others to correct nor to do. This mood caused the anguish of Flaubert, who toiled at his novels with the agonies and the anger of Carlyle over history. Mr. Bradshaw was thus an idealist of the unfruitful sort, as far as literature was concerned. He was a great librarian, a great book-hunter, a great fountain of knowledge for the use of other people. But Dr Johnson might have called him a "barren rascal" as far as original publications went.

To the world at large, which does not wholly consist of enthusiasts about old Bibles, old MSS., old Irish glosses on poems of a Latinity but too Hibernian, Mr. Bradshaw's vigorous industry may seem a little fruitless. But while the profession of bookmen exists, it is as well that their work should be well done, and nobody did it better than Mr. Bradshaw. The descendant of Bradshaw the Regicide, with Quaker blood in his veins, the son of a gentleman who owned a rare collection of Irish books and books printed in Ireland, Mr. Bradshaw was educated at Eton and at King's College. He held for long the important position of University Librarian, and his life was passed in hunting after and discovering lost old books, and in acquiring knowledge not commercially "useful," but extremely wide and thorough. Partly by natural gift, and partly by endless practice, he acquired what may be called an instinct for judging of old books. That is to say, his inferences became so rapid, and were drawn from such a number of obscure facts, that they seemed like the work of instinct rather than of reason. For example, Mr. Bradshaw seems to have been one of the first to notice the importance of the shreds of old books used in the bindings of later books which are still old. If we could unbind all the ancient volumes in the Bodleian, much might be learned about the history of printing, though at considerable expense. About twelve years ago, according to Mr. Prothero, a London bookseller brought to Mr. Bradshaw a pair of printed slips,

discovered in an old binding. Mr. Bradshaw examined them for a few moments and said, "Yes, these slips are parts of signatures *b* i. and *b* ii. of a most rare book called '*L'Estrif de Fortune*,' printed at Bruges, about 1480, by Colard Mansion." He had once seen a copy of the book, which he himself found in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow: only one other copy was previously known. Probably he examined the book very carefully. He was always "finding" treasures in libraries, treasures which the librarians were not aware that they possessed. Another example of Mr. Bradshaw's memory is given. He was in Mr. Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly, when Lord Crawford was asking for a "collation" or bibliographical description of the Massachusetts Bible. Mr. Quaritch had not a collation at hand, and Mr. Bradshaw wrote it down from memory. This was an amazing feat of professional memory, reminding one of what Hogg tells about Sir Walter Scott, in a rare little memoir of 1834. Scott, Hogg, and Skene, of Rubislaw, were sitting at night on the banks of the Tweed, waiting for lighted peats to lister salmon withal. Scott asked the Shepherd to give them his ballad of "Gilman's Cleugh." Now this poem Hogg had never written out, but three years before he had recited it to Scott. He began it again, and stuck in the eighth verse, when Sir Walter went on with it and finished it. Now it contained eighty-eight verses. Professor Mommsen speaks of another example of Mr. Bradshaw's memory. Mommsen had seen a certain unusual contraction in a manuscript of the British Museum's. He had never seen this contraction before, and the British Museum people had not seen it either. "When I told it to Mr. Bradshaw he said nothing, but presently brought me a manuscript, and showed me the very thing."

Mr. Bradshaw was always finding rare things. He was the Old Mortality of Books, and in a properly organized world, he should have been sent into the Sultan's Library at Constantinople, into the Monasteries of Mount Athos, into Tripoli, and generally wherever the lost literary treasures of the world may possibly abide. They dwell in very queer places, as for example in a hole in a wall of Carlisle Cathedral, where the correspondence of the Jacobite, Lord Nithsdale, was found, not by Mr. Bradshaw, but by a working man. In the binding of a Caxton belonging to the Baptist College at Bristol, Mr. Bradshaw discovered a fragment of printed matter, which he soaked off and examined. It proved to be two quarto leaves of Caxton's "Fifteen Oes and other Prayers," of which only one copy is known, in the British Museum. By aid of this scrap Mr. Bradshaw was able to trace the "natural history of printing" as

practised by Caxton. "Caxton had been fifteen years at printing before he arrived at the point of printing four pages at once." Moreover, Caxton was his own binder. Mr. Bradshaw traced these things like Hawk-eye or Chingachgook on the trail of the Mingo. But (let book buyers be warned) when this collector, who could "give points" to Mr. Quaritch, sold the best of his own books by auction once, he got exactly sixpence for every pound he had spent in their purchase! Let the collector be warned by this example.



A Printer's Apology.

ARTHUR HOPTON'S "Bacvlvm Geodætīcvm; or the Geodeticall Staffe," printed at London "by Nicholas Okes for Simon Waterson, dwelling at the signe of the Crowne in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1610," contains the following poetical apology from the printer, craving the reader's indulgence for a list of *errata* extending to forty-four lines of minion type:—

"THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

"For errours past, or faults that 'scaped be,
 Let this collection give content to thee;
 A worke of art, the grounds to vs vnknowne,
 May cause us erre; though all our skill be showne.
 When points and letters, doe containe the sence,
 The wise may halt, yet doe no great offence:
 Then pardon here, such faults that do befall;
 The next edition makes amends for all."

The "next edition" has not yet appeared, and is now, perhaps, further off than ever.





Thomas Randolph's "Poems."

THOMAS RANDOLPH, like Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley of a later period, was "one of those bright spirits, which burn too fast, cast a vivid flash over the time, and then suddenly expire. He seems to have been so supplied with vigour, both mental and corporeal, as to have started, pursued, and ended his race, by the time that the phlegmatic genius of other men is just ready for the course. He died before the age of twenty-nine, and yet can hardly be said to have lived a shorter time than other men; with such enjoyment did he consume his minutes, in such a state of excitement did he spend his days and nights; such a number of ideas flashed through his brain; so many kindred spirits doubled his gratifications by sharing his pleasures. He passed through the University, where the brilliance of his wit and the liveliness of his manners made him a general favourite; and where his talents ensured him success, and his poetical productions brought him in a large harvest of fame, which, on his removal from Cambridge to London, secured him a most cordial reception from the wits and poets of the metropolis. A band, which, with Ben Jonson at their head, was never more brilliant, active, joyous, and important, than when our young poet sparkled away his nights with them 'in those lyric feasts' at the Sun, the Dog, the 'Triple Tun,'

'Where they such clustres had
As made them nobly wild, not mad.'

He was soon joined with Cartwright, as the adopted son, in the

Muses, of Johnson himself, a distinction, which all who know the character of that great writer, will allow to be no ordinary proof of the qualifications of Randolph."

The biographical details relative to Randolph are very few. He was the second son of William Randolph, gentleman, of Hammes (now Hamsey), in the hundred of Barcombe, Sussex—the steward to Edward Lord Zouch. The poet was born in 1605, at the house of his maternal grandfather, Thomas Smith, of Newnham-cum-Badley, near Daventry, Northamptonshire. Randolph was baptized on June 15, 1605, and received his education at Westminster as a King's Scholar, and was thence chosen into Trinity College, Cambridge. He was matriculated a pensioner of Trinity College, July 8, 1624, and graduated B.A. in January, 1627–8, his name appearing eighth on the list of bachelors. He was admitted a minor fellow September 22, 1629, and major fellow March 23, 1631–2, when he proceeded M.A. In 1631–2 he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford. He died in March, 1634–5, but under what precise circumstances is not (according to his latest and most exhaustive editor, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt) known.

"Poems, by Thomas Randolph," of which we give an exact *facsimile* of the 1664 issue, is an exceedingly interesting book. It was one of the most popular books of poetry issued during the second quarter of the seventeenth century. In fourteen years no fewer than four editions were called for. The first edition, which appears to be less disfigured by typographical errors than any succeeding issue, appeared in 1638, in quarto. It was printed at Oxford by Leonard Lichfield, printer to the University, for Francis Bowman. The "Muse's Looking-Glass" and "Amyntas," which are included in this volume, have separate titles and paging, but the signatures are continuous. There are commendatory verses by O. Feltham, E. Gayton, Josiah Howe, Richard West of Christchurch, and the Editor. The second (1640) was also an enlarged edition, and also bore the Oxford imprint. It is in duodecimo, and has the engraved title by W. Marshall, containing a portrait of the author, and separate title-pages to each section of the book. The third (1643) and fourth (1652) editions, each in duodecimo, were printed and published in London. To the third edition was added "The Jealous Lovers," with a distinct title dated in some copies 1646. The third and fourth editions were "printed for F. Bowman, and are to be Sold by William Reynold at the Unicorne in S. Pauls Church-yard neer the little North-door."

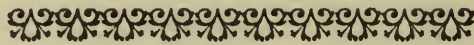
The fifth edition claimed to have "several additions" and to be "corrected and amended." It was "printed for F. Bowman, and are to be sold by Tho. Bowman, Bookseller in Oxford, 1664." This edition includes "Aristippus" and the "Conceited Pedlar," and all the portions have separate titles dated 1662. Another "fifth edition" with several additions corrected and amended, "printed by F. Bowman, and are



to be sold by John Crosley Book-seller in Oxford," came out in 1668, in small octavo, and is to some extent the *sixth* edition. But the only difference between this issue and that which immediately preceded it is comprised in the title-page, which alone is new. Our copy, also, of this "later fifth" does not possess the frontispiece, and there is nothing to indicate that the volume ever possessed this

adornment. It would be interesting to know if other existing copies of the 1668 issue show the same deficiency. This "later fifth" therefore, is nothing more than a piece of trickery on the part of the booksellers.

Robert Randolph, an M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, and a brother to the poet, acted as editor to the "Poems" of Thomas Randolph, but Mr. Hazlitt has printed, in his admirable two volume edition several inedited examples of the work of this entertaining writer.



A Veritable Battle of the Books.

THE last years of the eighteenth century were, in England, marked by a veritable battle of the books, waged by Bulmer and Bensley, with Bewick as the chosen artist, while the alliteration was rendered complete by the struggle centring upon Bulmer's "Boydell" and Bensley's "Bible." Of this famous Bible we learn that one copy was insured in a London insurance office for £3,000; that another was valued at 500 guineas; and still another bound for 75 guineas; while the binding of one copy of the Shakespeare amounted to £132. As a result of the mania bookbinding became a matter of great importance; the names of Charles Lewis and Roger Payne became widely known, and a woman, Mrs. Weir, who showed special skill in the renovation of old books, was honoured with a well-executed portrait in copper-plate. The "type-fever," as this epidemic was also called, led to the establishment of private presses, among which those of Hafod, Lee Priory, the Grange, and Auchinlech, are best known, and were generally devoted to the reproduction of limited editions of rare books in possession of the owner of the press. Nor should the royal press, which Queen Charlotte erected for her own amusement at Frogmore, be forgotten.





An Old Ballad : "The Trader's Medly."

PERHAPS the most interesting chapter in Mr. Ashton's delightful book entitled "A Century of Ballads," is that which deals with "Social Ballads." The "rough-hewn" verses in this section possess an importance and interest greatly beyond the fact that they are ancient, and that they embody all the "good points" which we are in the habit of associating with the ballad proper. They are full of allusions, for example, to the manners, customs, and tastes of periods of which we have only an imperfect impression. Contemporary ballads, therefore, are in many instances the almost sole records of habits and customs long since obsolete, and of events which are not chronicled in the pages of history.

We reproduce from Mr. Ashton's book one of the most curious examples in the "Social" section. It is a clever synopsis of the cries then in vogue, of the goods that were then hawked about, and in many instances of their prices, which, however, should be multiplied by three, to accord with our present monetary valuation. The title runs as follows : "The Trader's Medly : or The Cry of London. Being a pleasant copy of verses on the daily cries in London, from *Billingsgate* to *White-Chapelle Mount*,¹ and from thence to *Tuttle Street* ² in *Westminster*, relating all sorts of Hawkers and Petty Chapmen. To the tune of, 'When Cold Winter Storms are past.'"

¹ Close to the London Hospital. One of the fortifications thrown up by the Parliamentarians to protect London from the Royalists.

² Tothill.



Holly & Ivy or Misslto,
 Do you want any Greens your Houses¹ to strow,
 Old Cloathes to sell, or change for Earthern-ware,
 Do you want any damsons or Burgume Pare,
 Buy my Oranges or Lemmons.
 With dainty Ropes of Oinions,
 Come buy my Sweet Williams,
 Have you got any Kitchen stuff, maids.

Four pair for a shilling, Holland Socks,
 Your knives for to Grind, buy my ripe Apricocks,²

¹ Before carpets were in fashion some rooms were strewn with rushes and sweet-smelling herbs.

² ["Is not this word derived from a *præcox* or early plum?" asks Mr. Ashton, who does not appear to be aware that "Apricock" is merely a corruption of Apricot (*Armeniaca vulgaris*).—ED.]

Here's your sharp Vinegar, three pence a Quart,
Also new fresh Herrings, heres 8 for a Groat ;
Ends of Gold & Silver,¹
Ribbons² or Garters,
Buy my New Well-fleet Oysters,
Old Bellows, old Bellows to mend.

Buy my Cucumbers fit for the Pickle,
Any Cony-skins Maids, be they never so little,
Here's your Ripe Straw berries six-pence a pottle,
Any old Chairs to mend, any broken glass bottle,
Curds and Whay,
Will yo've anything to day,
If you must come away.
A Pot or a Kettle to mend.

Knives or Scissors, Buckles or Caps,
Here's an excellent Way to kill all your Ratts,
Hot Custards hot, for twopence a piece,
Will you buy any Walnuts, or old rotten Cheese,
Spectacles for your Noses,
Will you buy any Posies,
Of Curnations and Roses,
Do you want any Butter or Eggs?

Old shooes or boots, will you buy any brooms,
Maids, here's your fine brushes to scrub your rooms ;
A Cock or a Pullet, a Capon or Hen,
And heres your old Pin Man a coming agen ;
My Basket and Voider,
Rare Patches and Powder,
Come buy my sweet Flounder,
From Holland² here's a new Express.

Ripe Kentish Cherries for three pence a Pound,
Figg, Figg it away, for I tell you they'r sound,
Hot Pudding Pies, here's two for a Pennie,
Come buy my card Matches, as long as I've anie :
Flowers for your Gardens,
Come buy my bak'd Wardens,³
Heres two for a Farthing,
Will you buy my Furbeloe Pears?

Hot Spice Ginger-bread, Taffety Tarts,
Here's a dram of the bottle, to Comfort your hearts.

¹ {Lace}.

² Nearly all Continental news received in England, up to the middle of the last century, came *via* Holland.

³ Apples.

Dainty fine Ink, you'll lik't when you see't,
 Heres very good Trotters, with tripe and Neets feet,
 Come, come away Sir,
 Buy a pen Knife or a Razor,
 While I am at Leasure ;
 Have you got any Lanthorns to mend ?

Buy a sheet Almanack, hot Grey Pease,
 Come, see what you lack, and buy what you please :
 A brush for your Shooes, and combs for your hair ;
 Heres diddle, diddle, diddle dumplings, & Ladies fine Ware,
 Old Rags for money,
 If you've never so many,
 I'll buy more than any ;
 Heres Milk for a pennie a Quart.



The "Chronicles" of Monstrelet.

THIS work forms an immediate continuation of that of Froissart, and takes up the general history of Europe from the point at which that work concludes. Extending over a space of fifty-three years, these chronicles furnish as minute details of the occurrences of the times as the volumes of his celebrated predecessor, and they are further distinguished by the greater accuracy of the dates and the singular fidelity of his transcripts of public acts and original documents. This accuracy has rendered the "Chronicles" of Monstrelet one of the most valuable storehouses whence modern historians have drawn for the correction of the errors or misrepresentations of contemporary writers. But this business-like accuracy has not interfered with the spirited flow of narration, which so charms us in the pages of Froissart ; we may point to the account of the Battle of Agincourt, as a striking instance of his descriptive power.





The Early History of Books in Spain.

IN reviewing Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," the *Quarterly* made especial reference to the early stages of Spanish literature. The reviewer contended that, among other results, the Inquisition—"this grand iniquity"—blighted the opening buds of national literature,¹ which had been ushered in under happy auspices. In no country was printing so welcomed. Mendez attests the number of volumes which issued forth in the fifteenth century, when not many less printing-presses were at work than under Ferdinand VII. Isabella was the patroness of scholars, who have repaid her with immortality. She encouraged the admission of books free of duty, because, in the words of the decree of 1484, they brought honour and profit to the kingdom by the facilities they offered for promoting knowledge. At that period the royal councils were directed by the great Cardinal Mendoza—"the king cardinal"—the "third king of Spain." He was born of a family in which talent and patronage of talent were hereditary. He was brother to the Conde de Tendilla, the first and excellent governor of the Alhambra, by whose persuasion P. Martyr (the Politian and Ascham of Spain) was induced to leave Italy. P. Martyr was appointed tutor to Prince John: his schools were frequented by the sons of grandees, who then first began to "think that letters might be no obstacle to the profession of arms." Isabella encouraged this feeling. She employed the Spanish Erasmus, Antonio of Nebrixa,

¹ Mr. Prescott, in some very weak remarks, announces his surprise that the Inquisition should have been "revived at the moment of the revival of knowledge." It would have been very strange if the "Mystery of Iniquity" had not suggested some diabolical machinery for counteracting, or at least checking, the easily-foreseen consequences of mental illumination.

a pupil of Politian's, to translate his Grammar into Spanish, in order, as he states in the preface, "that religious women and virgins dedicated to God might know something of Latin without the participation of men."—Italy was to Spain what ancient Greece had been to Rome : Rome was the Athens to which they resorted : Rome provided learned men, and was the school of arts, taste, and literature to the rude and martial Spaniards. The allegories of Dante and sonnets of Petrarch were imitated by Juan de Mena and others. We have no room now for this wide and interesting subject, beyond the remark that the ballads, like native wild-flowers, are the original and real literature of Spain. Springing from the Moorish contest, they breathe the deep and serious thoughts of troubled times, the loyal military spirit of victory, or the plaintive lament of reverses : they are records of love, gallantry, and adventure : they are remarkable for the absence of the humour of the English, the venison pasties and flagons of Dian's foresters, and of the indecency and sensuality of the French, the gloomy spectres and horrors of the North, and even the fanciful genii of the Arabians. These distinctive peculiarities may be attributed to the censorship of ecclesiastics, the southern quality of the climate, the cheerful and temperate character of chivalrous troubadours.

The rapid progress of Spanish literature, under the patronage of Mendoza, is the best proof of its innate capabilities : the development was nipped by Ximenes, his successor, who, while founding universities, cut at the roots of all real improvement. His object was to make knowledge the handmaid of error, the vehicle for the diffusion of fallacy, a means to force mankind to think, not as they themselves, but as *Rome* chose. In Granada alone, under the pretence of destroying the Koran, he burnt 80,000 volumes of Arabian literature. Conde¹ attributes to this modern Omar the existing ignorance of Moorish agriculture and manufactures. The distinction between sacred and profane learning, devised by far-sighted bigotry, has always spurred on the destructive energy of fanatics. The library of the Marquis de Villena, the good duke Humphrey, the first Mæcenas of Spain, was burnt as "magical" by the monk

¹ Conde Xerif. Aledris, pref. p. 8. The Arabian library in the Escorial is a creature of accident, not design. A ship freighted with 3,000 volumes, not for the Spanish but Moorish king, was taken in 1611 by the former. The Moor offered a ransom, which was accepted, but not concluded, owing to a civil war in Barbary. *Accident* has since greatly diminished the treasure thus acquired by *accident*; and in spite of the Escorial and all that it does hold, there is less of Arabic *lore* in Spain than in any other European country.

Lope de Barrientos.¹ The records of Mexico were destroyed by another son of darkness, the mendicant Juan de Zummaraga; Torquemada burnt Hebrew Bibles at Seville; the bonfires of ignorance blazed far and wide—"in libros sævitum;" the impotent malice which provoked the magnificent indignation of a pagan philosopher—"scilicet *illo* igne vocem populi Romani et libertatem senatûs et *conscientiam* humani generis aboleri arbitrabantur." (Tacitus, Agr. ii.)

The vigorous intellect of Ximenes, devoid of wit, fancy, taste, or imagination, was calculated only for legal or exact studies; his sole relaxation was monkish casuistry; his fame as an encourager of learning is based on his celebrated Polyglot Bible, which is generally called the Complutensian, from having been published at Alcala (Complutum). We conceive that, during his sojourn in the forest, to which he always recurred as the happiest period of his life, he must have taken St. Jerome, the great hermit of his age and the prototype of biblical translators, as his model. Ximenes, a blind instrument in the hand of Providence, was the first to circulate the Bible, the sure antidote to those fallacies which he hoped to bolster up by fire and persecution. Bonner, the Torquemada of Wolsey, did precisely the same thing. Ximenes had, however, no idea of propagating a translation of the Scriptures among the laity or unlearned—the "vernacular" was fit only for godly treatises of pious men, legends and traditions. Thus when Talavera wished to translate them into Arabic for the Moors, he replied, "That truth was a pearl too precious for swine, and that whenever the Bible should be rendered into the vulgar tongue, it would be pernicious to Christianity;" meaning, by that slight misnomer, the errors of Rome. He contended (taking Pilate for his example!) that the three languages of the superscription on the cross were those only to be allowed; and he placed in the triple columns of his book the Latin version of St. Jerome *between* the Hebrew and the Septuagint, in order, as he states in the preface, that the version of the *Roman Church*, which represents *Christ* on earth, might occupy *his* position! Ximenes spared no expense in procuring learned men and ancient MSS. Leo X., to whom the book was dedicated, sent him many from the Vatican. It was begun in 1502 and finished on the 10th of January, 1517; the last sheet was brought to Ximenes shortly

¹ Ferdinand Gomez, the king's physician, wrote to Juan de Mena (the Spanish Chaucer) to say, that "this monk could no more read them than the Emperor of Morocco, nor understand them than the Dean of Ciudad Rodrigo." (Nic. Ant. Bib. Vet. x. 3, 155.)

before his death, when he thanked God that he had lived to see the completion of his greatest work. Leo X., who began to suspect the justice of Cardinal Pole's warning as to the danger of encouraging earning, and to foresee that the Bible would break up his monopoly of "profitable error," delayed the licence till 1520, the general publication till 1522; and the edition was limited to 600 copies. The original cost exceeded 50,000 ducats, a sum almost equivalent in present value to a quarter of a million sterling.¹ Biblical critics having differed with regard to the accuracy of the text, Professor Moldenhauer, in 1784, went to Alcala on purpose to examine the original MSS. He found that a librarian had (not at that time, as Mr. Prescott states, but), thirty-five years before, sold them as waste paper to a rocket-maker, who had worked them up in his vocation.

Ferdinand and Ximenes soon perceived the tendencies of a free press. Regulations were introduced in 1502 and concluded in 1558, when it was consigned entirely to the tender mercies of inquisitorial censorship under pain of death,

¹ It is now become very rare: a copy on vellum (of which three only were printed), and supposed to be the identical copy reserved by the cardinal, was sold in 1829 at the sale of Mr. Hibbert. It produced the sum of £522.



Early Bookbinding.

IN the early part of the fifteenth century sheets of paper stiffened and glued together, pasteboard in fact, began to supersede wooden boards. Vellum was much used for covering these boards without any ornamentation until 1510, when the art of stamping vellum was discovered, and there are many instances of the work of this period existing in old libraries, of which the stamped ornamentation has been most carefully and delicately executed. Calf leather appears to have come into use about the same time as vellum, though Dibdin mentions a specimen of stamped calf binding of the thirteenth century.



Lending Books.¹

BIBLIOPHILES love their books with a peculiar love which savours of vanity, with that same love of that which is one's own immortalized by Gavarni in the boast of the bourgeois proprietor: *My Wall*. In the same sense, with the same proud and pleased tone of voice, a bibliophile says "*My Books*;" he regards them with mixed feelings, into which enter at the same time vanity and modesty, pleasure and sadness, hope and fear.

If, in the hands of a great landlord, plaster becomes gold, so books become jewels in those of the bibliophile. Among them he dwells in peaceful calm, happy in their possession, and in a state of semi-Paradisaical enchantment. He passes hour after hour in looking at and after them, in "dressing" them, in dusting them, in fact, in valeting them, for books require as much attention to their toilette as any dudish Anglomaniac or Fifth Avenue "bud." He knows them page by page, and line by line; with them he has a thousand varied associations and infinite sweet and charming memories; he thinks in fact, with Montaigne, that these true and tried friends are still the best companions on the voyage of life.

The borrower, heedless, reckless bibliophage cares nothing about all this; into the midst of these learned pleasures he leaps like a fox into a hen-roost; he is smitten all at once with an overmastering hunger for reading; he bursts into the library and casts his baleful and lustful glances over the shelves on which are roosting the volumes that his mind is eager to assimilate, he implores with honied words, he calls the gods to witness that his borrowing is unavoidable, he swears that the book he hankers after shall be carefully covered, and kept under lock and key, far from prying eyes or meddling hands; he invokes your fraternal friendship, your sympathy, and promises faithfully to return the book in a week. It is the old fable

¹ By M. Octave Uzanne; translated by Mr. Halket Lord.

of the grasshopper begging of the ant. And the grasshopper is forgetful !

The ant should not allow himself to be beguiled. He should be calm and inflexible, and should invariably respond with a formal refusal. The bibliophile who lends a book does himself an injury ; his generosity will bring upon him affliction, sleeplessness and punishment. A good turn of this kind is invariably thrown away ; the distich that Charles Nodier wrote for Guibert de Pixérécourt sums up the truth :—

“ Of borrowed books the lot is hard ;
They're often lost, they're always marred.”

When a library is well classified, well ordered, and well catalogued, it should be a law of the Medes and Persians that no book be removed from it, not even for a single day. Richard Heber, the well-known English collector, used to say that a collector needed at least three copies of every book : one to show, one for his own private use, and one to lend his friends.

By a wise rule of the Sorbonne, put in operation in 1321, it was expressly forbidden that any book should be lent without exacting in exchange a pledge of even greater value than the book borrowed. Here is the text of the rule : *Ut nullus liber prestetur extra domum alicui nec socio nec extraneo sub juramento, nisi super vadium amplius valens et in re que servari potest : puta, auro, argento vel libro, et hæc vadia servantur in cista ad hoc deputata.* Richard de Bury said the same thing in the “ Philobiblion ” : If any one asks you for a book lend it, but require from him in exchange a pledge.

Louis X. asked the Faculty of Medicine to lend him a valuable manuscript written by Rasés, a celebrated Arabic doctor of the tenth century, in order that he might have it copied. The Faculty (1471) replied in effect that the book was very dear to them, but that, desirous of complying with his Majesty's wishes, they had delivered it to his envoy in consideration of certain pledges, silver plate and other securities, by him handed over as a bond for its safe return, in accordance with the statutes of the Faculty.

This pledge, which was a *sine qua non* in book-borrowing in the middle ages, is impossible perhaps nowadays. A simple refusal is alone possible.

The bibliophile who lends a book invariably has reason to repent it. He is from the first beset by vague fears and an odd feeling of uneasiness ; he feels that something or other is missing in his life,

and the gap left in his shelves by the absent volume makes him instinctively shudder.

"Nothing is less faithfully returned than books," sententiously observed one of the old moralists. A book lent is practically half lost, the most honest borrower gets used to the sight of it, he puts off its restitution from day to day, and arrives, without thinking it, at the conclusion, "This book might be mine, it ought to be mine, it is mine." Besides people are generally quite careless about others' books: for them, moist hands, cigar ash, dogs' ears, and what not! All these contribute to the defilement of the virgin pages.

Rarely does a vagrant book return undeteriorated; occasionally it may be but slightly spotted or with crumpled leaves, but more often the unfortunate volume bears indelible scars; its binding is bruised, its pages are torn, or its fly-leaves have been used for scribbling paper. André Chénier possessed a Malherbe, Barbou's sm. 8vo edition of 1776, with a life of the author and notes by Meusnier de Querdon;¹ he lent it, and Malherbe returned all spotted with ink and in a pitiable state. On the margin of the first page the inimitable poet of the . . . *longs corridors Sombres* wrote the following lines:—

"Some months ago I lent this book to a man who saw it on my table and immediately asked for it. I am very sure that he has never read it; the only use he has made of it is to upset his inkstand over it, in order to prove to me, perhaps, that he too knows how to commentate and cover margins with ink. May the good God pardon him and deprive him for ever of the inclination to ask me for books!"

The indignation of André Chénier was not very fierce; how many bibliophiles who are far from loving and appreciating Malherbe as Chénier did would have protested more vigorously!

A certain Spanish canon assassinated the purchasers of his books in order to regain possession of them—a terrible bibliomaniac truly, fit only for a lunatic asylum; but a reasonable bibliophile who should very devoutly consign ad Patres a borrower who returned to him a Mayence Bible covered with ink or grease could scarcely be blamed. Certainly we could plead extenuating circumstances for him.

Let us bear in mind the anecdote (Gasconne) of the two friends who were room-mates:—

¹ This copy annotated by Chénier passed to M. Tenant de Latour, and from him to M. Potier, in whose sale catalogue it is No. 922.

"Peter, are you asleep?" said one.

"Why?" replied the other.

"Because if you're not asleep I should like to borrow a *louis* of you."

"Then—I'm asleep."

So then, let us always sleep; let us be deaf to the suppliant and melting voice of the borrower, charm he never so wisely; let us hug our books like misers, selfishly if it so please people, however painful it may be to refuse. Let us take infinite care of our books and never lend them; that is the surest method of maintaining an equable mind, an undisturbed conscience, unclouded happiness, and the Paradisaical intoxication of our beloved treasures.



Fly Leaf Stanzas :

INSCRIBED IN LANCELOT CROSS'S "CHARACTERISTICS OF
LEIGH HUNT."

I.

How dear to all book-lovers,
Who love their fellow-men,
The names of HAZLITT, HUNT, and LAMB,
As wielders of the pen;
A mighty trio they, indeed,
Yet mightier in the love
That, bearing to humanity,
Raised them their foes above.

II.

With theirs, by all book-lovers,
Three other names are blent,
As their chosen of disciples—
"CROSS," IRELAND, and KENT :
Their kindliness of heart through *them*
Still purifies the earth,—
Their love of nature and of books—
Their literary work.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.



“Musica Ecclesiastica.”¹

WHENCE did such a title arise? Attention was called to it in the “Notes and Queries,” 1881, in a series of articles by Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, on the MS. in Magdalen College Oxford, which bore that title, written by John Dygoun, 1438, and presumed to have been composed by Walter Hilton, who is credited with having written a “Musica Ecclesiastica.” There are two of the MSS. in the British Museum, one (Roy. Coll. 8 C. vii.) which only contains an imperfect copy of Book I., and another (7 B. viii), which is a beautiful MS. of the whole work having this title. The Lambeth Library also contains two MSS., both bearing the same title, and one of these MSS. has the name of Walter Hilton, but the name is written by a later hand, who has also added “sive de Imitatione,” &c. Besides this, there is nothing to warrant the assumption that Walter de Hilton was the author of the work, though he may probably have been the introducer of it into this country. The date of the Magdalen College MS. may be older than the date given to the celebrated Kempis Codex of 1441, but this last was not the original, or if it was, the first four tracts now known under the name of the “Imitatio” must have been written several years sooner, as we have the Kirchheim MS., dated 1424, copied from one written by Thomas à Kempis, and there are at least fifteen dated MSS. which are older than that in Magdalen College. There is also a Carthusian MS., of the fifteenth century, from the Monastery of St. Michele of

¹ “Musica Ecclesiastica:” “The Imitation of Christ,” by Thomas Kempis, now for the first time set forth in rhythmic sentences, according to the original intention of the author; with a Preface by H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Pauls. 8vo. London: Elliot Stock, 1889.

Venice, said to be written by a Carthusian monk. According to Mittarelli it was thought to have been by Walter de Hilton, who wrote in 1430 a "*Musica Ecclesiastica*."

In the University Library, and in Emmanuel College, Cambridge, are MSS. called "*Musica Ecclesiastica*," as also in Trinity College, Dublin, is a translation with this title, and apparently the name was applied to the work in this country just as the "*Book of Internal Consolation*"¹ was the name generally given to it in France.

We seem to have no means of finding out why the work received this title ; parts of it may have been used as sequences ; still we can see, owing to Hirsche's investigations how appropriate the name is. Dr. Carl Hirsche having examined the Codex of 1441 with great care, observed that it was most strictly punctuated, and by paying attention to these points, he was enabled not only to find a better way of dividing the chapters, but a system of rhythm and even rhyme. He accordingly brought out an edition of the text, which is arranged as the author wished it to be, and which can be read as the author wished it read. Since then two translations, based on Hirsche's edition, have appeared, first that published by the Christian Knowledge Society, and now this one published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The first is a very good translation, but the translator has been content with arranging the paragraphs according to Hirsche's version, and not the lines ; and though the text is given in its entirety, certain words are left untranslated and relegated to the notes at the foot of the page. This new edition, with a preface by Dr. Liddon, has given the whole text, and in a rhythmic form, making a most valuable book of devotion, especially as the translator has divided the work into days, so that it will give reading for a year. Canon Liddon attributes the cause of the popularity of the book because "it seriously takes the moral teaching of our Lord in the Gospels as a rule of thought, feeling, and action." We think he might have added that some effect was made by the manner in which this teaching is given ; it quotes Scripture in such a way that the reader is unconsciously "carried away and can give no word of remonstrance." We are grateful that the Canon is sound on the score of authorship, as he concludes by saying "That the '*Imitation of Christ*,' now for the first time offered to English readers in its original form, will be widely welcomed the present writer cannot doubt." We could have wished that the translator had been more precise on this point, as he *seems* to hold the opinion of Renan, that though Thomas à Kempis may

¹ In France this name has been retained for a special translation which appeared first in the fifteenth century, and has often been reprinted.

not be the author, that it is to him that we owe its popularity, and yet there is no dubiety in the title.

The translator is evidently a man of power, but why should he speak of Kempis? Haemmerlin may sound pedantic, but if "of Kempis, or Kempen," why not use the usual à Kempis? He has the right feeling when he says that "Mysticism means that works in themselves are nothing; personal communion with God is everything," and he here gives the keynote of the book. As a specimen of the translation we quote the second paragraph of chapter i.

"His teaching passes all the teaching of the saints,
And he who has the spirit of Christ
Would find the manna hidden there.
But it is thus, that many a man,
Hearing the gospel ever and again,
Feels for it little longing,
Because the Spirit of Christ is none of his.
Yet he who would in all their fulness
Taste and know the words of Christ,
Must study to make all his life like in its beauty unto His."

The translator seems to have taken great pains to get at the exact meaning, and often paraphrases a passage rather than give the mere literal meaning. He thinks the word *grace* too hackneyed, and renders it by varied fuller expression. This leads him to protest in a note against the translation of John i. 16, by "grace for grace," which the Revisers have not altered. He says "the phrase means a continual recurrence of kindnesses;" in which we find he is backed up by Alford, Bengel, Delitsch, and Meyer. "Ever-increasing grace" must be the meaning of *grace on grace*.

In the 54th chapter of the 3rd Book—"Book of Inward Consolation"—the translator, instead of the common words *Nature* and *Grace*, uses the terms "Life of Man," and "Life touched by God": "My son, heed carefully the ways of man's life, and of life when touched by God."

Would not the "natural man" and the "spiritual" have been less formal. The translator has followed the order of the Brussels Codex, which is certainly the most natural. (1) "Warnings (why not admonitions?) useful to a Spiritual Life." (2) "Warnings to draw us to the Inward Life." (3) "A Pious Encouragement to the Holy Communion," and lastly, "The Book of Inward Consolation."

There are at least twenty different translations in English, yet this new one will be indeed welcomed as a useful addition, especially for continuous reading, as in carefully reading it new beauties appear, especially if read aloud.

L. A. W.

Some Literary Epigrams.

FROM "A Select Collection of Epigrams, many of them Original,"
by Thos. Clio Rickman (London: 1796, 12mo), we extract the
following examples:—

ON DR. TRAPP'S TRANSLATION OF "VIRGIL."

Mind but thy preaching, Trapp, translate no further,
Is it not written, "Thou shalt do no murder?"

ON SEEING A PIPE LIGHTED WITH ONE OF THE LAUREAT'S ODES.

While the soft song warbles George's praise,
From pipe to pipe the living flame conveys;
Criticks who long had scorn'd—must now admire,
For who can say his ode now wanteth fire?

BY DAVID GARRICK, ON DR. HILL'S FARCE CALLED "THE ROUTE."

For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

TO L——S M——S.

Thy verses are eternal, O my friend!—
For he that reads them reads them to no end.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to shew it,
That every fool is not a poet.





A Curious Preface.

IN November, 1558, there was "imprynted in London by John Kingstone for Nicholas Inghlande, dwellinge in Poule's Churchyarde," a book, now extremely scarce, entitled "The Secretes of the Reverende Maister Alexis of Piemount, containing excellent remedies against divers diseases, woundes, and other accidents, with the manner to make distillations, parfumes, confitures, diynges, colours, fusions, and meltynge. A worke well approved, verye profytable and necessary for every man. Translated out of Frenche into English by Wylyam Warde."

The book itself is quaint and curious in the extreme, affording many an instance of mediæval credulity and medical lore. We, however, only propose to reproduce the "address to the reader," as giving one of the most remarkable reasons ever recorded for the publication of a work.

"Don Alexis" thus writes: "They that have knowen me in time past, or to speake plaine, have used me familierly all my lyfe time, can peradventure tel how God, by His great goodnes, hath made me to be borne of a noble house and bloude (according to the commune, I will not saye vayne, persuasion of them, that stablish nobilitie more in the merites of another man than in our own), and that, besides this, I have alwaies had my pleasures, and great plentie of riches, yea farre passenge the smallnes of my desertes, I will yet saye more (not to boast or to avaunce myself, but to the ende to reforme the gentill reader, and to geve thanks unto God) that there be many which knowe, how I being given even from my first youth unto study, have gotten not only the knowledge of the Latin, Greke, Caldei, and Arabic tonge, and also of divers other nations and countrees. But above al thinges havinge by a natural inclination,

taken a singular pleasure in Philosophy, and in the secretes of nature, have wandered and travailed abroad in the worlde the space of xxvii years, to the intent to acquainte myself with all sortes of learned and discrete men. By the which diligence and curiositie I have learned many goodlie secretes, not alonely of men of great knowledge and profound learning, and noble men, but also of poore artificers, peysantes, and all sortes of men. Moreover, I have been thre times in Levant, and sondry times have travailed almost all other partes of the worlde, without resting or sojourning at any time in one place above v moneths. Now, this my study and desire of knowledge, as well of the universall sciences, as of particular secretes, and althoughe it was given to me by nature, as to the most part of men (for every man by an instincte of nature desyreth to knowe thinges), yet have I alwayes been noseled up by a certain ambition or vainglorie to knowe that which another should bee ignorante of ; which thyng hath grafted in me, a continuall niggardnesse or sparing to distribute or communicate any of my secretes, yea unto my most singular frendes that I had : saing that if the secretes were knowen of every man, thei should no more bee called secretes, but publike and common.

“Now it chaunced these few daies past, being in Milan in the fowerskore and twoo yere and secnd moneth of myne age, that a poore artificer was marvelously tormented with the stone. The Cysurgen that dressed him, knowing well that I had many secretes, and singularly for the stone, came to me and requested that I would teche him the receipte, or at least to give him the medecine, composed and ready made for the health of the patiente. But I perceiving that he would use other mennes things for his owne profite and honour, refused to give it hym, but willed him to bring me unto the sicke man and that I myself would minister the medecine unto him gratis. The Physicion either fearyng blame if it should bee knowen that he had recourse to the aide of another man, having peradventure bosted that he had the secrete himself, or else in the meane tyme, still to make his profite in dissembling the matter, and differying it yet twoo daies more with diverse excuses and colours, untill he brought me to the patiente, whom at my commynge I found so near his ende, that after he had a little lifted up his iyes, casting them piteously towarde me, he passed from this into a better lyfe, not having any neede, neither of my secrete nor any other receipt to recover his health. With this case I was moved to such a compassion and sorowe, that not onely I wished myself evill, but also I desired to die ; seeing my ambition and vaine glorie to have been the cause

that this poore man was not succoured with the remedy and gifte that God the Father and Lorde of us all had given me. Wherefore so greate was the remorse of conscience in me, that desyring to sequesterate myselfe from the worlde, and not findyng myself of suche a disposition of minde that I could live in a monasterie among religious menne, better edified than I, I was at the laste fully resolved with myselfe to choose a place separate from any toun, where I have a little land, some bookes, and a studie, for to avoid idlenes.

“But yet not havynge the power to put out of my fantasie, but that I was a very homicide and murtherer for refusing to give the Physicion the receipt and remedie for the healyng of this poore man. I have determind to publish and communicate to the worlde all that I have, beyng assured that fewe other menne have so many as I, and minding to set forth none, but suche as bee most trooe and proved. I have these daies paste (taken partly out of my Bookes, and partlie out of my memory, all those that came to hand) made a collection of such as I am certaine bee veritable, true, and experimented, not caring if some of them be written or printed in any other bookes than this. For of this my collection the reader, as touching those, maie at the least take this utilitee and profite, that whereas before he mought have doubted, whether suche remedies sette forth by another manne, were true or not, he shall bee now assured under the affirmance of my faith. For truely I would not sette myselfe (being in the age and disposition bothe of bodie and mynde that I am nowe in) to write fables or lies that shoulde continue alwaies. But of one poynt I will advertise the reader and that is that he dooe the thynges with good diligence and that in medecines concerning manne’s bodie he use the ayde and helpe of physicions, assuringe himselfe that (as I have sayd) there is nothing in this boke but is true and experimented. And giving alwayes glorie and praise to God onely for all, have a good hope that by meane of His divine grace I will consequently make you a present of the rest of all that I have gotten in so many travailes, voyages, costes and diligente studye.—FAREWELL.”

F. CHERRY.



Dickens and Dotheboys' Hall.

IN connection with the recent newspaper statements to the effect that Dickens's scathing exposure of certain Yorkshire schools, under the generic title of Dotheboy's Hall, was a gross misrepresentation, we reproduce the following advertisement—kindly forwarded by Mr. H. Halliday Sparling—which is said to have caused Dickens to make inquiries into the subject. The announcement appeared in the *Star in the East*, published at Wisbech, Cambs., October, 1, 1836.

“ EDUCATION,

“ BY MR. SHAW, AND ABLE ASSISTANTS,

“ *At Bowes Academy,*

“ NEAR GRETA BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.

“ YOUTH are carefully instructed in the English, Latin and Greek Languages ; Writing, common and decimal Arithmetic ; Book-keeping, Mensuration, Surveying, Geometry, Geography, and Navigation, with the most useful branches of the Mathematics ; and are provided with Board, Clothes, and every necessary, at

“ TWENTY GUINEAS PER ANNUM EACH.

“ N.B.—The French Language Two Guineas per Annum extra.

“ Further particulars may be known on application to Mr. Stewart, 68 Cheapside ; Mr. Hampson, 52 Long Lane, Smithfield ; [and several others].

“ Mr. J. Metcalfe, Agent, 38 Great Marylebone St., will give the most respectable references to the Parents of others at the above Seminary, as well as those who have completed their Education with Mr. Shaw.

“ Each boy is requested to bring two suits of clothes, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, two night-caps, two pocket-handkerchiefs, two pair of shoes, two hats, or one hat and cap.

“ Mr. Shaw attends at the George and Blue Boar, High Holborn, the three first weeks in the months of January and July, from twelve to two o'clock, daily.”



The Greek Chorus and Parthenon.

AMONG the numerous phases of the character of the Greek Theatre, one of the most interesting is that of the "Chorus," which is briefly described as a group of males and females remaining on the stage and supposed to behold what passes on the stage in a tragedy ; sing their sentiments between the acts, and sometimes took part in the performance. The Rev. J. Verschoyle, in his useful and interesting chapter on Greek literature and art, in "The History of Ancient Civilization" (Chapman and Hall), gives his readers a delightful word-picture of the origin and character of the Greek Theatre. Dramatic poetry, he tells us, developed out of the hymns sung by rustic worshippers at the festivals of Dionysius in honour of the god and relating some of his adventures. At his festivals, the leader of the chorus which sang his adventures gradually began to represent the character of the god himself. Thus from the choral hymn, the dithyramb, sung to Dionysius, arose tragedy (the goat song). The first to develop the dithyramb, observes the same author, was Arion (600 B.C.), who organized a trained choir of fifty to move around the altar. Thus the Dorians made the first step in the development ; but further progress was due to the Athenians. Thespis (536 B.C.) changed the plan of the dialogue by making it no longer between the leader or coryphæus and the chorus, but between the coryphæus and one of the chorus, who was called the Answerer. Phrynichus of Athens made some improvements, but to Æschylus, an Athenian, who first competed for the tragic prize in 500 B.C., the real development of tragedy is due. He introduced

a second actor, and the dialogue thus became at once independent of the chorus, and superior to the choral song. The introduction of a third actor was the work of Sophocles in 468 B.C.

The Greeks did not shut themselves into a smoky hall. In the open air, under their beautiful blue sky, they listened to songs and



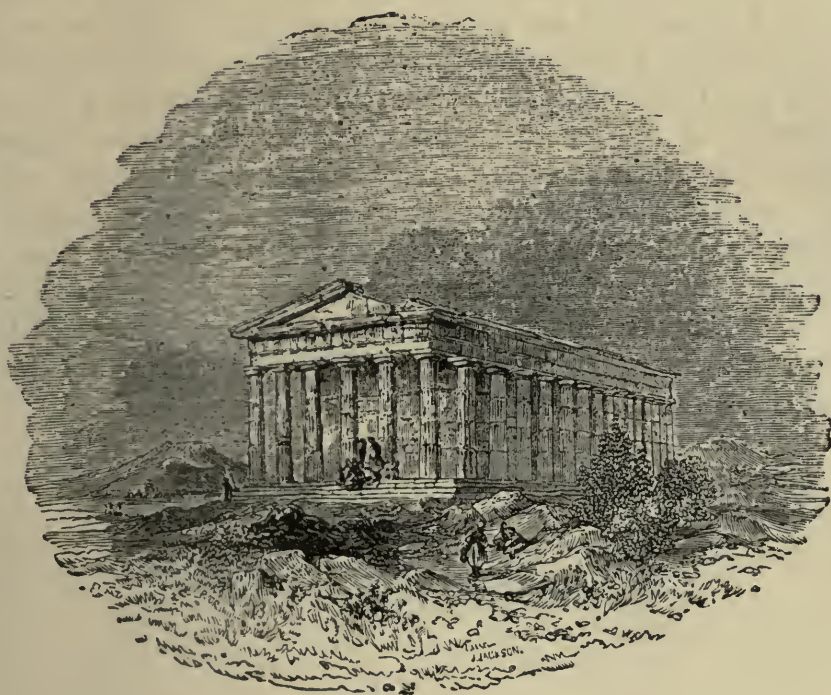
THE CHORUS, TRAGEDY.

recitations which enthralled them during entire days. The temporary wooden stage gave place to the great theatre of Dionysius, begun 500 B.C., in a semicircular shape, at the foot of the Acropolis. The lower seats were artificial; the upper seats were hewn in the solid rock of the Acropolis. The theatre held over twenty thousand persons. Placed on a raised stage, the actors wore masks, and in order to be better seen their feet were shod with thick-soled buskins, which increase their height. The chorus remained in a place reserved for them in front of the stage and orchestra. In the middle of the orchestra was the Thymele, or altar of Dionysius. This was the centre of the movements of the chorus. A high wall pierced with three doors, that closed the stage from behind, was the scene. The scene was always the same, either a temple or the portico of a palace in tragedy, or in comedy a private house or street in

Athens, but the spectacular effect was enhanced by the situation, for before and beneath the audience Mount Hymettus was visible, sloping down to the sea, where in the distance the white sails of the passing ships gleamed in the sun. No curtain was used, except in a few tragedies, such as "Ajax," where the curtain was drawn up to

conceal a change of background. The intervals were filled by the choral songs, which divided the tragedy into acts. It must always be remembered that the theatre was for religious instruction rather than pastime ; it was a sacred place. The seat of honour was given to the priest of Dionysius, and the best places on either side belonged to priests and magistrates. Tragedy and comedy alike were regarded as public worship.¹

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, we reproduce an illustration of the Chorus Tragedy, from Mr. Verschoyle's work ;

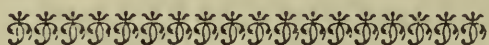


THE PARTHENON.

and also one of the Parthenon, which plays so important a part in the literary history of ancient Greece. The Parthenon, the supreme work of Greek architecture, was a festive edifice and treasure-house, erected in place of the ancient Hecatompedon, on the highest point of the Acropolis. The design of Ictinus, the chief architect, seconded by Callicrates, was sanctioned by Phidias and Pericles. The material was marble from Pentelicus, and the architecture Doric. The dimensions were not colossal. The length was 226 feet, the breadth 100

¹ "The History of Civilization," pp. 160-1.

feet ; the height to the apex of the pediment was 65 feet. It was, however, in the plastic embellishments of the building by the art of Phidias that the supreme effect was gained. Forty colossal figures and four thousand square feet of high and low relief were inspired by his genius when they did not actually proceed from his chisel. The triangular area of the spaces formed by the oblique ledges of the roof on the east and west fronts of the building was filled with colossal sculptures ; on the east, the assembly of the Olympian gods with Athene in their midst beside her father, Zeus ; on the west, Athene with her following of Attic divinities by the side of Poseidon, who is followed by the dæmons of the sea. The contest is for the prize of Athens, and the more savage god has to give way. The metopes between the triglyph blocks were adorned with sculptures—ninety-two tablets, each four feet three inches square, filled with sculptures in high relief—Athene fighting against the Gigantes, Theseus against the Amazons and Centaurs ; order and law against rude strength and violence. Lastly, a frieze within the circuit of columns passed along the outer walls of the cella, a band three feet four inches high and 528 feet long, containing a representation in low relief of the Panathenæan procession. A number of slabs from the frieze and metopes and colossal fragments are in the British Museum.



Pamphlet Shops.

IN the earlier part of the last century the pamphlet was the universal medium through which abuses were exposed and ministers criticised. The growth of the newspaper has struck the death-knell of these “leaves of an hour.” “Sold at the Pamphlet Shops of London and Westminster” is an imprint commonly seen on title-pages up to the beginning of the second half of the last century. There were a number of “Pamphlet Shops” near Covent Garden, the Exeter Exchange, in Westminster Hall, and other bookselling localities.



French Booklovers' Societies.

CH God of gods of Zion! what a rushing river of joy gladdens my heart as often as I have a chance of going to Paris! There the days seem always short, there are the goodly collections on the delicate fragrant bookshelves!" Such wrote the great English book-lover, Richard de Bury, between five and six centuries ago. And the Paris of to-day is the happy hunting ground of the lover of books—especially of beautiful books. France is famous for its "Société's des Bibliophiles," which have been, at various times, started in Nantes, Bordeaux, Montpellier, Tours, Rouen and Lyons, to say nothing of Paris herself. Whilst John Bull gathers all his learning, some of his wisdom, and by no means a small percentage of his gullibility, in the many antiquarian societies throughout the land, and attempts to infuse animation, with cold collation and bottled beer, into dull and dry theories about nothing in particular, the French not only indulge in delightful little dinners, but have the satisfaction of adding to their shelves books which are eternal joys, not only because they are beautifully got up, but because they may at any time be sold at a premium. The *transactions* of many of our societies are usually sold at a discount, and may often be had for the asking.

The two leading societies of the type just indicated, are the "Société des Amis des Livres" of Paris, and another of the same name which exists at Lyons. The Parisian society is naturally the more influential. It was founded in March 15, 1874, when the first meeting was held, but its *statuts* were not approved by government

until six years afterwards. This society is limited to fifty, who must reside in Paris, and twenty-five foreign or provincial corresponding members. The members of this society dine together on the first Tuesday in every month, when not only are the doings of the society discussed, but, as Mr. H. S. Ashbee¹ has expressed it, "to converse about their own treasures, and to communicate to each other their bouquinistic *trouvailles* of the mouth;" for, according to M. Charles Nodier, "Après le plaisir de posséder des livres, il n'y en a guère de plus doux que celui d'en parler, et de communiquer au public ces innocentes richesses de la pensée qu'on acquiert dans la culture des lettres."

The chief aim of this society is not, as it would seem, the republication of rare, curious or otherwise desirable books of an ancient date. The object, therefore, is to issue to its members comparatively recent books of established reputation, but with illustrations by the most famous artists, and printed and bound in a manner calculated to transport the bibliophile as near Elysium as it is possible in this world. The first book published by the society is "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée, and this work, in two volumes is "illustrée de thirty-one compositions dessinées et gravées à l'eau forte par Edourd Morin," M. Paillet undertaking to see it through the press. In all, eight books have been issued by this society, including works of Henry Murger, Victor Hugo, and Edmond About. As the publication of works does not more than about average one in two years, it will be seen that the "Société des Amis les Livres," takes what we may call its "superlative" pleasures only occasionally, upon the plea perhaps that it is possible to have too much even of a good thing. In addition, however, to these special publications the *Annuaire* appears with a commendable and proper regularity, and it generally contains articles by various members, besides a detailed statement of the financial position of the society, of which it may be mentioned, the honorary president is the Duc d'Aumale, and M. Eugène Paillet the working president. In reference to subscriptions, we may quote from the "Règlement Intérieur," which appears in each *Annuaire*:—III. "Tout sociétaire est soumis à un droit d'entrée et à une cotisation. Le droit d'entrée est de cinquante francs pour les membres fondateurs et de cent francs pour les nouveaux titulaires. Les membres de la Société anciens et nouveaux paient une cotisation annuelle de soixante francs ou une somme de mille francs une fois

¹ A graphic account of one of these meetings appears in the *Bibliographer*, May, 1882, by Mr. Ashbee.

versée. Il peut être fait par le Comité remise partielle de cette cotisation, mais titre de mesure générale." Corresponding members pay thirty francs per year, but they are only admitted to the "réunion de la Société," by special consent of the committee.

The kindred society at Lyons—"La Société des Amis des Livres de Lyon"—has only been established just over twelve months, and much of its best work remains to be done. It was founded September 10, 1887, under the auspices of M. Gastave Rubattel, who is president. The aim of the two Societies is, as will be gathered from the following, as nearly identical as possible:—"qui par leur exécution typographique et par le choix des illustrations qui les enrichissent, contribuent au développement de l'amour des livres et soient un encouragement pour les peintres et les graveurs aussi bien qu' un motif d' emulation pour les imprimeurs français." The society is cosmopolitan and consists of fifty members. The President is elected for two years only. And at the general meeting in February, all volumes which have not found owners are burned, and the plates, sketches, proofs, rejected designs &c., are destroyed; the original designs which have been engraved are sold by auction to the members. In literary history, Lyons is in the foremost place among the provincial towns of France, and the society of Bibliophiles is bound to prosper there. It may be interesting to point out, that in 1846, the "Société des Archéologues et des Bibliophiles Lyonnais," issued a list of members, rules of the institution, its organization, and so forth, but this society is said to have never been constituted at all!

The most recent candidate for favour among the bibliophiles threatens to completely overshadow the two societies to which reference has already been made. The "Projet de Formation d' une Société d' Amateurs de Livres sous cette dénomination: Les Bibliophiles Contemporains" was published in a recent issue of *Le Livre*, and it has been reprinted and sent to the leading and best known bookworms of the world.

It is the outcome of a good deal of thought and attention on the part of Mr. Octave Uzanne, who is the well-known and able editor of *Le Livre*, and the author of numerous books about books. M. Uzanne writes with all the enthusiasm of a true book-lover, beginning with an account of the "Origine du projet." From our friend, M. B. H. Gausseron (also of *Le Livre*), we learn that the movement is an assured success. And so far, M. Uzanne's sleepless nights and laborious days have not gone for naught.

The society will consist solely of amateur book-lovers; so that

booksellers, publishers, bookbinders and printers will find the doors closed to them. A few exceedingly rare exceptions will perhaps be made in the cases of retired publishers, whose knowledge of the trade may be found useful to the society. But they must not, directly or indirectly, contaminate their souls with the turning of an honest penny by trading. This perhaps is a wise restriction ; for history affords us with many examples of the irrepressible bookseller driving his own wheelbarrow under the most extraordinary circumstances.

The total number of members is to be about one hundred and fifty or two hundred at the outside. These are to be no "corresponding members." Foundation members are to pay no entrance fee, which, however, will be strictly claimed from their successors without exception. Five hundred francs will form the entrance fee ! The annual subscription of the members will be from forty francs to fifty francs, which will go towards defraying the expenses of the *Annuaire*, and various other items, including rent of the office—for we understand that "Les Bibliophiles Contemporains" intend doing it in fine style all round. They purpose, *inter alia*, dining together in Paris two or three times each year. In addition, however, to the *Annuaire*, the members will have the privilege of acquiring certain modern works, specially illustrated, and beautifully got up, at prices which "slide" between twenty francs and two hundred francs. "Ces publications seront tirées au Nombre exact des sociétaires, plus *Dix Exemplaires* destinées aux libraires de la société, et qui serviront de base à une speculation destinée à flatter les vanités légitimes des sociétaires-souscripteurs. Ces dix exemplaires seront acquis par les libraires de la société le double du prix payé par les sociétaires. Le prix marchand sera ainsi aussitôt à cent pour cent de plus value." So that, unless by some unforeseen result, a fall in "luxurious" books occurs, members are to some extent assured of a safe, and perhaps also of a profitable concern. We are glad that the optimistic views of M. Octave Uzanne are being realized, and we, at the same time, regret that there is no similar society in existence in this country. It is not from a lack of book-lovers.

W. ROBERTS.





Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day.

MR. HENRY SPENCER ASHBEE.

MR. ASHBEE is a model book-lover, and his library in his house in Bedford Square is a charmingly arranged retreat. Apart from an extensive collection of what are generally called "books of reference," he has some very remarkable examples of rare and curious works. If a book were cognisant of great events in its own career, it would certainly regard its deposit in Mr. Ashbee's collection as a "red-letter" day: for, in the first place, it would not gain admittance unless it were perfect and rare; and it would, in the second, be at once placed in an appropriate and luxurious dress, which is at once the delight of the true bookworm and the envy of the poorer members of the fraternity. A great many book-collectors care little for the outward and visible appearance of a book so long as it is complete, and when a man happens to be both poor and an inveterate book-buyer, the implied indifference to fine bindings is easily accounted for.

Very hard things have been said about grangerized books, and it must be admitted that the system has its drawbacks—especially to those who purchase books from which a number of prints have been extracted. But Mr. Ashbee's copy of Nichols' "Literary Anecdotes"—a work which lends itself admirably to extra illustration—is almost a perfect specimen of the art. The original work in nine volumes is extended to thirty-four, there being upwards of 5,000 additional portraits, views, and so forth. The labour is one which has been carried on for a number of years, and represents a con-

siderable expenditure ; and we must admit that the result justifies the enormous outlay of time and study. The volumes are beautifully bound in morocco by Mr. Roger de Coverley, whose excellent work is not nearly so well known as it should be. The value of this very fine series of Nichols will be much enhanced, and its utility greatly increased, when Mrs. Ashbee's index to the extra illustrations is finished.

A work, of which there is probably not another copy in England, is the "*Tafvel-Galleri från Stugor i Dalom*," published at Stockholm nineteen years ago. It is certainly one of the most extraordinary volumes ever issued from the press. It contains an exact reproduction of a number of Biblical subjects painted by the Dutch peasants on the walls of their houses. Those unaware that the pictures are drawn in the most perfect good faith would instantly condemn them as blasphemous caricatures of scriptural incidents. The ideas of ancient architecture and dress entertained by the Swedish peasants are perfectly ludicrous, and among an almost endless number of extraordinary things which one notices in turning over the leaves of this quaint book we may mention the peculiarly small feet of each individual represented, and the prim and "exact" outline of the trees and shrubs. Some of the pictures are coloured ; and perhaps the most notable being that in which Elijah is depicted in the act of ascending into heaven, and that in which Jonah is seen cast out of the capacious mouth of a tremendous fish. Supposing that Jonah was about 5ft. 10in. in height, his late residence is represented as being at least a quarter of a mile long !

A copy of "*Les Contes Rémois*," by the Comte de Chevigné, the best work of its kind since the days of Lafontaine, is quite unique in the manner in which one of Mr. Ashbee's copies is illustrated. The volume itself is a tiny one printed in 1885, but it is "extra-illustrated" by a number of original pen-and-ink drawings specially executed for Mr. Ashbee by M. Chauvet—each poem having a charming little illustration. Another remarkable French work is the "*Promenades Japonaises*," appropriately and effectively bound in Japanese deer skins, with native designs, brought from the land of the Mikado by the subject of the present notice himself. In a library of a collector whose taste is at once severe and catholic one takes the surprises fairly coolly after a time ! But Mr. Ashbee has so many original ideas about bookbinding that an unsophisticated dabbler becomes somewhat bewildered ! The method, for example, which is employed in the binding of M. Uzanne's beautiful but generally expensive books is certainly one which we strongly commend to our readers,

Instead of binding the original covers as separate and distinct pages—as when it is done at all is almost invariably the case—Mr. Ashbee has had the elegant satin covers of “*L’Ombrelle*” (the “*Umbrella*”) and “*L’Eventail*” (the “*Fan*”) immediately attached to the inside of the permanent binding at either end, and even the original backs are carefully placed on a fly-leaf. By this method an accurate idea can be obtained of the appearance of the book in its original state. Many collectors would not trouble themselves with such small matters, but it is surprising how greatly they add to the charm of a book. Many outer wrappers, of course, are not worthy of preservation, but one never knows what book may become sought after in its original state!

Mr. Ashbee has made a special study of Chodowiecki—the Cruikshank of Germany. He has a unique collection of prints from drawings by this artist—disposed in nine portfolios—to say nothing of the walls of the staircases being literally lined with other examples in frames. In books, also, he has a fine edition of “*Clarissa Harlowe*,” translated by Le Tourneur, and illustrated by Chodowiecki (10 vols., Geneva, 1785); and also a remarkable edition of “*Tristram Shandy*,” in German (1769), which is remarkable, not only as showing how soon this immortal work became popularized on the Continent, but also as containing a number of plates by Hogarth reproduced from the English edition, besides a number by Chodowiecki. It would be interesting to know how the “plates” of the Hogarth illustrations became transferred to Germany. A volume containing a collection of etchings by Callot bears the book-plate of “*Rosina Bulwer Lytton*,” who was, we believe, the hardly-used wife of the well-known novelist.

Although Mr. Ashbee’s books are probably for the most part foreign, he has a large number of English works which command “fancy” prices when they occur in the sale-room. For example, we observed an unusually fine copy—beautifully bound, of course—of “*The English Spy*,” with coloured plates and vignettes of scenes from the life, and illustrated with portraits of living characters by R. Cruikshank. All the original covers are intact. We noticed also a fine copy of that quaint book of a quaint author, Coryat’s “*Crambe, or, his Colwort*” (1611), which, like the same writer’s “*Crudities*,” is very rare in good condition; and also a most enviable copy of Samuel Rogers’ “*Italy*” and “*Poems*” (first edition), with Stothard’s and Turner’s beautiful illustrations. To see Rogers’ poems cheek-by-jowl with the eccentricities of Coryat is one of the many surprises one meets with in a library where a wise catholicity of taste is observable.

Very many charmingly got-up French books might occupy pages of praise. As Mr. Ashbee is a member of the two societies of "Les Amis des Livres," to which reference was made in the last issue of *THE BOOKWORM*, we are not surprised at seeing a number of the dainty publications with which the members of these societies periodically present themselves. In one case only 115, and in another only 45, copies are printed, so that they are in a sense rare books. In Paris the "Librairie des Bibliophiles" issues different books got-up in a very sumptuous manner; and Emile Lévy's translation of Longus's "Daphnis et Chloe," with the designs of Giaconcelli, is about as perfect a treasure as any book-lover could wish to possess.

One of Mr. Ashbee's most noteworthy rarities is a copy of Sainte-Beuve's "Livre d'Amour," bound up with the same author's "Portraits des Femmes." Almost so soon as the former volume was issued the author determined to suppress it—the compromising character of the work rendering such an extreme course absolutely necessary—and the result was that very few copies are now in existence. The author's own corrections in the copy now in Mr. Ashbee's possession render the book a very interesting and desirable one to students of this eminent author. It is fully described in *Le Livre*, of December, 1888.

The "Cérémonies de Coutumes Religieuses de tous les peuples du monde," is one of the noblest books produced in any country during the first quarter of the last century. With the two later volumes dealing with the ancient and modern superstitions, the complete work forms eleven folio volumes. The illustrations, of which there are 266, are very carefully and admirably done from designs by Picart—indeed, we do not remember to have seen anything in English work of the same period which can be at all compared with this remarkable production, which first appeared in Amsterdam in 1723, and which was republished at Paris, in 1741, in seven volumes. The original edition, which contains a very fine frontispiece and a quantity of matter omitted from the Parisian issue, is by far the more valuable. In some editions of the "Manuel," Brunet gives an exhaustive account of each edition, of each of which Mr. Ashbee has a copy. Of Bayle's valuable work, and of Chauffepié's continuation, he has also copies, which, notwithstanding their great value to all French students, are very rarely met with in this country. But even Bayle is greatly enhanced by the admirable index given in Desoer's octavo edition.

The works of all the great French book-lovers and savants are in

Mr. Ashbee's library, many of them being presentation copies. Here, for instance, do we find a fine series of books, great and small, of the late Paul Lacroix—the well-known “Bibliophile Jacob,” of whom Mr. Ashbee was an intimate friend and the recipient of many of his characteristic letters. The same remark may be also applied to M. Gustave Brunet, many of whose delightful and useful books about books ought to be translated into English.

But in spite of many temptations in the way of “uniques,” “first editions,” and “rarities,” we must not forget the limits of our space. And so we cannot perhaps do better than conclude with a brief reference to one of the most extraordinary hoaxes ever perpetrated on *littérateur*. In the summer of 1840 the book-buying public was startled at receiving a catalogue of books—each being described minutely—to be sold by auction at Binche, a small and out-of-the-way town in Belgium, on August 10, 1840, at one o'clock. The vendors generously offered to execute commissions for all to whom the catalogue was sent. Every one was completely taken in by the circumstantial manner in which the preliminary announcements were made. The next the anxious bookworms heard of the affair was that it was a “sell”—that “the late M. Fortsas” never had either existence or books—and more than that, the whole of their letters with commissions to purchase, were printed together in a book—which was beautifully got-up. The rage of the book-collectors was naturally intense, for they were mercilessly ridiculed by the whole world! M. Renier Chalon was the perpetrator of this cruel joke. Mr. Ashbee possesses not only a copy of the catalogue, but copies of the handbills which were sent around to the various booksellers.

A BOOKHUNTER.



Dates in Old Books.

IT almost seems as if the printers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries took special pains to transform the dates of their books into mathematical enigmas. Some used Roman letters, and others still mixed the two together. The following is a table of such dates as would be likely to present difficulties to the average bookman, with translations into Arabic numerals :—

VIII ou IX.....	9	MCDXCIX	1499
XXXX ou XL.....	40	M cccc iCi	1500
XXC ou LXXX	80	MD	1500
XC ou LXXXX	90	MCDCH	1502
CCCC ou CD	400	M.DXLIX	1549
D ou IO	500	MIOL ou MDL	1554
DC.....	600	M.D.VIL.....	1554
DCCCC ou CM	900	∞ DLXVI	1566
MccccIxij	1463	∞ DLXX	1570
MccccLxxz.....	1472	CIOL ou xxvi.....	1576
Mcccc7z	1472	cIoIoLXXX	1580
Mcccc.II et LXX	1472	CIOL ou XXC	1580
Mccccxxc	1480	CIOL ou XXCI.....	1581
MCCCCIijXXVIII	1488	∞ DXXCH	1582
Miiic iiii x Vlij	1488	MCCCCCLXXXIII	1583
MCD XCV	1495	cIo Io xxci	1586
M. VD	1495	∞ D XXCHX	1588
MiiijD	1496	OLC IO XX CHX	1588
MjjjD	1497	Mdx	1590
MIII.D.....	1497	CIOLCC.....	1700
MCCCCXCviii	1498	CIOLCCL.CIOLCCCL	1750
MID	1499	CIOLCCIXCI	1791
McdXciX	1499	CIOLCCC	1800
MccccID	1499	MDCCC	1800
MCCCCXCviiij	1499	cIo.Icccc.....	1800





Some Less-known Tennysonianana.

THE announcement a few weeks ago that the manuscripts of some of Lord Tennyson's early poems were to be put up for sale at Sotheby's, aroused no little excitement among the collectors of his works. The keen competition which took place for these most desirable documents and the prices they fetched make one fear that the day when really interesting Tennysonianana could be obtained for reasonable sums is for ever gone.

One useful hint may however be taken by short-pursed collectors from the recent sale. They will note the interest which the sale of the manuscript of "Maud" has awakened in the first issue of the beautiful portion of the poem commencing—

" Oh that 'twere possible after long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love round me again."

These lines and the stanzas following were first published in 1837, in the volume of poems called "The Tribute," and were, beyond all doubt, the most inspired and most characteristic verses the Laureate had then produced. This volume may still be obtained by the wary for a few shillings, but one may safely prophecy a sharp rise.

Another kindred item of interest which deserves to be better known is Dr. Mann's "Vindication of Maud." This pamphlet was published in 1856, and won the Laureate's warmest approval. It should not on any account be missed when met with. The copy *penes me* came from the Ffytche sale, having been presented by the author to Lord Tennyson's relative, Theirs Ffytche.

The prices realized at this sale some four years ago seem hardly possible now. "Poems by Two Brothers" was knocked down for two or three sovereigns, and many others were given away to booksellers. Midland collectors will long remember the golden opportunities for "finds" in the Nottingham and Lincoln shops which may never occur again. I have before me an old copy of Justinian's "Institutes" which belonged to Tennyson's brother, Charles Turner, with his book-label and the old Ffytche book-plate. This volume bears on the first page the inscription, "G. C. Tennyson Somersby in agro Lincolnensi 1812," and is copiously annotated throughout by the Laureate's father. This cannot be compared with the manuscripts just sold, but it is a book full of memories of the old Lincolnshire parsonage and is not to be despised.

Speaking of Charles Turner, one cannot but wonder why his poems receive such little attention from collectors. He is probably the best writer of the Sonnet this century has seen, and yet his "Poems" (1830) is the only volume which commands at all a high price. Those who are early wise will buy his "Sonnets" (1864), "Small Tableaux" (1868), and "Sonnets, Lyrics, &c." (1873), while they may be still had for a trifle. And then there is Frederick Tennyson's volume of most graceful poems, "Days and Hours" (1854); booksellers catalogue this as *scarce*, but it may still be had for 6s. or 7s. Will it be so for long?

One more hint. Every one knows the Parchment Library, but does every one know that Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "Poems," and "Princess" were once volumes of that Library? Messrs. Kegan Paul, and Co., who were Lord Tennyson's publishers in 1880, when the Library was first projected, brought out "In Memoriam" as the first of the series, with Le Rat's etching of the Laureate for a frontispiece. Within the next four years Messrs. Macmillan purchased the copyright of these works, and the volumes had to be withdrawn from the Library. Consequently this charming edition is scarce, or at any rate it soon will be.

FREDERIC CATTLE.





Mechanical Arrangement of Books.

THE following very interesting article was published some years ago in the pages of *Notes and Queries*, and as the volume in which it appeared has long been out of print, we take the liberty of transcribing it. All persons who, whatever might be their motive, have followed any subject of literary research, must be aware of the extent to which their labours are facilitated or retarded by the mechanical arrangements of books, such as the goodness of paper, the legibility of type, the size of volumes, the presence or absence of tables of contents, indexes, and other means of reference. It is in the possession of these conveniences that the capabilities of typography, and its superiority over manuscript, mainly consist. I propose now to set down a few remarks on this subject, in the hope that any means, however trifling they may seem, by which literary knowledge is rendered more commodious and accessible, will not be deemed unworthy of attention by your readers.

With regard to the form of printed letters, it is difficult to conceive any improvement in modern typography, as practised in Italy, France, and England. This is equally true of Roman and Greek characters. The Greek types introduced by Porson leave nothing to be desired. The Germans still to a great extent retain the old black-letter type for native works, which was universal over all the north of Europe in the early period of printing, and is not a *national* type, as some persons seem to imagine. These letters being imitated from the manuscript characters of the fifteenth century, are essentially more indistinct than the Roman type, and have for that reason been disused by the rest of Europe, Holland and Denmark not

excepted. In England this antiquated mode of printing was long retained for law-books, and, till a comparatively recent date, for the statutes. The Anglo-Saxon letters are in like manner nothing but a barbarous imitation of old manuscript characters, and have no real connection with the Anglo-Saxon language. Their use ought to be wholly abandoned (with the exception of those which are wanting in modern English). Roman numerals, likewise, as being less clear and concise than Arabic numerals, especially for large numbers, ought to be discarded, except in cases where it is convenient to distinguish the volume from the page, and the book from the chapter. English lawyers, indeed, who in general have only occasion to cite the volume and page, invariably make their quotations with Arabic figures, by prefixing the number of the volume, and subjoining the number of the page. Thus, if it were wished to refer to the 100th page of the second volume of "Barnewall and Alderson's Reports," they would write 2 *B. & C.*, 100. Roman numerals are still retained for the sections of the statutes.

Akin to the retention of antiquated forms of letters is the retention of antiquated orthography. Editors of works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries sometimes retain the spelling of the period, of which Evelyn's "Diary" is an example; but this practice is unpleasant to the modern reader, and sometimes, particularly in proper names, perplexes and misleads him. The modern editions of the classical writers of that period, such as Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, &c., are very properly reduced to the modern standard of orthography, as is done by Italian editors with the works of Dante, Boccaccio, &c. The attempt to introduce the native orthography of foreign proper names naturalized in English, is likewise unsuccessful, and merely offends the eye of the reader, without giving any real information. Mr. Lane and other Orientalists will never succeed in banishing such forms as *vizier*, *caliph*, *cadi*, &c.; nor will even Mr. Grote's authority alter the spelling of the well-known Greek names. Names of ancient persons and places which are enshrined in the verses of Milton and other great poets cannot be altered.

The old unmeaning practice of printing every noun substantive with a capital letter (still retained in German) has been abandoned by every English printer, except the printer of parliamentary papers for the House of Lords. Proper names used to be printed in italics; and, generally, the use of italics was much greater than at present. In modern reprints these ancient flowers of typography ought to be removed. The convenient edition of Hobbes' "Works,"

for which we are indebted to Sir W. Molesworth, would be more agreeable to read if the italics were less abundant.

The use of the folio and quarto size is now generally restricted to such books as could scarcely be printed in octavo, as dictionaries and similar books of reference. The Parliamentary Blue-Book, which long resisted the progress of octavo civilization, is now beginning to shrink into a more manageable size. With regard to separate volumes, the most convenient practice is to consider them as a mere printer's division, which may vary in different editions ; and to number them consecutively, without reference to their contents. The Germans have a very inconvenient practice of dividing a volume into parts, each of which is a volume in the ordinary meaning of the word ; so that a work consisting of nine volumes, for example, may be divided into four volumes, one of which consists of three parts, and the other three of two parts each. The result is, that every reference must specify both the volume and the part, thus : Band II. Abtheilung III. S. 108. Frequently, too, this mode of numbering misleads the bookbinder, who (unless properly cautioned) numbers the volumes in the ordinary manner.

Volumes, as I have remarked, are merely a printer's division. Every literary composition ought, however, to have an organic division of its own. The early Greeks seem, indeed, to have composed both their poems and prose works as one continuous discourse. The rhapsodies of Homer and the muses of Herodotus were subsequent divisions introduced by editors and grammarians. But literary experience pointed out the commodiousness of such breaks in a long work, and the books of the "*Æneid*" and of the "*History of Livy*" were the divisions of the author's themselves. Since the invention of printing, the books of the prose works of the classical writers have been subdivided into chapters ; while for the books of poems, as well as for the dramas, the verses have been numbered. The books of the Old and New Testament have likewise been portioned into chapters, and into a late typographical division of verses.

In making a division of his work an author ought to number its parts consecutively, without reference to volumes. The novels of Walter Scott are divided into chapters, the numbering of which is dependent on the volume, so that it is impossible to quote them without referring to the edition, or to find a reference to them in any other edition than that cited. For the same reason an author ought not to quote his own book in the text by a reference to volumes.

The division most convenient for purposes of reference is that which renders a quotation simple to note, and easy to verify. Divisions which run through an entire work (such as the chapters of Gibbon's "History") are easy to quote, and the quotation can be easily verified when the chapter is not long. The numbering of paragraphs in one series through an entire work, as in the French codes, in Cobbett's writings, and in the state papers of the Indian Government, is the simplest and most effectual division for purposes of reference. The Digest can now be referred to by book, title, and paragraph; nevertheless the Germans (who, notwithstanding their vast experience in the work of quoting, seem to have a predilection for cumbrous and antiquated methods) still adhere to the old circuitous mode of quotation, against which Gibbon long ago raised his voice ("Decl. and Fall," c. 44. n. 1.).

Some works have been divided by their authors into chapters, but the chapters have been left unnumbered. Niebuhr's "Roman History" is in this state.

The internal division of a work by its author is not, however, merely for purposes of reference. It may likewise be a *logical* division; it may follow the distribution of the subject, and assist the reader by visibly separating its several parts. This process, however, may be carried so far as to defeat its purpose (viz., perspicuity of arrangement) by the intricacy of its divisions. Here again we must recur for an example to the Germans, who sometimes make the compartments of their writings as numerous as a series of Chinese boxes all fitted into each other. First, there is the part, then the book, then the chapter, then the section, then the article, and then the paragraph, which is itself subdivided into paragraphs with Roman numerals and Arabic numerals; and these again are further subdivided into paragraphs with Roman letters, and Greek letters, and sometimes Hebrew letters. To refer to a work divided in this manner by any other means than the volume and page, is a labour of as hopeless intricacy as it is to follow the logical cascade down its successive platforms.

It is a considerable convenience where the book or chapter is marked at the head or margin of the page; and in histories, or historical memoirs, chronological notation is very convenient.

In general no book (not being a book arranged in alphabetical order, as a dictionary, encyclopædia, &c.) ought to be printed without a *table of contents*. The trouble to the author of making a table of contents is very small, and the expense to the publisher in printing it is in general imperceptible. Modern English books rarely sin in

this respect ; foreign books, however, both French and German, are frequently wanting in a table of contents. The invaluable collection of the fragments of Greek historians lately published in Didot's Series—a work indispensable to every critical student of ancient history—has no table of contents, referring to the pages, prefixed to each volume. The “*Poetæ Scenici Græci*” of Dindorf is without a table of contents ; and a similar want is a serious drawback to the use of the cheap and portable edition of the Greek and Latin classics published by Tauchnitz at Leipsic.

Lastly, an *index* adds materially to the value of every work which contains numerous and miscellaneous facts. The preparation of a good index is a laborious and sometimes costly task ; the printing of it, moreover, adds to the price of the book. Many of the indexes to the English law-books are models of this species of labour ; the indexes to the Parliamentary Reports are likewise prepared with great care and intelligence. Even a meagre index, however, is better than no index at all ; and where the publisher's means, and the demand for the book, do not admit of the preparation of a copious index of subjects, an alphabetical list of names of persons and places would often be an acceptable present to the reader of an historical or scientific work.



“Marking” Books.

LAMB'S ideas of book-marking are to be found in his correspondence with Coleridge, in which he states that a book reads the better when the topography of its plots and notes is thoroughly mastered, and when we “can trace the dirt in it, to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe.” Lamb's library consisted for the most part of tattered volumes in a dreadful state of repair. Young, the poet, “dog eared” his books to such an extent that many of them would hardly close at all ; while Voltaire and Montaigne were never so happy as when scoring over the leaves with pen and ink ; and this practice they followed even in the case of borrowed books.

A Bibliomaniac.

LORD LYTTON, in that curious and mysterious novel "Zanoni," mentions an old bookseller who, after years of toil, had succeeded in forming an almost perfect library of works on occult philosophy. Poor in everything but a genuine love for the mute companions of his old age, he was compelled to keep open his shop and trade, as it were, in his own flesh. Let a customer enter, and his countenance fell; let him depart empty-handed, and he would smile gaily, oblivious for a time of bare cupboard and inward cravings. A purchaser was indeed a deadly enemy to the old man, for every proffered coin was scorching hot, a miserable and inadequate exchange for one drop of purple blood.


This is, observes an American writer, the sickly green and altogether unwholesome love of books. There is a happy medium between this wild and unreasoning affection, and Grolier's idea of a collector's duties to the outside world. The great French book-lover set the words *Io Grolierii et amicorum* on one corner of his books. This inscription has perplexed many, but in truth there is nothing unusual or mysterious about it. It does not mean that Grolier amused himself by collecting rare and beautiful books, which he proceeded to put in costly bindings and then send word to all his friends to come in and borrow to their heart's content.

Oh, no, it doesn't mean that. *Io Grolierii et amicorum* means that Jean Grolier, like almost any other cultured book-lover, had a chosen circle of friends, poets, philosophers, and savans, and that he was wont to call them together in his library, where, amid these delightful books with their loving inscription, he talked and let them talk. Talked books and bindings and editions and title-pages and colophons, often till the gray dawn came timidly through the stained-glass windows. So, in solemn earnest, these books were for "Jean Grolier and his friends," and happy the book-lover who has such a circle about him. For a bookman to be without such a delicious little coterie of genial spirits to join him in his devotions, is like travelling all alone through a beautiful country, for, as a Frenchman has phrased it, *Que c'est triste de voyager dans un beau pays, sans avoir quelqu'un à qui on peut dire "Quel beau pays!"*





Linton's "Masters of Wood Engraving."

ILLIAM JAMES LINTON, the eminent wood engraver and writer on art, was born in London in 1812. At an early age he became well known both in the domain of art and literature. It was in 1851, while proprietor of a monthly magazine, that he acquired a practical knowledge of the printer's art. In 1867 he went to America and settled near New Haven, and finding it troublesome to send his blocks to New York to be printed, he bought a press.

Having got a press, he borrowed some type from a friend and amused himself with printing a little book for private distribution. He called his little establishment the Appledore Press—Appledore being the name of the farmhouse which he had purchased for his homestead. In 1882 appeared the fourth production of the Appledore Press, the beautiful anthology, "Golden Apples of Hesperus. Poems not in the Collections," a tall 8vo of 200 pages, with ample margins. The impression was limited to 225 copies. Few books of our time will be more dearly prized in the future by collectors, were it only for the exquisitely engraved frontispiece. Mr. Linton's fifth publication (1886) was an octavo entitled "In Dispraise of a Woman. Catullus with Variations." The sixth (1887) was a small 16mo entitled "Love Lore."

It remains to speak of the crowning achievement of the Appledore Press, "The Masters of Wood Engraving," a work which will unquestionably be the one authoritative treatise on that art of which Mr. Linton is incomparably the greatest living master. More than twenty years ago he commenced his researches in the Library and Print Room of the British Museum, making critical notes of what he found, with the intention of writing a history of wood engraving.

His original design was to write a book that might serve as a supplement to Jackson and Chatto's "Treatise on Wood Engraving," published in 1839. Chatto wrote rather as a bibliographer than as a critic, and Jackson's engravings (useful enough as illustrations of the text), inasmuch as they showed only the designs of older and later engravings, gave no means of judging of the real character of the engravings themselves. The edition issued by Bohn, in 1860, merely added a miscellaneous gathering of indifferent cuts. As he proceeded in his work, Mr. Linton became convinced that, to do justice to the subject, an entirely new treatise must be written. But for many years he found no leisure to prosecute his work systematically.

At length, in 1883 and 1884, he began his researches anew at the British Museum, going over the old ground *ab initio*. The trustees granted him permission to take photographs; and he had some two hundred taken, of the same size as the original engravings. With his notes and photographs he returned, in 1884, to America, and began to write his book when the scheme and plan of his work had been arranged; when the whole book was ready in rough MS. and a great portion had been fairly written, he began printing. He had a press, three sets of photographs, paper enough for three copies, and type enough for three pages, short royal folio. So he set three pages, worked off pages 2 and 3, distributed them, and then set up page 4 to complete the sheet, with page 1 for the other side of the sheet. The composition and printing of the 229 folio pages were the work of his own hands. Add to this that he mounted all the photographs himself in two of the three copies. For more than two years Mr. Linton was hard at work—writing, printing, and mounting photographs. Think, you collectors of rarities, think! Three copies in all the wide world—three! One at Chiswick, in the custody of Messrs. Dawson, who are reproducing the illustrations under Mr. Linton's personal superintendence. By the time Messrs. Dawson and Messrs. Whittingham have finished with it, this working copy will have lost something of its freshness. The two other copies are at Appledore, and one of them is still incomplete. So there is really in all the world but one fresh and faultless copy of "The Masters of Wood Engraving."





Baron Munchausen's "Travels." ¹

HERE have been many conjectures concerning the origin and the authorship of the stories in Baron Munchausen's "Travels." Meusel, in his "Lexikon," says that Rudolph Erich Raspe "*translated* into English the well-known Munchausen lies." Southey, from coincidences between two of the tales and two in a Portuguese periodical published about 1730, thought that the English fictions must have come from the Portuguese, or that both must be traced to some common source older than either. The "Encyclopædia Americana" says that they were the work of Bürger, the poet, who published them in 1787 as if translated from the English, when they were, in fact, the Baron Friedrich von Munchausen's own stories, and that Bürger became involved in some difficulty in consequence. West, in his "Fifty Years' Recollections of an old Bookseller," 1837, says that Bruce's "'Travels' gave rise to 'Gulliver Revived; or, the Travels of Baron Munchausen,' written by St. John, of Oxford, in a vein of irony upon poor Bruce." Doring, in his Life of Bürger, speaks in the text of his biography as if Bürger were the author of the Munchausen tales, but doubts it in a note, without, however, suggesting who the author may have been. Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology," while praising Raspe for his treatise "De Insulio nuper inventis," records him in a note as the author of Baron Munchausen's "Travels." A writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1856, vol. i. p. 588) says they were the joint work of Raspe and Bürger. In Lowndes, after

¹ We are indebted for many of the foregoing facts to Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature," in which the authorship of these famous travels is thoroughly threshed out.

sundry *pros* and *cons*, we are told that the authorship "has never been settled."

We suppose, however, that it can be settled. In each of the conjectures and suggestions made, by Meusel and Southey and so on down to the editor of Lowndes, there may be items and hints of the truth. Traces of the Munchausen tales may perhaps be found in the "*Deliciæ Academicæ*," published at Heilbronn, in 1665, under the title of "*Mendacia Ridicula*," from which the two Portuguese



"A LINE PORTRAIT : the only one to be relied on, as it was Photographed by a Son of his own."

stories and the two corresponding stories in Munchausen may also have been taken. But it is not safe to decide on the origin of many wild fictions that are current in the world, and, amongst the rest, some that are found in Munchausen's "Travels." For instance, the absurd story of the cherry-stone that was shot into a stag's head and grew to be a tree, is found, with slight variations about a wild boar, in the burlesque chronicle of Francesillo de Zuñiga, the wise fool of

Charles V., written about 1547, to amuse his master. But this light caricature, which might perhaps in other ways be deemed suggestive of such books as Munchausen, was never printed until 1855. Still, some of the stories may have come from sources as obscure as the "Deliciæ Academicæ," or even Zuñiga. But the origin of most of them is much nearer at hand, and the facts relating to the subject are as follows:—There lived, in the latter end of the eighteenth century, at Bodenweder, in the Electorate of Hanover, a certain Baron Friedrich von Munchausen, who had been in the Russian service against the Turks, but who was then established on his own estate near the Weser, and much addicted to the chase, to good cheer, and to good story-telling of the most extravagant sort. He was connected with the old family of which Baron Munchausen—who was minister to George II. for Hanover, and induced that monarch to found the University of Göttingen—was the most eminent member, so that, from his respectable connections, social qualities, and free hospitality, the Baron of Bodenweder was tolerated, if not respected, by the nobility and gentry of his neighbourhood. He died in 1797. Among the persons who often visited him was Rudolph Erich Raspe, a man of learning, but indifferent principles. He left Germany in 1775 for England, and never again visited his fatherland. Before he left Germany, however, he had been well known as an author, and had been made a member of the Royal Philosophical Society of London, in the fifty-second volume of whose *Transactions* there is a paper in Latin by him "on the bones and teeth of elephants and other animals found in North America and various boreal regions of the world." When he arrived in London he "set up" as an author, and published several works of a scientific character; but he was improvident and reckless. He was struck off the list of members of the Royal Society, and this induced him to threaten a travesty of their *Transactions*, under the title of "Unphilosophical Transactions of the Philosophers of England," which, however, never appeared. He became excessively poor; and, as a last resort, he, remembering the stories heard at the house of the hospitable Baron, published, in 1785, a small pamphlet of his recollections of them, entitled "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia,"—exaggerated and caricatured, no doubt, but generally bearing a sufficient resemblance to the stories the Baron had invented for the amusement of his bottle-companions, to permit their origin to be recognized. The venture succeeded, and five large editions had been published and disposed of up to 1787.

The fifth edition, which is the earliest we have had an opportunity of examining, was published by G. Kearsley, Fleet Street, and professes to be "considerably enlarged, and ornamented with a variety of explanatory views, engraved from original designs." These "explanatory views," as they are called, are of a very remarkably realistic character; and it is much to be regretted that they have not been reproduced for some modern edition of the Baron's Adventures.

The book was not long in reaching Germany; and Gottfried



August Bürger, author of the famous ballad of "Lenore," was then living at Göttingen, almost as poor as Raspe, and quite as unprincipled. He, too, was a personal acquaintance of Munchausen's—had enjoyed his riotous hospitality and had heard his wild stories. As a promising literary adventure, he translated the little book of Raspe, and made additions to it from the store of his own memory, so that it was published in 1787 at Göttingen, not very far from where Munchausen lived, and where his habits and stories were well known. The Baron did not at all relish his popularity in this

form; and so he took legal proceedings against Bürger, and his publishers, with the result that unsold copies were destroyed.

The first two editions of this famous book were published as inconsiderable pamphlets, and seem to have disappeared. At least, Watt, Lowndes, and other bibliographers who are careful in their notices of Munchausen's "Travels," begin with the third, which, from the unexpected success of the first and second, was evidently much enlarged as quickly as possible. It contains about a dozen engravings from designs which show that the humour of the stories had been comprehended by the artist. The title-page is as follows:—

GULLIVER REVIVED;

Or, the singular
Travels, Campaigns, Voyages,
and Adventures
of

BARON MUNIKHOUSON,

Commonly called
MUNCHAUSEN.

The third edition, considerably enlarged and ornamented with a
number of views engraved from the original designs.

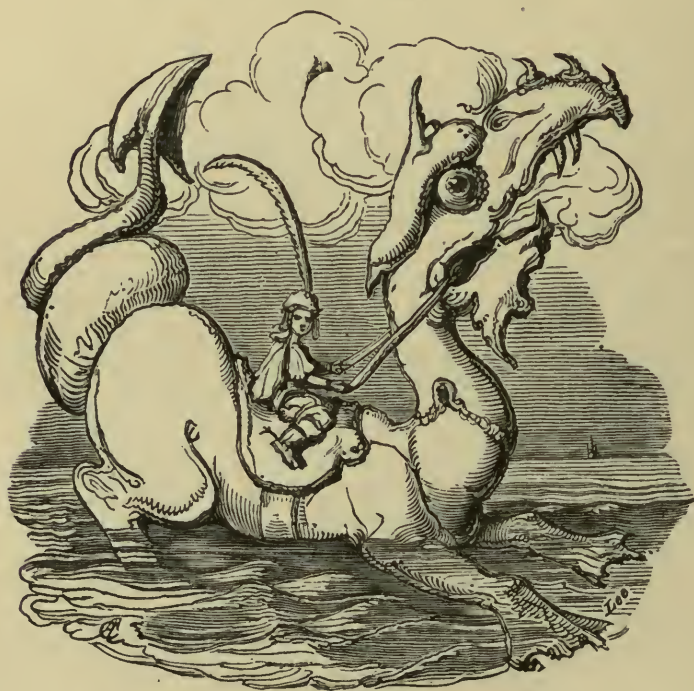
OXFORD.

Printed for the Editor and sold by G. Kearsley,
at No. 46 Fleet Street, 1786.
[12 mo. pp. viii and 136].

This third edition reprints the prefatory notices to the two editions that preceded it, and they are curious because they not only tell us all that the public was intended to know about the stories, but because they show that Raspe felt some compunctions about throwing overboard, as a liar outright, the hospitable old soldier whose wine he had so often enjoyed.

Of Raspe himself, there is very little more to be said. His efforts to recover a lost respectability were unavailing, for his habits were of the worst. His knowledge of mineralogy secured him employment by people interested in mining, and at one period of his career he was engaged at Dolcoath Mine, Cornwall. But here he failed. He went to Ireland, but after a short period of misery and suffering he died at Mucross, Co. Kerry, in the latter part of 1794, fifty-eight years of age.

The most recent, and we must say quite the prettiest edition, is that issued by Messrs. Trübner & Co. in their charming "Lotos" series. The illustrations are by Alfred Crowquill, and require, therefore, no commendation from us. By Messrs. Trübner's courtesy we are enabled to reproduce two of the more characteristic.





How to Bind One's Books.

I'd like my favourite books to bind
So that their outward dress
To every bibliomaniac's mind
Their contents should express.

Napoleon's life should glare in red,
John Calvin's life in blue :
Thus they would typify bloodshed
And sour religion's hue.

The prize-ring record of the past
Must be in blue and black ;
While any colour that is fast
Would do for Derby track.

The Popes in scarlet well may go ;
In jealous green, Othello ;
In grey, Old Age of Cicero,
And London Cries in Yellow.

My Walton should his gentle art
In salmon best express,
And Penn and Fox the friendly heart,
In quiet drab confess.

Statistics of the lumber trade
Should be embraced in boards,
While muslin for the inspired Maid
A fitting garb affords.

Intestine wars I'd clothe in vellum,
While pig-skin Bacon grasps,
And flat romances such as "Pelham,"
Should stand in calf with clasps.

Blind-tooled should be blank verse and rhyme
 And prose of epic Milton :
 But Newgate Calendar of Crime
 I'd lavishly dab gilt on.

The edges of a sculptor's life
 May fitly marbled be,
 But sprinkle not, for fear of strife,
 A Baptist history.

Crimea's warlike facts and dates
 Of fragrant Russia smell ;
 The subjugated Barbary States
 In crushed Morocco dwell.

But oh ! that one I hold so dear
 Should be arrayed so cheap
 Gives me a qualm ; I sadly fear
 My Lamb must be half-sheep !

From *The New York Critic*.



An Author's Contract.

IN a notice of Richard Rolt (1724-1770), *The European Magazine* for July, 1803, remarks :—

“Being an author by profession, he was constantly employed by the booksellers in successive compilations, historical, commercial, &c., and in periodical publications, in which he was concerned with Smart and others. In one of these, *The Universal Visitor*, he and Smart are said to have been bound by a contract to engage in no other undertaking, and that this contract was to remain in force ‘for the term of ninety-nine years.’ So absurd an engagement we can only impute, with the “*Biographia Dramatica*,” to the dictates of rapacious avarice and submissive poverty.”



Buying Books.

WHEN Providence," says Dr. Holmes, "throws a good book in my way, I bow to its decree and purchase it as an act of piety." It is to be feared (observed a writer in *The Illustrated London News*) this kind of piety is far from common in England. As a rule, you will find small libraries, even in the houses of wealthy people. No doubt the great historical houses of the country have their great libraries, in which every work of sterling value has a place ; but there can be no doubt that householders with incomes ranging from £1,000 to £10,000 a year expend far more upon wine or cigars than they would dream of spending upon books.

I forget whether it was five or ten per cent. of a man's income that Mark Pattison said ought to be spent in this way ; but most people will regard two per cent. as a lavish expenditure. They prefer spending money on old china, and will talk of purchasing a valuable volume or set of volumes as an idle piece of extravagance.

I do not forget that there are many bibliomaniacs—or book-hunters, to use a politer term—whose passion for first editions, for tall copies, for uncut copies, for Elzevirs and Aldines, or for old Bibles, is inexhaustible. Men of this class will spend a fortune upon ballads or playbills ; some purchase only illustrated books ; and some lavish all their affection on bindings, and will give a goodly sum for a volume, no matter what its contents may be, that bears the mark of Grolier or De Thou. The book-collector's energy is inexhaustible. He hunts in all weathers, in all countries ; and would consider it the sheerest folly to attempt to read the books which he accumulates.

A wealthy brother of the revered Bishop Heber was so bitten with this mania that he is said to have possessed thousands of volumes he had never seen, and on his death-bed wrote orders to his agents to purchase more. These are the follies of men who think themselves wise. They are more harmless than some follies; but the bibliomaniac, though he buys books, is no more to be commended than the man who devotes himself to the collection of walking-sticks or of postage-stamps.

It is a very different thing to form a library for the sake of using it, and because we want to exercise our friendship for the wise and good of all ages. Books are the most permanent of companions, the most trustworthy; but unless we possess them it is impossible thoroughly to appreciate their value. A book may be borrowed from the circulating library by people who, in this busy life, have what they call an idle hour to waste. The novel of the day, the volume of travels that may merit a casual glance, the book of social or political gossip that has a temporary interest, these are works for which the reader applies, and wisely applies, to Mudie's or the Grosvenor. If he is a true student and book-lover, however, he will seek in other fields for his fullest delight.

Ephemeral literature has its uses, and is not to be despised because it is ephemeral; but the man who buys books will, if he be wise, choose those in the first place that are unaffected by the lapse of time. The great works of all ages are not to be found in the circulating library: and, just because they are not there, these are the books of which the reader who is satisfied with what Mudie's weekly cart brings him is profoundly ignorant. He has read, perhaps, Ouida's last novel, or Mr. Lewis Morris's "*Songs of Britain*"; but, to say nothing of earlier literature, he probably does not know the chief characters in the "*Waverley*" novels, and has never read "*The Ancient Mariner*."

A house can be completely furnished in a few days with brand-new furniture, but in such a house there is no sense of home. We miss in it the memories associated with objects to which the eye has been accustomed from childhood. In the same way it is not easy to improvise a library. The book-buyer's pursuit is one that needs years and intellectual growth. The library should show his taste, and the direction of his pursuits. Books may be left to a man as a bequest, and it is one I should not object to; but the volumes we love best are those we have sought after with something like a lover's ardour, and gained at no small sacrifice. Walter Scott relates how when a boy, as soon as he could scrape together a few shillings he

bought a copy of "those beloved volumes," Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry,"—books as dear to the ballad-loving poet in old age as they were in youth ; and "Elia's" Cousin Bridget, in that delightful essay, "Old China," relates a bit of Charles and Mary Lamb's own experience when she describes how Elia, after eyeing the purchase for weeks, became the happy possessor of a folio "Beaumont and Fletcher." "Was there no pleasure," the good Bridget asks her cousin, "in being a poor man? and do the neat clothes you wear now give you as much pleasure as the threadbare suit which you wore for four or five weeks longer than you should have done to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen or sixteen shillings, was it?—great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio?"

Enthusiasm like that felt by Lamb for the Elizabethan dramatists is what is especially needed for the formation of a library. The buyer, if he have a strong bent in one direction, will satisfy that first. If history be his special study, the historians will figure most conspicuously ; if theology, the theologians ; if poetry, the poets. This is reasonable enough ; but there is no branch of study that can be fitly pursued alone, and, after satisfying a special taste, the man who wishes to possess a good library should, in the first place, secure good copies of the greatest authors in all the prominent departments of literature which his country has produced. It is a disgrace to apply to a public library for books that deserve to be read and re-read. Fancy applying to Mudie's for a Shakespeare or a Milton, a "Don Quixote" or a Waverley novel, for Boswell's "Life of Johnson" or Lockhart's "Life of Scott"! However limited the book-buyer's taste or means, it especially behoves him, if bent on culture, to possess good library copies of the great poets and historians of his country. Poetry, apart from its intrinsic value as the most elevating and delightful of intellectual gifts, opens up many a fair path of literary study ; and, without a knowledge of past history, a man is helplessly adrift when he attempts to steer through the conflicting currents of contemporary politics. But what can the student know of history or of poetry unless he have the books at hand upon his shelves for reference as well as for study? It may be possible to read a borrowed book with some advantage, but it is the pursuit of knowledge under great difficulties. You are limited in time, and you are not privileged, as Coleridge was, to make your notes on the margin as you go on. Almost always I decline lending, even my best friends, volumes which they ought to have in their own libraries ; and, if I yield in a too easy moment, the probability is I

suffer for my folly afterwards. The most honest people in the world have a peculiarity—they forget to return books. Let me end by repeating with more emphasis what I have already suggested, that the foundation of a library should be laid in early life. To see it grow by slow but sure degrees is a rare delight, and the boy who spends his “tips” in this way will, as he grows to be a man, spend more, until in the course of years he will gather around him a host of “never-failing friends.”



The Book Trade Three Hundred Years Ago.

THE business of a publisher has its worries in these days ; but what are they compared with the perils that encircled the book trade three centuries ago? By an edict dated April 29, 1550, which applied to the Low Countries, the penalty of death was decreed against all who should print or transcribe, sell, buy, or distribute any books of the Reformers of Wittenberg, of Zurich, or of Geneva. The like penalty was attached to any dealing with books which had appeared during the last ten years preceding without the name of the author and the printer, or with any work tainted with heresy or unsound doctrine in the text or in the preface. The owners of such books were at once to surrender them, under pain of being burnt alive for male, or of being buried alive for female, offenders. The Imperial permission was required before any one could become a printer, and this was by no means given as a matter of course, or without much oath-taking. Even then a copy of every new book had to be deposited with the censor of the press, and booksellers were not allowed so much as to open their parcels, save in the presence of this official.





Some Remarkable Books.

THERE are few subjects so barren as not to afford matter of delight, and even of instruction, if ingeniously treated. Montaigne has written an essay on "Coaches," and another on "Thumbs." Lyonnet has written a large work on the goat-moth caterpillar; and Straus-Durckheim another big volume on the cockchafer. Evelyn wrote a discourse on salads, entitled "*Acetaria*," which has been admired and commended by the best judges of literature. In 1669 Steadman published a book called "*Campanologio, or the Art of Ringing*," which reached three editions in the course of a few years. Another work on the same subject was published by Shipway, in three parts, in 1816. A curious little treatise on sneezing, entitled "*Mart: Schookii de Sternutatione tractatus copiosus, omnia ad illam pertinentia*," &c., was published at Amsterdam in 1664. Tobias Swinden, an English clergyman, wrote an "*Inquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell*," and a second edition of his work appeared in 1727, with an illustrative plate. In this singular work the reverend gentleman endeavours to prove that the sun is Tartarus! Chevreau has written "*A History of the World*," in which he tells us that it was created a little after four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, September 6th!—a very precise bit of information. The rare edition of the "*Biblia Germanica*," in two folio volumes, published in 1487, contains many coloured woodcuts, remarkable for the singularity of their designs; for instance, Bathsheba is represented washing her feet in a small tub of water, and Elias ascending to heaven in a four-wheeled waggon. H.

Maurice's "Impartial Account of Mr. John Mason of Water Stratford," 1695, informs us that Mr. Mason, who is supposed to have been the founder of the gymnastic sect of Jumpers, preached a sermon announcing that our Saviour's reign of a thousand years upon earth was about to commence on the very spot where he was standing, which was received with so much favour, that a great concourse of people, for many miles round, took up their habitations there in expectation of the event—truly an excellent stratagem for increasing a congregation.

An edition of the "Classics," published on the Continent, has a curious frontispiece representing on one side a divine personage, and on the other a figure of the author, from whose mouth issues a label with these words—"Lord, lovest Thou me?" which question is answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the sacred figure, with these words—"High-famed, excellent, and most learned rector of Seger, imperial poet, and well-deserving master of the school at Wirtemberg, yes, thou knowest I love thee!" The interesting and enthusiastic letters of the Prince of Mirandola were so highly admired and prized by his contemporaries, that some of the earlier editions are entitled "The Golden Epistles of the most learned, most noble, and most eloquent of Mortals." One of the rarest of privately-printed works is a curious folio volume entitled "Pauli Cortesii Protonotarii Apostolici, de Cardinalata, libri iii.," 1510. The author of this book, tired of the vicissitudes and troubles of public life, retired to the town of Montana Villa, two miles from St. Germain, in France, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to literary pursuits. In this seclusion, a short time before his decease, he established a printing-press, whence issued only the above work. Clavell's "Recantation of an Ill-led Life, or a Discoverie of the Highway Law, with vehement Disswasions to all in that kind Offenders, with Instructions how to know, shun, and apprehend a Thief, most necessary for all Travellers," 1634, is a scarce book in verse by a celebrated highwayman, and contains also a poetical address to the author's uncle, Sir W. Clavell, and others to the Lord Chief Justice, &c. A rare little book, "The Academy of Pleasure," 1656, contains a portrait, supposed to represent its author, in the dress of a book-chapman.

Some books are remarkable on account of certain events and anecdotes which they have given rise to. Thus, the Marchioness of Lambert's excellent works (Paris, 1761) are additionally interesting, from the circumstance that it was upon seeing the Empress Elizabeth reading them that Peter the Great lamented his want of education.

Brewer's play of "*Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superioritie*," 1632, is more esteemed, owing to Winstanley's statement, that when it was performed at Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell acted the part of *Tactus* in it, from which he imbibed his sentiments of ambition. The second edition of Woolaston's "*Religion of Nature*," is valued from the fact of Benjamin Franklin having assisted in the printing of it. "I was employed," he says, "at Palmer's on the second edition of that work. Some of Woolaston's arguments appearing to me not to be well-founded, I wrote a small metaphysical treatise, animadverting on those passages. It was called 'A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain,' of which I printed only a few copies." A little book, entitled "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ad Du M. Ortuinum Gratium*," 1643, is interesting, at first sight, from the story of Erasmus having laughed so heartily on reading it that he broke an imposthume of which he lay dangerously ill, and in consequence recovered without undergoing any operation. The rare Latin commentary on the Marquis of Montrose's military exploits, written under the signature of T. G. by the Rev. George Wishart, a Scotch prelate, and published at Paris in 1648, is remarkable from a historical anecdote thus related by Hume:—"As the Marquis of Montrose was led forth to his execution, they made yet one effort more to insult him in this last and melancholy scene: the executioner brought that book which had been published in elegant Latin concerning his great military actions, and tied it by a cord about his neck." Father Auchfer's "*Armenian and English Grammar*" (Venice, 1819) is prized from the statement that Lord Byron contributed the English portion. William Fowler's "*Engravings of Mosaic Pavements, Stained Glass*," &c. in two large folio volumes, are highly interesting from the fact of their author having been originally a journeyman carpenter, of patient and persevering habits, and who had to encounter almost insurmountable difficulties in executing this work, which is scrupulously correct in all its details, and is entirely his own: the drawing, the engraving, the preparation of the colours, and even the making of the paper (for he could get no paper-maker to undertake it), and the binding, are all the work of his own hands. As not more than forty copies were ever completed, it is now an extremely rare and valuable work.

Certain books are rendered precious by their containing personal sketches and notices nowhere else recorded. This is the case with Robert Armin's "*Nest of Ninnies*," 1608, which contains anecdotes, in verse and prose, of various celebrated fools and jesters. In

Casio's "*Libro Intitulato Bellona*," 1525, an extremely rare book, are numerous notices of Ariosto and the contemporary poets. A rare and neglected work, entitled "*Horanyi Memoria Hungarorum et Provincialium Scriptis editis Notorum*," in three volumes, published at Vienna in 1777, contains the lives of several authors, and bibliographical information not to be found elsewhere. A little book, entitled "*Th: Spizelii Infelix Literatus, Labyrinthis et Miseriis suis cura posteriori ereptus, et ad Supremæ Salutis Domicilium deductus, sive de Vita et Moribus Literatorum*," 1680, contains an abundance of "Calamities of Authors," unnoticed by D'Israeli and all others who have written on that very encouraging subject.



Books without Dates.

AMONG the thousands of printed books issued in Europe before the year 1500, a considerable number have no printer's name, date nor place; yet these items are all important in weighing the critical value of the text. Without the painstaking study of the types and methods of the early printers made by bibliographers, the student would be sailing on this open sea of literature without a compass. Hundreds of these undated, unnamed books would have perished had not bibliographers recognized the types and assigned them their true position in the realm of literature.





A Book-hunter at Oxford.

OXFORD offers a distinct contrast to London, so far as book-hunting is concerned. Its book-shops prove beyond a doubt that the old booksellers' rendezvous is no longer a cellar in which nearly every article is invested with dust. The latent conservatism of the true book-hunter is not at all inclined to regard the change favourably ; and the systematically arranged books upon properly dusted shelves have not the attractions of the dark and obscure corners, with their dust and cobwebs, of a bygone period. As things were, there was some hope—nay, certainty—of turning up a “find,” and if the book-hunter emerged from his grubblings with a face and hands as dirty as those of a chimney-sweep, he would, at all events, comfort himself with the reflection that soap and water would not alone terminate a “frost.”

The antiquated type of the old bookseller is rapidly becoming an institution of the past, and there is no medium between the swell shop and the costermonger's barrow. In London the evolution is naturally accomplished by a slower process than at Oxford, where, only a few years ago, the present writer on many occasions explored the cheap “boxes,” which appear at the present moment to be altogether tabooed in the city of learning and of learned men. The late Mr. Thoms states that Leigh Hunt once declared in his presence that no one had ever found anything worth having in “sixpenny” boxes. But the quondam editor of *The Examiner* must have been a very lazy sort of a book-hunter, for it would occupy a small volume to enumerate the best-known treasures which have been fished out

of the much-despised boxes. In such a circumscribed area as Oxford, however, the book-hunter is not at all likely to discover rare classics of any sort in the cheap shelves—which are an aristocratic form of box, perhaps. We, at all events, candidly admit to having experienced disappointment on more than one occasion in this respect; but as a sort of compensation the book-collectors Providence has guided us to some literary or eighteenth-century *ana*. That is the advantage of having several “specialities” in book-collecting. If, for example, a collector made a speciality of the late Mr. Wesley’s “Hymns” (which is scarcely likely), or of Sermons (which would ruin him in purse), or of the works of the late ingenious Mr. William Shakespeare, there is a probability that he will find at every fresh stall or shop something worth carrying home. There is an air of solid, even heavy, respectability about the Oxford book-shops, which the collector of light literature will by no means relish. Indeed, almost the very first book we noticed, during a recent visit, was an array, in mighty folios, of the “Opera” of St. Augustine. Referring to two of the most famous of all books, the good Father has asked, “Who would not enjoy these mysterious volumes before all the kingdoms of the world?” It is, perhaps, a very sad admission to make, but so far as St. Augustine’s works are concerned, we fear that the tendency of the age is not exactly in the direction of his portly tomes, which, as Erasmus said of Thomas Aquinas’ “*Secunda Secundæ*,” no man “can carry it about, much less get it into his head.” Still, it is comforting to know that when all else fail we shall have the Fathers to fall back upon.

With one or two exceptions, the second-hand book-shops are in High Street, but, if our memory serves us correctly, the number has diminished by several of late years. The stock of each bookseller consists, to a great extent, of books used by students who, at the end of their college career, are often not averse to raising a little ready cash by disposing of their libraries. But school and college-books are not included among the prizes in the book-world, and the conspicuous autograph signature of a distinguished prize-man does not add to the commercial value of any book—not even if he becomes Chancellor of the University or England’s Premier in after-life. Old theology and school-books form stock for which the term “dead” is scarcely strong enough; and those of our readers who would like to verify this statement should take a bundle in either section and try to sell it to any dealer in Oxford or London. We can promise them a very lively time of it, especially if they are of an argumentative turn of mind.

Here in one window, and cheek-by-jowl with the latest and most scholarly productions of the Clarendon Press, we notice abstruse lexicons frowning, as it were, upon the decidedly lighter and even more entertaining volume, in which the adventures of Tom and Jerry in London are veraciously recorded. One of the novels of the lamented Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh—it is a “first” edition—recalls an almost forgotten fact that Mr. Arthur Pendennis was an Oxford man, and might have haunted this very shop, but we have an idea that Pen was not a bookworm. Some generous admirer, evidently with more money than taste, has arrayed that sorry prude, “Amelia,” in a beautiful dress of tree-calf, and not far away, but in a modern *édition de luxe*, her esteemed brother, “Joseph Andrews,” is patiently awaiting, *avec ses confrères* from the pen of Henry Fielding, a buyer with a long purse. In only one shop in High Street did we notice any attempt at displaying a collection of the finely-illustrated novels and other works of a half-century or more ago. Nearly every second-hand bookseller in London makes a more or less pronounced speciality of this class of book, which has been going up in price for some years past, and exhibits every tendency of further advancement. So far as we could see, the Oxford booksellers have no “special line” of goods, save and except classics and school-books.

The nearest approach to a “sixpenny” box in the city was observed on the right-hand side of High Street. It is “slummed” in a narrow, stuffy passage. “All on this shelf sixpence” was a tempting intimation which no poor book-hunter was likely to pass unheeded. An inspection of the contents of the shelves, however, was not particularly satisfactory. It was not exactly the first opportunity we had of acquiring an odd volume of the *Tatler* or of the “Turkish Spy” for sixpence; and even the “Death of Abel,” and several volumes of exegetical theology, not to mention a quantity of seventeenth and eighteenth-century sermons failed to draw the sixpences. The book-hunter, when out of London, often buys rubbish because, in the first place, there is nothing else to buy, and, in the second, for the sake of buying “something,” but we have never known his enthusiasm to run to sermons or ancient theology. The line must be drawn somewhere.

Thornton’s shop in Broad Street is a fine one, and contains almost an endless variety of “Books, Old and New,” as ran the sign of Etienne Dolet, and as was the device on the book-plate of Bibliophile Jacob—the late Paul Lacroix. But he who despises new books will have ample scope for the exercise of this faculty in the Broad

Street shop. Indeed, the "old" books are principally old by virtue of being much used. A random quest among the sixpenny shelves revealed odd volumes of various works whose age may have made them sacred, although it does not appear to assist much in getting them "off." Where, by the way, do all the odd volumes go? A certain French bookseller once dealt solely in this peculiar class of bibliopoliana, but we should imagine that his lot was not altogether a happy one. Still, the odd volumes must be *somewhere*, although it is a risky thing for a man to load his shelves with parts of sets in the forlorn hope that he will complete each one some day. It is possible to be over-confident.

As we have already indicated, the book-hunter who finds much sport at Oxford must be one whose tastes lie in the direction of new, or at all events modern, books. He will be able to buy some early Dickens', a few early Thackerays, a number of Cruikshanks, Leechs, and a few Rowlandsons. He can acquire a fine library of the classics in no time, and enough dictionaries to supply a small nation. But when it comes to what the compilers of book-catalogues term "excessively rare" examples, to say nothing of the "only copy known," Oxford, as much perhaps from circumstances as from choice, is quite behind much less "bookish" centres. Still, a few hours hunting the shops of High Street and Broad Street form a pleasant phase of a visit to one of the most delightful spots in the world.

W. R.





Original Editions.

IT will be noticed by any one who has studied the subject, that original editions of some modern authors are much sought after. This is because of the plates with which they are embellished, though the collector gives a very different version of the matter. He would have us believe that the text is purer, and so forth ; but that is all nonsense. He buys the books because he admires the plates. The alleged reason, however, remains, and will some day be acted upon ; and hence a demand will spring up for first editions which are not illustrated, as well as for those which are. The signs of the times are unmistakable ; prices are even now creeping onward, and it is predicted that before long one of these books will be worth eight or ten times as much as it is at present. Reference is especially made to the first editions of Lord Byron's and Sir Walter Scott's works. Byron's "Age of Bronze," the first edition of 1823, uncut and in good condition, has sold several times recently for less than £1, and the first edition of "Don Juan" for that amount. Many of his other works sell for much less ; while, as for Scott, no fewer than nine volumes, all first editions, and uncut, were a few weeks ago knocked down for the miserable sum of 17s. We have said enough to point out the way the popular fancy with regard to books is likely to run ; and in taking leave of a very difficult subject, it is well to remark that these observations apply to first editions, and to first editions only ; and, further, that the leaves must not be cut. This does not mean "cut open," but merely not cut down by the binder ; in other words, the edges must be rough. What difference this makes it is impossible to say, but the book-lover will have it so, and as he is the paymaster his word is law.



The Way to Handle Books.

IN holding a small volume for reading or study, support the back with the three middle fingers, keeping the pages open with the thumb and little finger. If the book is supported by one finger only, and kept open by pressing the thumb opposite, between the leaves, there is danger of breaking the back and tearing out the leaves. And this danger is still greater when the covers are pressed together, back to back, and held by one hand. The latter method is often used by members of choirs, and even by the minister in the pulpit, but it stamps a person as lacking in a proper sense of the fitness of things. To the true lover of learning everything connected with a good book is sacred. He will not use it as a window support, as a waiter on which to place a goblet of water or other liquid, or in any way that will mar it.

If the volume is too large to be held by one hand, it should be placed on its back, on a flat surface, and both covers pressed back to the same plane, opening the volume in the middle. Turning the leaves, then, to the right or left, as may be desired, there will be no risk of tearing out leaves or straining the back. In the same way smaller volumes that are new and stiff, and that refuse at first to remain open, can be made pliable. Such a book as a large dictionary should never be supported by one hand, or on the knee, while the leaves are being turned. And how shall the leaves be turned? The ordinary way is to wet the fingers and make a dab at the leaves, to the detriment of the white paper. Leaves can be turned with least damage by picking up one at a time, at the edge, with the fingers, or by taking a number between the thumb and finger and allowing them to pass rapidly from under the thumb.



An Old Scottish Medical Work.

THE Poor Man's Physician, or the Receipts of the Famous John Moncrief of Tippermalloch," is the title of a little 16mo, well thumbed, bound in calf, and decidedly the worse for wear, which I came across recently in one of my book-"furraging" expeditions. The imprint runs, "Edinburgh: Geo. Stewart, at the Book and the Angel in Parliament Close. MDCCXVI. (1716)." A few of the recipes may interest your readers. By way of introduction, I will quote a few sentences of the publisher's address to the reader, in which he dilates on the extraordinary skill, and the most successful and beneficent practice of the said J. M., which must be fresh in the memory of all at least of this country. He points out the merits of this edition (second) over the first, which had a rapid sale, "though coarsely printed from a faulty and defective copy without any method or order." And as to its genuineness, it will be sufficient to tell the reader "that it is taken from an original Copy, which the Author himself delivered to the truly Noble and Excellent Lady, the late Marchioness of Athole, which her Grace the present Dutchess, a Lady no less eminent for her singular Goodness and Virtue, than her high Quality, was pleased to communicate to Us and the Publick." Some more follows in the same strain, the whole concluding with the following prayer, "That the Great Preserver of the bodies and souls of men, may bless them with success to all those who have occasion to use them" (*sic*).

The work is divided into parts, and further subdivided into books, each book treating of the diseases, of different parts of the human

body, with their remedies. I will here remark that some of the remedies require no comment, whilst others are too *outré* for publication. Book I. deals with diseases in the head and for the falling sickness in children ; and amongst the remedies for headache is horse-leeches, "ten or twelve put about the temples." A capital one for an unwelcome mother-in-law !

Book II. treats of the eyes. Pigeons and their blood seem to be in great request by our worthy adviser for most of the ailments of the eyes, but here is an exception for albugo or white spec, called pin and web. Take an oil made of burnt rag mixed with the spittle of a child, and lay it on with a feather. "The oil can be made by burning a rag of linen and quenching between two dishes, when it is cold you shall find the oil in drops." This is also good for ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyes.

Book III. treats of the ears and for deafness of long standing. "Ants eggs mixed with the juice of an onion, and dropt into the ear, is a safe cure."

Books IV. and V. treat of the nose and tongue respectively, but I will not weary the reader's patience by quoting any of the unfailing remedies in this paper, but conclude with taking one at random on the method to be adopted to alleviate a person suffering from small-pox, in which he says, "Many keep an ewe or wedder in their chamber or on the *bed*, because these creatures are easily infected and draw the venom to themselves, by which means some ease may happen to the sick person." Our author is silent as to what is to become of the said ewe or wedder when it is infected, but it certainly appears an admirable plan to spread the disorder ; anyhow it must be a decided advantage for a person sick unto death to have such a pleasant bedfellow. If the small-pox should settle in the eyes and clouds appear in them, they must be scoured with sugar candy finely powdered !

THOS. A. COOPER.





The Office of Poet Laureate.

THE custom of crowning poets is as ancient as poetry itself. It has, indeed, frequently varied; it existed, however, as late as the reign of Theodosius, when it was abolished as a remain of Paganism. When the barbarians overspread Europe, few appeared to merit this honour, and fewer who could read their works. It was at this period that poetry resumed its ancient lustre; for Petrarch was certainly honoured with the laurel crown, the withholding of which is so bitterly referred to by Dante in "Paradise" Book xxv. It was in this century that the establishment of bachelor and doctor was fixed in the universities: those who were found worthy of the honour obtained the laurel of bachelor or the laurel of doctor—"Laurea bacca Laureate," "Laurea Doctoris." At their reception they not only assumed this title, but they also had a crown of laurel placed on their heads. In Germany the laureate honours flourished under the reign of Maximilian I. He founded, in 1504, a poetical college at Vienna, reserving to himself and the Regent the power of bestowing the laurel. The Emperor of Germany retains the laureateship in all its splendour. The selected bard is called "Il Poeta Cesario." Apostolo Zeno, as celebrated for his erudition as for his poetic powers, was succeeded by that most enchanting poet Metastasio. The French never had a poet laureate, though they had regal poets; for no one was ever solemnly crowned. The Spanish nation, always desirous of titles of honour, seem to have known the laureate; but little information concerning it can be gathered from their authors.

With regard to the poet laureate of the kings of England—an officer of the Court remaining under that title to this day—he is un-

doubtedly the same that is styled the king's versifier, and to whom one hundred shillings were paid as his annual stipend in the year 1251. But when or how that title commenced, and whether this officer was ever solemnly crowned with laurel at his first investiture, cannot now be determined, after the searches of the learned Selden on this question have proved unsuccessful. It seems most probable that the barbarous and inglorious name of versifier gradually gave way to an appellation of more elegance and dignity ; or rather that at length those only were in general invited to this appointment who had received academical sanction, and had merited a crown of laurel in the universities for their abilities in Latin composition, particularly Latin versification. Great confusion has entered into this subject on account of the degrees in grammar which included rhetoric and versification, anciently taken in our universities, particularly at Oxford ; on which occasion a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate, who was afterwards usually styled "*Poeta laureatus*." These scholastic laureations, however, seem to have given rise to the appellation in question. Thus the king's laureate was nothing more than "a graduated rhetorician employed in the service of the king." That he originally wrote in Latin appears from the ancient title "*Versificator* " ; and may be, moreover, collected from the two Latin poems which Baston and Gulielmus, who appear to have respectively acted in the capacity of royal poets to Richard I. and Edward II., officially composed on Richard's crusade and Edward's siege of Striveling Castle.

One John Watson, a student in grammar, obtained a concession to be graduated and laureated in that science, on condition that he composed one hundred Latin verses in praise of the university and a Latin comedy. Another grammarian was distinguished with the same badge after having stipulated that, at the next public act, he would affix the same number of hexameters on the great gates of St. Mary's University. This was at that period the most convenient mode of publication. About the same time one Maurice Byrchen-saw, a scholar in rhetoric, supplicated to be admitted to read lectures, that is, to take a degree in that faculty ; and his petition was granted, with a provision that he should write one hundred verses on the glory of the university, and not suffer Ovid's "*Art of Love*" and the "*Elegies*" of Pamphilus to be studied in his auditory. Not long afterwards one John Bulman, another rhetorician, having complied with the terms imposed, of explaining the first book of Tully's "*Offices*," and likewise the first of his "*Epistles*," without any pecuniary emolument, was graduated in rhetoric, and a

crown of laurel was publicly placed on his head by the hands of the chancellor of the university. About the year 1489 Skelton was laureated at Oxford, and in the year 1493 was permitted to wear his laurel at Cambridge. Robert Whittington affords the last instance of a rhetorical degree at Oxford. He was a secular priest, and eminent for his various treatises in grammar, and for his facility in Latin poetry. Having exercised his art for many years, and submitting to the customary demand of an hundred verses, he was honoured with the laurel in the year 1512. This title is prefixed to one of his grammatical systems: "*Roberti Whittintoni, Lichfeldiensis Grammatices Magistri, Protovatis Angliæ, in florentissima Oxoniensi Achademia Laureati, de Octo Partibus Orationis.*" In his "*Panegyric*" to Cardinal Wolsey he mentions his laurel:—

"*Suscipe Lauricomi munuscula parva Roberti.*"

The first mention of the king's poet under the appellation of laureate was John Kay, who was appointed poet laureate to Edward IV. It is extraordinary that he should have left no piece of poetry to prove his pretensions to this office, with which he is said to have been invested by the king, at his return from Italy. The only composition he has transmitted to posterity is a prose English translation of a Latin history of the siege of Rhodes. In the dedication addressed to King Edward, or rather in the title, he styles himself "*Hys humble poete laureate.*" Although this our laureate furnishes us with no materials as a poet, yet his office, which here occurs for the first time under this denomination, must not pass unnoticed in the annals of literature.

Andrew Bernard, successively poet laureate of King Henry VII. and his successor, who received a salary of ten marks (£6 13s. 4d.), affords a still stronger proof that this officer was a Latin scholar. He was a native of Toulouse and an Augustine monk. He was not only the king's poet laureate as was supposed, but his historiographer and preceptor in grammar to Prince Arthur. He obtained many ecclesiastical preferments in England. All the pieces now to be found which he wrote in the character of poet laureate are in Latin. These are—"An Address to Henry the Eighth for the most auspicious beginning of the tenth year of his reign, with an Epithalamium on the Marriage of Francis the Dauphin of France with the King's daughter.—A New Year's gift for the year 1515." And verses wishing prosperity to his Majesty's thirteenth year. He has left some Latin hymns; and many of his Latin prose pieces, which he wrote in the quality of historiographer to both monarchs, are remaining.

John King, his successor, was followed by Skelton, upon whose testimony we learn that Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, enjoyed no such distinction—they wanted nothing but the laurel. Then came a splendid train of names—Spenser, Daniel, Davenant, Jonson, and Dryden. Shadwell united the offices of poet laureate and historiographer; and, by a manuscript account of the public revenue, it appears that for two years' salary he received £600. At his death Rymer became historiographer and Tate the laureate; who was succeeded by Rowe, Eusden and Cibber. William Whitehead was the forerunner of Thomas Warton, and Henry Pye the harbinger of Mr. Southey, who has been succeeded by Wordsworth and Tennyson respectively.

From the days of Rowe, if not from an earlier period, the regular duty of the poet laureate had been to produce an ode for the new year and one for the king's birthday, both of which, being set to music by the master of the king's band, were sung before the Court, and likewise published in the newspapers.

Whitehead, in a Pathetic Apology for all Laureats, past, present, and to come, which appeared in the edition of his works published after his death, says :—

His muse, obliged by sack and pension,
Without a subject or invention,
Must certain words in order set,
As innocent as a gazette ;
Must some half meaning, half disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies.
But why will *you*, ye volunteers,
In nonsense tease us with your jeers,
Who might with dulness and her crew
Securely slumber? Why will *you*
Sport your dim orbs amidst her fogs?
You're not *obliged*—ye silly dogs!

T. F. O.





Morhof's "Polyhistor."

DANIEL G. MORHOF, a learned German, born 1639, who spent many years in England and was an intimate friend of the great Robert Boyle some of whose works he translated into Latin, has written a discursive literary work called "Polyhistor," a work which is cited by Hallam in his "Literary History." I wish on this occasion briefly to advert to some of his remarks on "Libraries."

He at once divides them into "Public" and "Private." The original cause for the formation of *Public Libraries* was the necessity of preserving "State Documents." He points out how in earliest ages the history of events was commemorated by stone monuments (compare Gen. xxxi. 45 ; Josh. iv. 9), by inscriptions on rocks, such as those at Nahar-el-Kelb, made by different kings,—one by Sesostris about 1300 years before Christ, and another by Nebuchadnezzar six centuries later,—those at Behistun, Nakshi, Roustan, and the Rosetta stone and the Egyptian obelisks ; by rude paintings on skins, such as Catlin found among the North American Indians ; and in some countries by the oral transmission of ancient songs, as was practised by the old Germans and the Druids.

When writing became more common, historical events were recorded in writing. The early Egyptians, as Herodotus tells us, imposed this duty on their priests. This was the case also among the Chaldeans ; and the armies of the king were ever accompanied by royal scribes, equipped not only with the ordinary stylus and parchment or papyrus, but also with a prepared clay for making tablets, on which, when soft, the writing was inscribed, and with portable furnaces for baking the same.

Morhof cites N. Martini (a Jesuit missionary in China, author of "*Sinicae Historiae Decas*," containing the history of the Chinese from earliest origin to the birth of Christ, and "*China Illustrata*") for the information that it was a fixed custom that, when an emperor died, his successor at once selected certain of the most competent scholars of the day to write a perfect history of the reign of the deceased: this was looked upon as a sacred duty, and it was esteemed a great honour to be selected for the work. Owing to this custom, the Chinese History has been continued in an unbroken series; and written in a uniform style so that it might be thought to be the work of one author ("*Hinc Historia Sinica ita sibi semper similis continuatur*"). Among other records, works similar to our own "Doomsday Book" appear to have existed. Hence Morhof tells us that when Lieupangus conquered "Ingum" (an Indian Kingdom(?)), his General Siachous, disregarding the riches now in his power, at once entered the State Paper Office, as we should express it ("*museum summi magistratus*"), and removed with care the geographical tablets and books—"tabulas imperii Geographicas et Libros"—and from these he was enabled to give to the emperor a most minute and particular account of the different provinces and their fortified places, and also of the revenues and numbers of the men, to the admiration of all, and especially of the emperor himself.

Morhof next notices the foundation of the first library on record for Church purposes. No doubt Church libraries existed previously, but the first foundation of such a library recorded in history is that by Pope Hilary, who in 463 founded two libraries in the Baptistery of the Lateran Church at Rome, or, as Morhof expresses, "it he built two libraries near to the Lateran Fountain" in which he might preserve the writings of the Roman Church, the decretals of the pontiffs, the recantations and heresies of heretics, and the books of the Holy Fathers, for the public use of Christians, seeing that at that time books were found with greatest difficulty on account of their scarcity and the small number of copyists. The chief Librarian took the name of "Chancellor," and was deemed of equal dignity with a Bishop. Of the Greeks, Aristotle was the first to collect a library.

E. N S.





The Object of "Gulliver's Travels."

THE object of Swift in "Gulliver's Travels" would appear to have been twofold. "Where his work ceases for a moment to satirize the vices of mankind in general," Sir Walter Scott has written, "it becomes a stricture upon the parties, politics, and Courts of Britain; where it abandons that subject of censure, it presents a lively picture of the vices and follies of the fashionable world, or of the vain pursuits of philosophy; while the parts of the narrative which refer to the traveller's own adventures form a humorous and striking parody of the manners of old voyagers, their dry and minute style, and the unimportant personal incidents with which their journals are encumbered." In the Voyage to Lilliput the aim is chiefly political. To assail the policy of Walpole and the Ministry of George I., especially on account of the impeachment of Oxford and Bolingbroke, to justify the flight of the latter to France, and to complain of the banishment of Atterbury, were the objects. Accordingly, the Tories and Whigs are represented respectively as "High-heels" and "Low-heels"; the two great Church parties as "Big" and "Little Endians"; Walpole is intended by Flimnap; and the countries Blesfescu and Lilliput stand for France and England. In passing to Brobdingnag, we pass from the satire of individuals to the satire of institutions; the essential insignificance and littleness of human beings and their actions, and especially their collective actions, becomes the theme—a theme, perhaps, in part prompted by a feeling of bitterness in reflection on his own political disappointments, and a corresponding desire to make the possession of State influence appear "a very little thing." With the journey

to Laputa, the aspect is entirely changed. Among the members of the Royal Society, Arbuthnot was dear to Swift; but for the Society itself the Dean seems to have conceived great dislike. Private pique, and a sense of the ridiculousness of some of the inquiries mathematicians and philosophers pursued with utmost gravity, seem alike to have moved him. But if the boastings of science were vain, and discovered no enlarged spiritual capacity, much less was there anything in humanity worthy, as humanity, of admiration. Whatever is loathsome and degrading, whatever assimilates man to the beast, or carries him below the creatures put under his control, is minutely and disgustingly dwelt on. Here, in the fourth book, the attack is the generalization of what has in the three preceding voyages received particular exemplification. It denies a high purpose to man; it denies him a fitness for beauty, righteousness, or sublimity. It destroys, and does not build; it is without good purpose. But so far as his denial engenders—and it will universally—rebellion in the man, and consciousness of high potentialities, its purpose fails; or it creates to itself, what it is possible Swift may have intended, a reaction, and throws a gleam of doubtful light across the earlier voyages. The entire work is the expression of an unsatisfied, but unsubdued, man, who will be reckless, but half hopes, by his very recklessness, he shall make himself be unbelieved. The first part appeared in November, 1726, the whole—usually called the second edition—early in 1727. Who was the author was not at first known, even to his bookseller. The work arose out of the broken engagements of the members, one to another, of the Scriblerus Club. It was probably sketched some years before it appeared.

J. S. H.



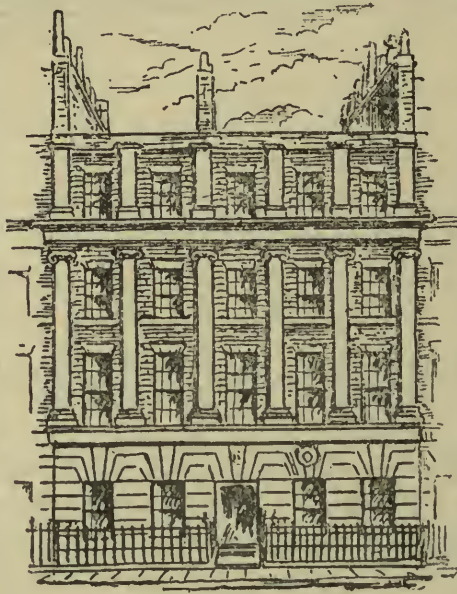


Charles Dickens in London.¹

MR. WILMOT HARRISON'S little book, "Memorable London Houses," is an admirable guide to the residences of famous men and women; whilst its utility is greatly enhanced by the hundred original illustrations from drawings made expressly for this work by Mr. G. N. Martin. "I have seen various places," observes Leigh Hunt, in "Men, Women, and Books," "which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses; to have walked and talked, and suppered and enjoyed with them. . . . Even in London I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and of course associated it with every commonplace the most poetical. . . . I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of my way, purely that I might pass through Gerrard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought." It was obviously such a passage as the foregoing which induced Mr. Harrison to supply what he terms "a simple and easy means of identifying houses in which have lived those who have made a name in history." He has wisely excluded taverns, coffee-houses, and club-houses, as well as the houses of "the great" in the sense in which the term is applied to rank and fashion. The book is

¹ "Memorable London Houses," by Wilmot Harrison. London: Sampson, Low and Co. Price 1s. 6d.

conveniently divided into routes, of which there are five, with an additional one dealing with suburban localities. We confine our remarks to the houses in which Charles Dickens lived and wrote; and, by permission of the publishers, we have deduced a series of five illustrations from Mr. Harrison's little book. It appears that after leaving his father's lodgings in Bentinck Street, Dickens took chambers in Furnival's Inn, the entrance, on the right, there is a memorial tablet marking the chambers of the great novelist. The "Sketches written here, and of the "Pickwick here Thackeray, between literary clinics, called



FURNIVAL'S INN.

author, in 1836, with an offer to undertake the illustrations of that immortal work. Mr. Harrison follows Dickens, topographically, through his entire career in London; and it is by passing up the Gray's Inn Road that we are enabled to distinguish Dickens's second residence, 48, on the east side of Doughty Street, Dickens on his marriage to Miss Hogarth, till "Pickwick" was finished, and "Nicholas Nickleby" were written. Forster tells us in his "Life" that Dickens was at this time, and finding relief from bodily exercise is an invitation to Forster to "join him at 11



48, DOUGHTY STREET.

mile ride out, and ditto in, lunch on the road, with a six o'clock dinner in Doughty Street." Carlyle's mention of Dickens in his "Diary" is of this period, 1840: "Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner-party, though they do not seem to heed him over-much.

sion of the pub-
pleasure in repro-
of five illustra-
Harrison's little
that after leaving
ings in Bentinck
took chambers in
and just inside
the right, there is
marking the
great novelist.
by Boz" were
the larger portion
Papers"; and
then fluctuating
and artistic in-
on the young

to Doughty Street
to distinguish Dick-
dence. At No.
side, Doughty
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Miss Hogarth, till
wick" was finished,
and "Nicholas
written. Forster
that Dickens was
at this time, and
ing relief from
bodily exercise is
invitation to Forster
a.m. in a fifteen

He is a fine little fellow—boy, I think. Clear, blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about—eye-brows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner whilst speaking.”

Dickens Doughty 1, Devonshire 1840, and re- ten years. is a double- place, with a closed by a Here—and at where he several sea- which gave a of his novels, House”—the



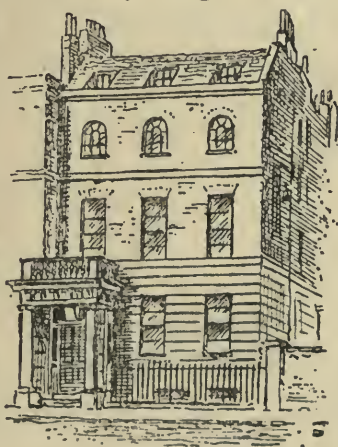
1, DEVONSHIRE TERRACE.

removed from Street to No. Terrace in mained here This house low-fronted garden en- high wall. Broadstairs, rented for sonsthehouse name to one “Bleak

“Old Curio-

sity Shop,” “Barnaby Rudge,” “Martin Chuzzlewit,” “Dombey and Son,” “David Copperfield,” the Christmas Books and “American Notes,” were written. We may imagine Thomas Hood calling here

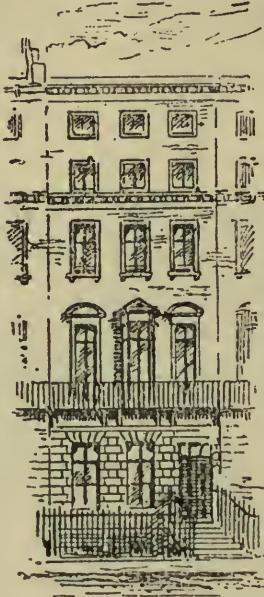
to congratulate him last-named work ; ting *tableaux non-* covers, old white kid Dickens’s bonnet many others eminent have crossed the Dickens would start Straw’s Castle, at pany with Maclise read to them the of “Dombey ” or field ”; and here his



TAVISTOCK HOUSE.

on the success of the Maclise manipula- *vivants* out of sofa gloves, and Mrs. feathers; and how in art and literature threshold! Thence on a tramp to Jack Hampstead, in com- and Forster, there to forthcoming number “David Copper- pet raven—a poor pun on his partiality for which once actually gave rise to a rumour that “Dickens had gone raving (raven) mad”—hopped about the garden or chattered stable slang on the sill of his study window. The study at Devonshire Terrace was the room adjoining the projecting entrance, which was added in 1851. Dickens removed from here to Tavistock House, which is in a recessed corner, on the north-east, of Tavistock Square. “Bleak House ” and “Little

"Dorrit" were produced during this period (*i.e.* 1850 to 1860); and the famous drama which Stanfield painted which Dickens (who management) and and literature, acted—wards given in public—were given. The which resulted in the and wife, dates from residence here. No. was the last residence during the delivery of James's Hall. "The Drood" was partly a large room here," he windows overlooking for airiness and cheer-



5, HYDE PARK PLACE.

matic performances, for the scenery, and in *revelled* in the stage others, eminent in art performances after-for benevolent objects domestic estrangement, separation of husband the later part of his 5, Hyde Park Place, in London of Dickens his readings at St. Mystery of Edwin written here. "I have wrote, "with three fine the park, unsurpassed fulness." A few months

later he died at Gadshill, his house near Rochester.





Booksellers' Petitions.

THE "Calendar of Treasury Papers" (1720-28) recently published under the editorship of Mr. Joseph Redington, one of the assistant-keepers of the Public Records, contains a few interesting references to petitions from the well-known booksellers Lintot and Tonson, and also one from Alderman John Barker, the friend and correspondent of Swift. About January 25, 1721, a petition was addressed by Timothy Goodwin, Jacob Tonson, William Taylor, and Bernard Lintot, to the Lords of the Treasury, for payment of £162 10s. for printing the special report from the Committee to inquire into several subscriptions for fisheries, insurances, &c. The work was done by order of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The petition was successful. On or about June 5, 1723, two petitions and two accounts were presented to the Lords of the Treasury by Lintot, Taylor, and Tonson, respecting payment for printing copies of report, &c., of Committee appointed by the House of Commons to examine Christopher Layer and others in connection with "the conspiracy." On Sept. 24, 1728, four booksellers, including Tonson and Knaplock, had to petition the Lords of the Treasury for payment for printing sundry reports, "representation," and votes. "Have delivered" (say the petitioners) "as usual for the services of the House, 658 of each of the same on each day of the Sessions; and by further order have delivered 5,600 more of the 'Representations,' amounting to £519 1s. 10d.," and they pray for payment, "as the like demands have been usually paid out of y^e contingent expenses of his majesty's Civil Government." The payment appears to have been paid in January, 1729-30. Obviously, the office of royal printer was not synonymous with cash payment! Alderman Barber's petition had no connection with

literature. This volume contains a few other items of literary interest. There is, for instance, a casual mention of "young Matthews," a printer who was executed for printing a treasonable pamphlet called "Vox Populi Vox Dei." The notorious Edmund Curll (whose name is throughout misprinted Carll) is the subject of a presentment from the Commissioners of Customs. The Treasury had consented to the bookseller's prosecution for reflecting on the Board in the advertisement of a pamphlet, "The present Management of the Customs"; but the dauntless Curll, who had already acquired some practical knowledge of the law, had attended at the Custom House and expressed his desire "to make his submission." The Commissioners recommended that the prosecution be dropped, to which my Lords agreed. In a Treasury paper of 1720, the late Prince George of Denmark comes out in a new character, as a patron of science. It appears from a petition of Margaret Flamsteed that "Historia Cœlestis," the work of her husband, the celebrated astronomer, was published at the expense of the prince. In another paper we read of the liberality of George I., who signified his pleasure that £100 should be allowed to Mr. Andrew Pfeffer, a printer of Coire in the Grisons country, who had dedicated to the king a translation of the Bible in the "Romansh" tongue. This version is now rather scarce, especially with the dedication to George I., which was only inserted in the copies intended for England. Almost the only mention of newspapers (with the exception of the *Gazette*) refers to the *London Journal*, "which came into the Government service in 1722, and Lord Townshend ordered 650 of the papers to be weekly sent to the Post Office to be dispersed in the country." It appears that "the paper sank in value by being taken into the Government service."





Amusing Prose Chap-Books.

THE literature of chap-books, and the books themselves, are rapidly forming an extensive section in the library of the amateur who makes a speciality of this most interesting subject. The little books are, in their original condition, rather expensive luxuries; and in their facsimile state they are not much cheaper. The result is that nearly all the more famous examples are better known by name than widely read. Mr. Robert Hays Cunningham, therefore, is to be congratulated on the excellent selection which he has recently republished through Mr. T. D. Morison, of Glasgow. The twenty-five examples here printed are chiefly of the last century; and although the book does not at all appeal to "specialists" on the subject of chap-books, it will be found to be highly entertaining to the general reader, and a desirable acquisition to the shelves of a reference library. Mr. Cunningham observes that, beginning at a little after the commencement of the eighteenth century, and continuing for over a hundred years afterwards, right up to the general introduction and use of cheap magazines and cheap newspapers, the chap-book was almost the only kind of reading within the reach of the poorer portion of the nation.

"What adds greatly to the interest attaching to the chap-book literature and to its importance, is the fact that these literary productions, if they may be so termed, were almost entirely written by the people themselves; that is, they were written by the people for the people. This fact intensifies the conviction that they give a true and unvarnished description of the lower orders and their ways. Then, as now, every district had its proportion of local geniuses, who had a gift above their fellows in the matter of story-telling, or some

other such way. And in many instances these narratives became chap-books, and were printed and reprinted times without number.

"With regard to this feature in chap-book literature already referred to—namely, that it was composed by the people for the people, and thus gives a true portraiture of many features in their social life—still more may be said. It being the case that not a few of those who hawked these cheap volumes over the country were themselves the authors of some of them, and in the composition of the chaps, to a considerable extent, just reproduced circumstances, incidents, and narratives that they had met with in their wanderings over the country.

"To a very marked degree was this the case in the most prominent of all the Scottish chap-book writers—namely, Dougal Graham. It would appear that at an early period of Graham's peregrinations, he accompanied Prince Charlie's army in 1745-6 throughout its various fortunes, pursuing his trade as a hawker of sundry articles that might be in demand by the prince's retainers. After the event was over, Graham continued the calling of hawker and chapman, at the same time becoming the author of a number of chap-books. But after a while he got a step or two farther on ; for, finding such an immense demand for his extremely amusing, though coarse, volumes, he set up a printing press of his own, for the purpose of producing his chaps and supplying chapmen with them, by whom they were spread broadcast over the country. The knowledge of such instances as this lends much additional value to the chap-book, as containing a forcible description of the social life and ideas of the masses in former times.

"A slight study of this department of literature will show that there was much variety in the tastes of the people ; and we also find that in this respect the various tastes could be fairly well met from among the stores of the chap-book publisher. In these days, just as at the present time, there had been any amount of enterprise on the part of authors and publishers in furnishing readers with whatever their fancy might desire. The *Litteratura Vulgi* may be fairly well divided into the following or similar classifications :—Historical, biographical, religious, romantic, poetical, humorous, fabulous, supernatural, diabolical, legendary, superstitious, criminal, and jest-books.

"The strictly religious appear to be the fewest in number. The supernatural and superstitious elements appear to be far more in demand, as the supply of such classes seems to have been greater. The romantic, likewise, had been in great request—the old romances

handed down from the days long before printing was invented continued up till the last century to be of undiminished interest. Also, from the number of poetical chaps that have come down to us, it is evident that the demand for them had been great all over the country. The most popular of all, however, appears to have been the humorous section, which again might be sub-divided into a variety of departments, each with numerous representatives. The love of fun and frolic was apparently as deeply implanted in the feelings and tastes of previous generations as of the present.

“Printing establishments devoted to the production of chap-books were pretty well scattered all over the country. In England the principal places were London, York, Birmingham, and Newcastle. In Scotland, the towns of Glasgow, Stirling, Falkirk, and Montrose, appear to have carried off the palm in this respect. In Ireland there had been few places besides Dublin and Belfast.

“The immense volume of business done in the production of the chap-book, and its importance as an article of trade all over the country, has been a matter of surprise; and the more one investigates into the facts of the case, the more is one impressed with the magnitude of the institution. It appears to have given employment to many thousands of chapmen and printer’s employés. As an instance of the profits derivable from the business as an article of trade, one publisher of chap-books, and that not in an especially large way, is known to have retired with accumulated profits amounting to £30,000, which in these days would represent a much larger sum than it does now.

“Notwithstanding the immense quantities of chap-books circulated broadcast over the country, comparatively early copies are now extremely rare; and the desire on the part of the public for their possession is now so great that about sixty times their original price is readily given—that is, what originally sold for one penny now frequently fetches five shillings, and sometimes more.”





The First Editions of Shakespeare's Plays.

THE library of the late Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead, Kent, which has just been sold by Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, was one of the few which possessed a collection of the original printed plays of Shakespeare published during the lifetime of the poet. The great private collections of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Warwick, and Mr. Huth are well known. This of Mr. Perkins's probably came next in importance; and, since the Shakespearian collection of George Daniel was dispersed at these rooms in 1864, there has not been any sale including so many of the quarto editions of the single plays. Those who have never seen these extremely interesting and now rare little books, which are at the same time curious as specimens of the printing and paper of the time, may be told that they are not much bigger than a man's hand, measuring about seven inches by five, and about three-eighths of an inch thick, very roughly printed on coarse ribbed paper, strong but not thick, the title-page having a woodcut device of some kind. These quartos, being so precious, have generally been cut at the edges of the leaves and gilt, and provided with crimson morocco bindings stamped with the arms or crest of the present possessor. All this is of course much to the regret of the old-book lover, who would prefer to see the book in its perfectly original state; but it is this careful binding that has preserved the fragile leaves. The copy of the first folio now sold was a very good one, although it had the title-page and Ben Jonson's verses both mounted and was otherwise in fair condition. It is entitled "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, published according to the true originall copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623." It was bound in blue morocco and the leaves

gilt. It sold for £415. George Daniel's copy brought £716, and passed into the library of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, where it is preserved in a beautiful casket carved by Rogers out of a piece of the famous mulberry tree that grew on Shakespeare's grass plot at New Place. That copy has, we believe, the leaves mostly uncut, and is one of the "tallest" among the precious folios. The folio of 1632 was a second edition, printed by Tho. Cotes for Robert Allot, London. It had a worm-hole through half the leaves, but was also gilt-edged and in blue morocco, £47. The third edition, 1664, has a different title with the additional words, "and unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio." This was a very large and perfectly sound copy, not mended in any way, but still bound in blue morocco with gilt leaves, £100. The fourth edition, 1685, printed for Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley, having the portrait by Burbage and two last leaves repaired, with two copies of the title-page, differing, £14. After some lots of various modern editions were disposed of, came the Quartos. "A Pleasant Conceited Comedy called Love's Labour Lost, newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare," 1st ed. 1598, the head-lines cut into and one page mended, £70. "The Most Excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet," 1599. The second (or first complete) edition, head-lines cut into in places, and title mounted, £164. "Much Adoe About Nothing," 1st ed., 1600, £75. "The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the Extreme Cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the saide Merchant"—the first edition according to some, but by others that of John Heyes preceded it, £121. The second part of "Henrie the Fourth . . . with Humours of Sir John Falstaffe," 1600, 1st ed., and Heber's copy in fine condition, morocco with gilt leaves, £225. "A Midsommer Night's Dreame," 1600, the first edition according to Halliwell-Phillipps, the second according to others, £61. "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke," newly imprinted and enlarged, without date, but 1607 assigned by Malone, doubtful if fourth or fifth edition, £60. "History of Henry the Fourth, with the Battell of Shrewseburie and the numerous Conceites of Sir John Falstaffe," 1608, £28. "The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battell fought at Agin-Court," &c., 3rd ed., £99. "Mr. William Shakespeare: his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters, &c. &c., as plaid at Whitehall by his Majesties' Servants of the Globe on the Banckside," 2nd ed., 1608, £50. "The famous Historie of Troylus and Cressied, excellently expressing the beginning of their Loves," &c., &c., 1609, 1st ed., £30. "The

Late and Much Admired Play called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*," &c., &c., 1st ed., 1609, with autograph of Steevens, £60. "The Most Lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*," &c., &c., 2nd or 3rd ed., 1611, £35. "A Most Excellent Conceited Comedy of *Sir John Falstaffe* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*," 2nd ed., 1619, £42. "The Tragedy of *Othello, the Moore of Venice*, acted at the *Globe* and at *Black Friars*," 1st ed., 1622, £130. "The Tragedie of *King Richard the Third*," 6th ed., £33. "The True Tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shovne the Death of *Edward the Fourth*," 1594—the only perfect copy known of the play Shakespeare is supposed to have used in his own play, £100. The spurious play, attributed to Shakespeare, "The True and Honourable History of the Life of *Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham*," 1600, £27. Another spurious play, called "The Merry Devill of *Edmonton*," 1608, £14. The second edition, but spurious, of "*King John*," 1611, £15. "The Play of the Whole Life and death of *Thomas, Lord Cromwell*," 1613, falsely attributed to Shakespeare, £13 15s. "A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie called *The Taming of the Shrew*," 1631, 1st quarto edition, £17 6s. *Lucrece*, first edition, 1594, with the letter of Shakespeare dedicating it to *Lord Southampton*. Only three or four copies of this first edition are known. It had two small holes burnt through two leaves destroying a few letters, but otherwise a fine copy. Bound in red morocco, the leaves gilt, £200. This was the last of the Shakespeare collection. The whole library of 2,086 lots realized £8,222 7s.





Books at Fairs.

IT is not at all surprising that M. Jusserand's charming book, "English Wayfaring Life," has reached a second edition, for it is the most readable and the most accurate account of the many phases of manners, customs, and traits of English life in the fourteenth century. It may be interesting to point out that certain portions of this admirable book first appeared in an English periodical—the *New Quarterly Magazine* of January and April, 1880. The articles were elaborated and issued in Paris by Hachette et Cie, in 1884, and the work appeared last year in its complete English form. The French edition had no illustrations, in which, however, that which Mr. Fisher Unwin issued last year abounds. Naturally, there is not much to say about books during the period of which M. Jusserand treats. In the section dealing with messengers, merchants, and pedlars, a reference, however, does occur, and it is to the effect that, *inter alia*, books formed one of the principal articles sold at Stourbridge fair. This article, observes M. Jusserand, became a very important one when the art of printing spread; there was in the North Hundred of Oxford, in the sixteenth century, a fair in which an extensive sale of books took place, and this, as Professor Thorold Rogers has justly observed, is the only way to account for the rapid diffusion of books and pamphlets at a time when newspapers and advertisements were practically unknown. "I have, more than once," adds the same authority, "found entries of purchases for college libraries, with a statement that the book was bought at St.

Giles' fair" ("History of Agriculture and Prices in England," vol. iv. p. 155). No reader of Boswell needs to be reminded how the father of Dr. Johnson had a booth for book-selling on market days at Uttoxeter, in doing which he was merely keeping up, as we see, a mediæval tradition of long standing. How young Samuel refused once to accompany his father to the market, and how, in after-time, when he became king of the London literary world, he repaired on a rainy day to the spot where the booth used to be, and there did penance, is too well-known to be more than alluded to here. Even at the present day books continue to be an article of sale at the fairs in many French [and also English] country places, and sheets of printed matter are taken from thence to cottages, where, under the smoky light burning in winter by the fireside, people, not very dissimilar to their forefathers of five hundred years ago, read of mediæval heroes and of the worthies of the world.



Catalogues : "Got as a Clue."

GOT as a clue to us to show
 What books are high and what are low
 In price, for need there none be told
 Book-lovers rarely have much gold,
 Since thus it aye hath been all know.

But boundless are our wishes, though
 Our purses seldom bulge—and so
 Through Catalogues we search consoled,—
 Got as a clue.

"Octavo, quarto, folio,"
 With pencil marking as we go
 From page to page, ne'er are controlled
 Our hopes to buy what we behold ;
 So ne'er in vain are they, I trow,
 Got as a clue.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.



The British Museum.

THE Parliamentary paper with reference to the British Museum just published contains some interesting information about the reading-room. The readers last year numbered 188,432, being an average attendance of 622 a day, as against 182,778 in 1887. The resources of the room are said to be taxed to the uttermost, but the introduction of regulations whereby the use of novels has been restricted, and the reservation of seats, during temporary absence, unduly prolonged, has been forbidden, has to some extent relieved overcrowding. There is quite a rush for seats now, between eleven a.m. and one p.m. In the days gone by readers were content to come in from two to four p.m. It is curious, too, to note that while the number of readers has increased, the number of books supplied to them has decreased. In the past year the total number of volumes supplied was 1,208,709, as against 1,221,298 in 1887. The total number of readers in the newspaper-room during the year has been 14,499, giving a daily average of 48. The number of volumes on the average given to each person was more than three. The number of sets of newspapers published in the United Kingdom and received under the provisions of the Copyright Act during the past year was 2,244, comprising 157,166 single issues. The library, the report says, has received three valuable donations during the year: three years' files of 71 colonial newspapers from the Colonial Institute; a collection of playbills of Drury Lane Theatre from 1744 to 1862, given by Mr. Augustus Harris; and the memoirs of the Belgian Academy, presented by that body.

The Names of Ancient Publishing Centres.

THE following translation of the Latin names of ancient book centres may prove of value. The dates refer to first printing done in each city:—

Amstelodamum.....	Amsterdam	1523
Argentina	Strasburg	1440
Bononia.....	Bologna ..	1471
Basilea	Basle	1460
Brugæ	Bruges	1473
Bruxellæ	Brussels	—
Colonia	Cologne	1466
Delphi	Delft	—
Duacum.....	Douay	1564
Gandavum.....	Ghent.....	1483
Glascua	Glasgow.....	—
Hafnia or Codania	Copenhagen	1493
Holmina	Stockholm.....	—
Lugduni Batavorum.....	Leyden	1483
Leodium	Liège	1566
Lipsia.....	Leipsic	1480
Lugdunum.....	Lyons.....	—
Monachium	Munich	1500
Moguntia	Mayence	1440
Norimberga	Nuremberg	1470
Oxonia	Oxford	1468
Pictavium	Poitiers.....	1479
Rothomagum	Rouen	1487
Spira	Spire	1471
Taurinum	Turin	1474
Toletum.....	Toledo	1498
Tubinga.....	Tubingen	1498
Trajectum ad Rhenum.....	Utrecht	1473
Ulyssipo.....	Lisbon	—
Vindobona.....	Vienna	1482
Westmonasterium.....	Westminster	1474

A Quaint Excuse.

THE *London Journal* of November 4, 1727, contains the following notice:—

“Our readers, we hope, will excuse the badness of the paper for a week or two, being disappointed of our usual sort, and there being but one paper-mill in England that can now make the same.”



John Hill Burton.

THE late John Hill Burton's "Bookhunter" is the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" rolled into one of the class of men whom its title somewhat laconically indicates. The nucleus of this charming work first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* a quarter of a century ago, and since it has become accessible to all in book form it has on many occasions been the subject of much keen bidding at auction sales. Only recently a copy of the first edition (1862), on large paper, fetched £6 10s., but another copy of the same edition, not on large paper, sold for £1. The small quarto issue of 1882, with biography and portrait of the author, is also going up in price, and it sells in the auction room very readily for from a guinea to thirty shillings. Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, the publishers, have been well advised in issuing a reprint of the second, or 1863, edition, so that the book is no longer confined to the collections of the wealthy. The only cause for regret which we can find is that the widow's delightful memoir, which appears in the 1882 issue, is not also included in the recent reprint. It is almost superfluous to describe a book which every one knows; and we shall therefore confine ourselves to quoting from *Blackwood's Magazine* two vivid word-pictures, one of the man himself, and the other of his library.

"There was a good deal of the Bohemian in Burton. He was ill at ease when in full dress; he liked space and air; he was an inveterate wanderer—never happier than when tramping across the countryside, or camping among the heather. He valued his in-

dependence and his right to think for himself; and he was a most intrepid thinker. So long as he felt he was in the right it did not matter to him what weight of authority might be arrayed against him. He brushed it aside—without scorn or contempt, indeed, but with a quiet indifference that was more effective in the long run. There was indeed a singular incapacity for resentment or anger or rancour in Burton's nature; he was absolutely free from jealousy, as well as from the other vices which a literary life is sometimes supposed to breed. One never heard him utter a harsh or unkindly word of a brother writer, and his appreciation of excellence was generous and unstinted. He was in every respect one of the most tolerant and catholic-hearted of men. Yet his tolerance did not proceed from coldness or indifference; for meanness, or baseness, or deliberate malice could sting him on occasion into sharp protest.

The alacrity and alertness of Burton's gait were characteristic of his mind. His spare and weather-beaten frame was sustained by an amazing vitality. The gaunt and attenuated figure, with the habitual stoop, which passed you at express speed, turning neither to the right nor to the left—the hat, which probably had seen better days, thrown far back upon the head—the black surtout, which had been cut without any very close acquaintance on the part of the tailor with the angularities of the form it was to cover, streaming behind, might excite a passing smile; but we all knew that it was a fine, manly, independent, sincere, honourable soul that was lodged in this somewhat shabby tabernacle, and the incongruities were quickly forgotten."

The following is an obvious description of Burton's place at Craighouse, although he is not mentioned by name:—

"We have had the privilege of dropping in upon him in what we might call his lair, if the word did not sound disrespectful. It was in a venerable, half-castellated, ivy-grown manor-house, among avenues of ancient trees, where the light had first to struggle through the foliage before it fell on the narrow windows, in walls that were many feet in thickness. And seldom, surely, has so rich a collection been stowed away in so strange a suite of rooms. Rooms, indeed, are hardly the word. The central point, where the proprietor wrote and studied, was a vaulted chamber, and all around was a labyrinth of passages to which you mounted or descended by a step or two; of odd nooks and sombre little corridors, and tiny apartments squeezed aside into corners, and lighted either from the corridor or by a lancet-window or a loophole. The floors were of polished oak or deal; the ceilings of stone or whitewashed; and as

to the walls, you could see nothing of them for the panelling of the shelves and the backs of the volumes. It was books—books—books—everywhere ; the brilliant modern binding of recent works relieving the dull and far more appropriate tints of workworn leather and time-stained vellum. To the visitor it seemed confusion worse confounded ; though wherever his glance happened to fall, he had assurance of the treasures heaped at random around him. But his host carried the clue to the labyrinth in his brain, and could lay his hand on the spur of the moment on the book he happened to want. And with the wonders he had to offer for your admiration, you forgot the flight of time, till you woke up from your abstraction in the enchanted library, to inquire about the manuscript that was in course of publication."



A Raison d'être.

THE reasons for the appearance of books and poems are as manifold as the publications themselves. We give the following from Charlotte M'Carthy's "Justice and Reason : Faithful Guides to Truth," published in London in 1768, at the price of half-a-crown :—

"The author of this book, having taken some pains in a very polite application to a certain great man in the Church ; and having receiv'd for answer, that if she brought him a letter from some person of quality he knew, he wou'd assist her. Was returning home, reflecting in a melancholy manner, on the mistaken notions of piety with which too many are possess'd ; when she met his Royal Highness in his coach, who look'd at her, and smil'd. Pleas'd with that innocence, as yet untainted by the vices of the world, she wrote the following piece of poetry ; and hopes it is the first in which his highness has been address'd.—His Highness was at the age of one year, and eight months." We do not venture to quote the "piece of poetry."

A Literary Echo.

THERE is a curious frontispiece to an edition of the classics, published on the Continent. The copper-plate, which faces the title-page, represents, on one side, Christ upon the Cross, and, on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth a label seems to issue forth, with the following words inscribed on it: "Lord Jesus, lovest Thou me?" This question is answered by another label, affixed to the mouth of the person addressed: "Highly-famed, excellent, and most learned Rector Seger, imperial poet, and well-deserving master of the school at Wittenberg, thou knowest that I love thee" !

The British Museum Catalogue.

FOR the original subscribers the Museum catalogue is (says Dr. Garnett) one of the cheapest books in the world. At its commencement it was not expected that more than fifteen parts could be issued annually, and the annual subscription was fixed at £3. In fact, however, the rate of publication has for some years past averaged thirty parts, while the terms of subscription remain unaltered. The subscription is, therefore, virtually reduced by one-half, and the cost of each part, with its 250 columns and 5,000 titles, is just 2s. It may be doubted whether equal liberality has ever been shown by any public institution. The case, however, of the subscribers of the future is far otherwise, or rather say would be, if such subscribers could exist. Nobody will take an imperfect catalogue, and the sum required for the parts already printed is an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of new subscribers, and an effectual check to the further dissemination of the catalogue, except by donation.





De Quincey on Novels.

AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY.

A FALSE ridicule has settled upon novels, and upon young ladies as the readers of novels. Love, we are told authoritatively, has not that importance in the actual practice of life—nor that extensive influence upon human affairs—which novel-writers postulate, and which the interest of novels presumes. Something to this effect has been said by an eminent writer; and the law is generally laid down upon these principles by cynical old men, and envious blue-stockings who have outlived their personal attractions. The sentiment however is false even for the present condition of society; and it will become continually *more* false as society improves. For what is the great, commanding event, the one sole revolution, in a woman's life? Marriage. Viewing her course from the cradle to the grave in the light of a drama, I am entitled to say that her wedding-day is its catastrophe—or, in technical language, its *peripeteia*: whatever else is important to her in succeeding years has its origin in that event. So much for *that* sex. For the other, it is admitted that love is not, in the same exclusive sense, the governing principle under which their lives move; but what then are the concurrent forces, which sometimes happen to co-operate with that agency—but more frequently disturb it? They are two—ambition and avarice. Now, for the vast majority of men, ambition, or the passion for personal distinction, has too narrow a stage of action, its grounds of hope are too fugitive and unsteady to furnish any durable or domineering influence upon the course of life. Avarice, again, is so repulsive to the native nobility of the human heart, that it rarely obtains the dignity of a passion: great energy of character is requisite to form a consistent and accomplished miser:

and of the mass of men it may be said—that, if the beneficence of Nature has in some measure raised them *above* avarice by the necessity of those social instincts which she has impressed upon their hearts, in some measure also they sink *below* it by their deficiencies in that austerity of self-denial and that savage strength of will which are indispensable qualifications for the *rôle* of heroic miser. A perfect miser, in fact, is a great man, and therefore a very rare one. Take away, then, the two forces of ambition and avarice, what remains even to the male sex as a capital and overruling influence in life except the much nobler force of love? History confirms this view: the self-devotions and the voluntary martyrdoms of all other passions collectively have been few by comparison with those which have been offered at the altar of love. If society should ever make any great advance, and man, as a species, grow conspicuously nobler, love also will grow nobler; and a passion, which at present is possible in any elevated form for one perhaps in a hundred, will then be co-extensive with the human heart.

On this view of the grandeur which belongs to the passion of sexual love in the economy of life, as it is and as it may be, novels have an all-sufficient justification; and novel-readers are obeying a higher and more philosophic impulse than they are aware of. They seek an imaginary world where the harsh hindrances, which in the real one too often fret and disturb the “course of true love,” may be forced to bend to the claims of justice and the pleadings of the heart. In company with the agitations and the dread suspense—the anguish and the tears, which so often wait upon the uncertainties of earthly love, they demand at the hands of the novelist a final event corresponding to the natural award of celestial wisdom and benignity. What they are striving after, in short, is—to realize an ideal, and to reproduce the actual world under more harmonious arrangements. This is the secret craving of the reader; and novels are shaped to meet it. With what success is a separate and independent question: the execution cannot prejudice the estimate of their aim and essential purpose.

Fair and unknown owner of this album, whom perhaps I have never seen, whom perhaps I never *shall* see, pardon me for wasting two pages of your elegant manual upon this semi-metaphysical disquisition. Let the subject plead my excuse, and believe that I am, Fair Incognita, your faithful servant,

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

*Professor Wilson's, Gloucester Place, Edinburgh,
Friday Night, December 3, 1830.*



Thackeray and "The Snob."¹

THE first real attempt at literature on the part of the future author of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond" was during his residence at Cambridge, in 1829, when he appeared as one of the principal contributors to, and practically joint-editor of, *The Snob*, a little weekly periodical, eleven numbers of which were published at Cambridge in 1829. He was probably not at first one of the most extensive writers in *The Snob*, but the letters here quoted show that the greater part of the work soon fell upon him. In a letter dated May 17, 1829, Thackeray writes: "A poem of mine hath appeared in a weekly periodical here published, and called *The Snob*; I will bring it home with me." And on a later day, but in the same letter, he writes: "'Timbuctoo' received much laud. The men knew not the author, but praised the poem." This reference is, of course, to Thackeray's burlesque lines on the subject given for the prize poem, the prize being won by the present Poet Laureate. The burlesque appeared in No. 4, which was published on April 30, 1827. It was reprinted in "Thackeray the Humourist and the Man of Letters," which was published by Hotten in 1864; in the twenty-fifth volume of the "Standard Edition" of Thackeray's works, published in 1885; and in Mr. Johnson's recent book.

In a letter written during May, 1829, Thackeray says: "I think after the vacation we shall set up a respectable periodical here, I shall have four months to write for it!" This reference was to

¹ "The Early Writings of Thackeray," by C. P. Johnson. London: Elliot Stock.

The Gownsmen, the successor of *The Snob*. On May 23, 1829, he wrote: "On Monday night myself and the editor of *The Snob* sat down to write the snob for next Thursday. We began at nine and finished at two; but I was so afflicted with laughter during our attempts that I came away quite ill." From this it would appear that Thackeray had a large part in producing No. 8, for May 30, 1829. Under date, May 29th, we read: "*The Snob* goeth on and prospereth. Here is a specimen of my wit, in the shape of an advertisement therein inserted: 'Sidney Sussex College.—Wanted, a few freshmen: Apply at the Butteries, where the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.'"

It has been generally considered, owing to the peculiar orthography adopted in them, that the "Ramsbottom Papers" were from Thackeray's pen. In November, 1830, a successful effort was made to "set up a respectable periodical here," and in due course *The Gownsmen* made its appearance.



Leigh Hunt's "Juvenilia."

LEIGH HUNT'S "Juvenilia, or, a Collection of Poems written between the ages of 12 and 16," was published, with a frontispiece, in 1801, and a second edition, with suppressions and additions, appeared in 1802. The collection was made by the poet's father, the Rev. Isaac Hunt, and a very long list of subscribers is appended to the publication. "Juvenilia" was first published shortly after the author's departure from Christ's Hospital, where he received his early education. "I was as proud of the book at that time, as I am ashamed of it now," writes Hunt in his "Autobiography," "my book was a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless."



A Russian Bookseller and Publisher.

QVER the front of a shop painted bright yellow in the Czarina Prospect of Ekaterinoslav are these words in Russo-French: "Triknief—Libraire et Publieur." Triknief has been told a hundred times that the French for publisher is *éditeur*; but a Russian takes tender liberties with the languages he loves—as witness that barber lower down the street, who, to cut out a French rival over the way, goes in for Anglicism with the announcement: "Ruzski; Inglish Shaver."

Triknief, though, is not an ignorant man, for he holds a mart for the works of human intellect published all the world over. His shop is full of French, English, and German books. He publishes works in the Russian tongue, he owns a monthly magazine, and would have started a weekly newspaper before now if the town where he flourishes had possessed that inestimable boon, a censor. Scores of Russian towns are crying out for censors, but there are only nine censorial commissions in the whole empire, and every book or magazine essay which Triknief wishes to put forth must be sent to Odessa for approval.

Three months is the shortest time that can elapse before he gets back his manuscript, more or less embellished with corrections in red pencil; but sometimes six months slip by, for the censors have a great deal to do. If a work contains strictures upon anything connected with Government service, it must be referred to the State department in St. Petersburg which those strictures concern; and this often involves a delay of years. For these reasons Triknief has to get his magazine made up months beforehand; but even then he is not sure of being able to sell it; for an essay which was inno-

cuous at the time when it received the imprimatur, may, through a turn in circumstances, become perilous reading, in which case the magazine is seized. Last year Triknieff received a well-written work upon the difficulties of a campaign on the Danube; but as these difficulties regarded the War Office, the book was forwarded thither. and there it is lying now. Perhaps Triknieff will be allowed to publish it, with amendments, towards the beginning of next year, if he should think the subject still retains interest then.

Triknieff would be a happy man if Government would instal a censor in his town and arm him with full powers; but he and Government look at this question from opposite points of view; for Triknieff wants to promote the sale of literature, and Government desires to check it. It is more than enough for the authorities that publications should come out with tolerable frequency in the nine university towns—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kazan, Dorpat, Vilna, (Lithuania), Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, and Warsaw. All these places possess censors, and most of them one or two daily independent newspapers, whose articles have to be submitted for revision three clear days before going to print; but if country-town censors were appointed, Triknieff and his fellows would get bribing them, and there would be no damming up the torrent of prints that would well up, to the flooding of institutions that could no longer stand if the waters of publicity were let into them.

These things have been benevolently explained to Triknieff by the civil governor more than once, and the shrewd old gentleman has advised the publisher to be content with such wit as he has for cheating the censorship as often as he can. Triknieff understands what this means, for he is only trammelled by the censors so far as outward appearances go. What these gentlemen virtually do is to hinder his publication of works by respectable native writers, and to mutilate foreign works forwarded to him by his agent at Leipzig; but in the matter of issuing anonymous Socialist pamphlets, or boudoir romances such as could not be suffered to lie on any decent boudoir table, Triknieff, like the rest of his craft in Russia, is free.

He has a clandestine press and numerous secret hawkers who help him to disseminate tons of foolish and foul literature, with the tacit connivance of the police, whom he suborns. If you asked him for Mill's "Political Economy" over his counter, he would tell you that the work is forbidden; if you wanted to buy Thackeray's "Virginians," you would find about five dozen pages cut out. The works of Voltaire, Thiers, Macaulay, and Victor Hugo are not to be seen on Triknieff's shelves; those of Dickens, Balzac, and the elder

Dumas are only purchasable (publicly) in an incomplete form ; but, if the honest bookseller has to deal with a man of position or with a lady whom he can trust, he will come after dark, bringing a cargo not only of the works asked for, but of numerous others of which it would not be expedient so much as to utter the names aloud.

The Russians are great readers, and the difficulty of procuring good foreign works in open day makes every one privy, more or less, to the malpractices of booksellers. Long before the censors have made up their minds as to M. Victor Hugo's last production, "The History of a Crime," the work will have been read by every Russian who cares to pay the high price for which smuggled or pirated copies can be bought. But extravagant prices are naturally a bar to persons of moderate means ; and that is how it comes that the pomeschiks, or small squires, the trading classes, university students, and subaltern officers, have exhausted the frivolous in literature ; and when they have exhausted the frivolous, then hawkers tempt their jaded appetites, as above said, with licentious books under alluring titles.

Much of the corruption of women in Russian society—corruption which often finds vent in hysteric outbreaks towards Nihilism, Daimonism, or what not—comes of the fearful books that are devoured for want of better mental food. The Russian bookseller is, in fact, a wholesale polluter of morals ; and yet such a one as Triknieff, in the Czarina Prospect, only trades in vice because he would have to shut up shop if he confined himself to the lawful sale of books allowed by the censors. Give him freedom of bookselling, and he would be the first to suppress the clandestine branch of his trade, being a respectable man often to be seen in church along with his wife—who, it is to be hoped, knows nothing of the strange works piled up in his cellars.

Triknieff's expenses are high, for he keeps three founts of type—Russian, German, and French—and has a staff of compositors who can print in three languages. Skilled labour is always dear in Russia, and the artels of printers have latterly forced up the wages of their hands to three paper roubles a day. It needs a sale of many books to cover such prices ; but when it is considered that Triknieff keeps about half a dozen police in hush-money, and has to pay two or three yearly visits to Odessa to propitiate censors and get whole boxes of foreign books through the custom-house uninspected, the only wonder is that he can make the two ends meet at all. His shops is almost always empty, and he gives away so many gratis copies of his uninteresting magazine that its selling circulation can hardly meet the cost of printing.

Probably he keeps up this periodical for the respectability it gives him. He is an honorary member of several provincial academies ; an inspector of schools (which confers on him the right to a bright blue uniform and a star with three points) ; he sits in the municipal council of his town, and on the jury at assizes ; and he is generally regarded as a first-class savant. His magazine treats of science and agriculture ; publishes adaptations of French and English sensation novels ; and is of course profoundly and gushingly loyal. The contributors are generally amateurs in the service of the Crown who like to see themselves in print ; but there is a sub-editor, a polyglot Pole, who pads the pages with translations from foreign periodicals when original matter fails.

Triknief is great at piracies, and when a foreign novel is passed by the censors and seems likely to have a good sale, he will reprint it sooner than go to the expense of ordering copies from abroad. Some of these reprints read oddly, for, with a view to economy, all that is not "action" in the book—disquisitions, descriptions of scenery, &c.—are expunged. The polyglot Pole has a marked talent for compressing three volumes into one, and will often give a work the touch of literary finish, either by an addition of sensationalism or by a readjustment of "scenes," which in his opinion it lacks. More often, however, the works which Triknief pirates are those which the censors have banned ; and then the Pole is useful for dressing up these books in Russian garb, denationalizing the characters and their names.

Triknief prints more things in Russian than in French or German, though works in these two last languages always command a sale among those who aspire at gentility. His magazine is Russian, and as such is viewed with favour by the authorities, who like to be able to show by palpable proof how the Czar's Government encourages native literature. It is probable, indeed, that if from some cause or other Triknief was compelled to abandon the publication of his periodical, somebody else would be assisted to bring it out, so that it might not be said that gravely instructed literature had ceased to be in demand in any of his Majesty's provinces. As it is, the magazine undoubtedly does Triknief a good turn by giving him the decent name which he could hardly derive from his other literary transactions. It is like the reputable flag which a pirate hoists when he sails with a cargo of contraband.—*From "The Russians of To-day," by E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY.*



William Strahan, the King's Printer.

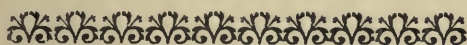
THE publication, by the Clarendon Press, of a series of inedited letters from Hume to Strahan, not only throws a good deal of light upon certain phases in the career of the great philosopher and historian, but it is an important contribution to the history of English bookselling. How far the general reader—that is to say the reader whose mental food is obtained through the medium of circulating libraries—will appreciate a book of which the notes form two-thirds of the whole volume, we cannot pretend to say. But we have no doubt as to the welcome which all students will give to this work. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has the faculty of annotation developed to rather an alarming extent, but nothing can excel the patience, accuracy, and industry which each page of this book demonstrates. “Every book,” observes Hume, “should be as complete as possible within itself, and should never refer for anything material to other books.” Dr. Hill has acted up to this proposition with the result that we have a very entertaining view of Hume and his contemporaries from November, 1756, to the latter part of 1776. Strahan was the publisher who, with Cadell, succeeded to the business of Andrew Millar, and also to the publication of Hume’s “History.” Various indeed are the subjects dealt with in these ninety odd letters; but the sections which treat of the publication and the new editions of his “History,” and other books, form perhaps the most valuable part of the book.

It is, however, in reference to Strahan the publisher that we wish to publish a few particulars, and we gladly avail ourselves of Dr.

Birkbeck Hill's succinctly-written "brief account." Strahan, like several other contemporary publishers, was a Scotchman, having been born in Edinburgh in 1715. So soon as his apprenticeship expired, he went to seek his fortune in London. His success is a matter of history. That he was, observes Dr. Hill, a man not only of great worth, but of a strong and cultivated understanding, is shown by the men whom he had made his friends, and by the services which he rendered to some of them. Garrick, it is true, thought he "was rather an *obtuse* man." That he was a good judge in general of the merits of a book cannot be doubted. First in partnership with Andrew Miller, "the Mæcenæ of the age," the man whom Johnson respected for raising the price of literature, and then in partnership with Thomas Cadell, he published some of the most important works of his time. When Elmsley, the bookseller, "declined the perilous adventure" of bringing out the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," it was Strahan and Cadell who undertook the risk of the publication. It was by Strahan's "prophetic taste," writes Gibbon, that the number of the impression was doubled. Strahan and Cadell were the publishers of works not only of Gibbon and Hume, but of Johnson, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blackstone, and Blair. His assistance in correcting his proofs is more than once acknowledged by Hume, who ranks him with Aldus and Stephens. Strahan, also, was Hume's literary executor.

He must have had (continues Dr. Hill) an unusual breadth of character, for he was the friend of men so unlike as Johnson and Hume, as Franklin and Robertson. It was at his house that Johnson and Adam Smith met when "they did not take to each other." He tried to get Johnson a seat in the House of Commons, and was "his friendly agent in receiving his pension for him, and his banker in supplying him with money when he wanted it." When Johnson wrote to Scotland, "I employ Strahan," he said, "to frank my letters, that he may have the consequence of appearing a Parliament-man among his countrymen." There was a difference between the two men which kept them apart for a few months, when it was healed by a letter from Johnson and a friendly call from Strahan. The warmth of friendship that existed between him and other eminent men of letters is shown by their letters. Adam Smith writing to him signs himself "most affectionately yours," and so does Robertson. Beattie and Blair are scarcely less warm. Johnson, indeed, when among the Aberdeen professors, mocked at his intimacy with Bishop Warburton. "Why, sir, he has printed some of his works, and perhaps bought the property of some of them.

The intimacy is such as one of the professors here may have with one of the carpenters who is repairing the college." But Beattie, who had seen the correspondence that had passed between the two men, said that "they were very particularly acquainted." His portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and it may be added that he was returned to Parliament in 1774 for the borough of Malmesbury, his colleague being Charles Fox; that he subsequently sat for Wooton Bassett, and that he died on July 9, 1785.



A Condemnation of the Press.

A FRENCH historian (name unknown) who lived in the time of the revival of learning, made himself remarkable by sneering at the two most wonderful events of his age—the discovery of America by Columbus, and the invention of printing by Gutenberg. His condemnation of the Press may be roughly translated as follows :—

“ I’ve seen a mighty throng
Of printed books and long,
To draw to studious ways
The poor men of our days ;
By which new-fangled practice
We soon shall see the fact is,
Our streets will swarm with scholars,
Without clean shirts or collars,
With Bibles, books, and codices,
As cheap as tape for bodices.”

This jeer may not be quite correct as regards scholars, but it was a truthful prophecy concerning cheap literature.



Curiosities of Cataloguing.

NOW and then one meets with difficulty in assigning the author mark to the works of a voluminous writer arising from his having chosen several titles beginning with the same letter. Instances may be found in the works of George Sand, George Eliot, Walter Scott, Mrs. Southworth, and others who have shown a preference, probably unconscious, for some one letter of the alphabet. I do not remember a worse case than I have just met in Du Boisgobey's novels. Twelve C's, including six Co's, may well tax the patience of the notator. Here they are with the marks which we have given them.

C	Cachettes de Marie Rose.
CH	Châlet des Pervenches.
CI	Chevalier Casse-Cou.
CK	Cochon d'or.
CL	Collets noirs.
CM	Collier d'acier.
CN	Cornaline.
CO	Coup de pouce.
CP	Coup d'œil.
CR	Cri du sang.
CS	Crime de l'omnibus.
CT	Crime de l'opéra.

It will be noticed that there is still room for a title beginning with Ci which can be marked cj. If two should come, I should change Chevalier to CHE, and evidently, if Du Boisgobey continues his literary activity either in person, or, as the Duchess was accused of doing, by his heirs and assigns, we shall have to use more three-letter marks.—C. A. C.





Book Lotteries.

THAT would be scarcely possible to name any phase of commercial speculation—which existed during a certain period—that did not come within the range of Lotteries. Almost as soon as the lottery method of distribution became “naturalised” in this country we read of books playing a conspicuous part—from the time of Charles II. until the complete suppression of the system. Many book-lotteries were drawn at theatres in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Mr. Henry Sampson, in his entertaining “History of Advertising,” points out that at Vere Street Theatre, which stood in Bear Yard, to which there was an entrance through a passage at the south-west corner of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, another from Vere Street, and a third from Clare Market, Killigrew’s company performed during the seasons 1661 and 1662, and a part of 1663, when they removed to the newly-built theatre in Drury Lane; the Vere Street Theatre was then probably unoccupied until Mr. Ogilby, the author of the “Itinerarum Angliæ, a Book of Roads,” adopted it, as standing in a populous neighbourhood, for the temporary purpose of drawing a lottery of books, which took place in 1668. Books were, according to Mr. Sampson, often the species of property held out as a lure to adventurers, by way of lottery, for the benefit of the suffering loyalists. *The Gazette* of May 18, 1668, contains the following advertisement:—

“Mr. Ogilby’s Lottery of Books opens on Monday, the 25th instant, at the old Theatre, between Lincoln’s Inn Fields and Vere Street, where all Persons concerned may repair on Monday, May 18, and see the Volumes, and put in their Money.”

But the business proving so excellent, *The Gazette* of May 25th announced that "adventurers coming in so fast that they cannot in so short time be methodically registered," a postponement until June 2nd was decided upon. This was not, however, Ogilby's first book-lottery, for, as will be seen from the following "Proposal," he was busy at the same game in 1665. The "Proposal" is somewhat lengthy, but its great interest justifies us in transcribing it in full:—

"A SECOND PROPOSAL, by the author, for the better and more speedy vendition of several volumes (his own works) by the way of a standing Lottery, licensed by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and assistants at the Corporation of the royal Fishing.

"WHEREAS John Ogilby, esq., erected a standing Lottery of books, and completely furnished the same with very large, fair, and special volumes, all of his own designment and composure, at vast expense, labour, and study of twenty years; the like impressions never before exhibited in the English tongue. Which according to the general satisfaction of the adventurers, with no less hopes of a clear despatch and fair advantage to the author, was several days in drawing; when its proceedings were stopt by the then growing sickness, and lay discontinued under the arrest of that common calamity, till the next year's more violent and sudden visitation, the late dreadful and surprising conflagration, swallowed the remainder, being two parts of three, to the value of three thousand pounds and upwards, in the unimaginable deluge. Therefore, to repair in some manner his so much commiserated losses, by the advice of so many of his patrons, friends, and especially by the incitations of his former adventurers, he resolves, and hath already prepared, not only to reprint all his own former editions, but others that are new, of equal value, and like estimation by their embellishments, and never yet published; with some remains of the first impressions, relics preserved in several hands from the Fire; to set up a second standing lottery, where such the discrimination of fortune shall be, that few or none shall return with a dissatisfying chance. The whole draught being a greater advantage by much (to the adventurers) than the former. And accordingly, after publication, the author opened his office, where they might put in their first encouragements (*viz.*), twenty shillings, and twenty more at the reception of their fortune, and also see those several magnificent volumes, which their varied fortunes (none being bad) should present them.



A LOTTERY.

¹ “But the author now finding more difficulty than he expected, since many of his promisers (who also received great store of tickets to dispose of, towards promotion of his business) though seeming well resolved and very willing, yet straining courtesy not to go foremost in paying their monies, linger out, driving it off till near the time appointed for drawing; which dilatoriness (since despatch is the soul and life to his proposal, his only advantage a speedy vendition), and also observing how that a money dearth, a silver famine, slackens and cools the courage of adventurers; through which hazy, luminous, magnifying medium shillings loome like crowns, and each forty shillings a ten pound heap. Therefore, according to the present humour now reigning, he intends to adjuste his design; and this seeming too large-roomed, standing Lottery, modelled into many less, and more likely to take, tenements, which shall not open only a larger prospect of pleasing hopes, but more real advantage to the adventurer. Which are now to be disposed of thus: the whole mass of books or volumes, being the same without addition or dimunition, amounting according to their known value (being the prices they have usually been disposed at) to thirteen thousand seven hundred pounds; so that the adventurers will have the above said volumes (if all are drawn) of less than two-thirds of what they would yield in process of time, book by book. He now resolves to attempter, or mingle each prize with four allaying blanks, so bringing down, by this means, the market from double pounds to single crowns.

“THE PROPOSITION.—First, whosoever will be pleased to put five shillings shall draw a lot, his fortune to receive the greatest or meanest prize, or throw away his intended spending money on a blank. Secondly, whoever will adventure deeper, putting in twenty-five shillings, shall receive, if such his bad fortune be that he draws all blanks, a prize presented him by the author of more value than his money (if offered to be sold) though proffered ware, &c. Thirdly, who thinks fit to put in for eight lots forty shillings shall receive nine, and the advantage of their free choice (of all blanks) of either of the works complete, *viz.*, Homer’s *Iliads* and *Odysses*,

¹ “Whereas, some give out that they could never receive their books after they were drawn in the first Lottery, the author declares, and it will be attested, that of seven hundred prizes that were drawn there were not six remaining prizes that suffered with his in the Fire; for the drawing being on the 10th May, 1665, the office did then continue open for the delivery of the same (though the contagion much raged) until the latter end of July following; and opened again, to attend the delivery, in April 1666, whither persons repaired daily for their prizes, and continued open until the Fire.’

or Æsop, the first and second volumes, the China Book, or Virgil. Of which—

The First and greatest Prize contains

1 Lot, Number 1.

An imperial Bible with Chorographical and an hundred historical Sculps, valued at.....	25 <i>l</i> .
Virgil translated, with Sculps and annotations...	5 <i>l</i> .
Homer's Iliads, adorned with Sculps	5 <i>l</i> .
Homer's Odysseys, adorned with Sculps	5 <i>l</i> .
Æsop's Fables, paraphrased and Sculped, in Folio	4 <i>l</i> .
A second Collection of Æsopick Fables, adorned with Sculps, never	

[Rest imperfect.]

“ His Majestie's Entertainment passing through the City of London, and Coronation. There are one of each, of all the books contained in the Lottery, the whole value 51*l*.”

The Second prize contained books to the value of £49; the Third to £36, and so on, gradually diminishing to prizes of the value of £3. The whole number of lots is placed at 3,368. It is interesting to note that the “Iliad” was appraised at one pound more than the “Odyssey,” and that these two works, with the Bible, Virgil, and Æsop's Fables, were considered as absolutely essential to every household. A “Description of China” also takes a very prominent part in the Lottery literature. Virgil is valued at the same sum as the “Iliad,” whilst Æsop, complete in two volumes, is priced at £6—a sum higher than either work of Homer or that of Virgil. The “China Book” even appears at £4. Everything had the appearance of genuineness, for “the several volumes or prizes may be daily seen (by which visual speculation understanding their real worth better than by the ear or printed paper), . . . at the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street.”

A contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1788, speaks of having seen an undated “Address to the Learned; or, an Advantageous Lottery of Books in Quires; whereas each adventurer of a guinea is sure of a prize of two pound in value; and it is but four to one that he has a prize of three, six, eight, twelve, or fifty pounds, as appears by the following Proposals”: 1,500 lots, at £1 1*s*. each to be drawn with the lots out of two glasses, superintended by John Lilly and Edward Darrel, Esqrs., Mr. Deputy Collins, and Mr.

William Proctor, stationer; 2 lots of £50; 10 of £12; 20 of £8; 68 of £6; 200 of £3 [? £5]; 1,200 of £3 [*sic*]." The undertakers were eleven of the leading booksellers, whose names and addresses are quoted by the correspondent.

We give on another page an illustration of this once popular form of gambling; which, we may add in conclusion, was abolished by 6 George IV. c. 60, Oct., and the last drawn was on October 18, 1826.



Gronow's Reminiscences.

IT had been the lot of Captain Gronow, as he informed his readers, "to have lived through the greater part of one of the most eventful centuries of England's history; to be thrown amongst most of the remarkable men of his day, whether soldiers, statesmen, men of letters, theatrical people, or those whose birth and fortune—rather, perhaps, than their virtues and talents—have caused them to be conspicuous at home and abroad." A pronounced taste for fashionable society, an early introduction to the best circles, the advantage of possessing an extensive acquaintanceship with the most conspicuous celebrities of his day, an omnivorous appetite for racy anecdotes, a retentive memory, which, without effort, gathered and stored up the literary waifs and strays—the conversational "small change" which passed current in his generation—were in themselves elements sufficient to qualify the gallant captain as an exceptionally entertaining *raconteur*.





Dean Swift's Library.

THE letters and other MSS. of Dr. John Lyon, who was prebendary of Rathmichael, in the archdiocese of Dublin, between the years 1755 and 1764, by some chance or another recently got into the possession of a shopkeeper in this city, by whom they have been, for the most part, used as waste paper. The originals from which the following transcripts have been made, were, a few years ago, in possession of a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*.

" The Booksellers' Certificate.

" We the undernamed have examined and considered y^e Catalogue of y^e late Dr. Swift's Books, to which we find were added Dr. Wilson's Books. The whole is done with great exactness, and correctly printed. And in consideration that y^e Gentleman who made and corrected y^e said Catalogues not only pieced and numbered all y^e said Books, but examined them also leaf by leaf, in order to distinguish those with a Star in y^e Printed Catalogues that were noted and observed upon by Dr. Swift; which added very much to rise y^e value of y^e said Books at y^e time of Sale, as may be seen by y^e Prices paid for many of them. We are of opinion that y^e Gentleman who took all y^e trouble above mentioned did deserve to be paid one shilling per Pound upon y^e sale of y^e said Books. Given under our hands this 26 day of January, 1749.

"GEORGE FAULKNER.

"JOHN TORBUEK.

" Mr. Walker's Charge and profit upon y^e Sale, as he returned it to
y^e Exec^{rs}.

The whole, both Dr. Swift's and Doctor Wilson's Books, sold for.....	£	s.	d.
	270	0	0
For y ^e Catalogues and Sale of w ^{ch} Mr. Walker charged	27	0	0
Deduct 1s. per pd. for forming y ^e Catalogues and mark- ing y ^e Books	13	10	0
	£13	10	0
Mr. Walker paid for printing y ^e Catalogue about	£3	5	
The Auctioneer ought to have had only 6d. per pd. viz.	6	15	
Charge for a Clerk and Fire	0	15	
	£10	15	
		10	15 0
		£2	15 0
Because Mr. Walker was imposed upon by his Auc- tioneer, I am willing to allow him £5 10s. out of my proportion of £13 10s., viz.		5	10 0
Mr. Walker ought to have this Balance clear, if he was not deceived by y ^e man he employed		8	5 0

“Rockfield, Fryday Ev^g.

“Lord Shelburne's compliments to Doct^r Lyons, and has many thanks to return to him for his Incomparable Present of Dr. Burnet's *History*, the property of Dean Swift. It has been his daily Intention to wait upon Doct^r Lyons, but has been prevented by the attention which his private affairs have required. He is just return'd from the Co. Meath. Lady Arabella joins Lord Shelburne in requesting the favour of D^r Lyons' company to-morrow to Dinner, at Peafield, near the Black Rock. L^d S. embarks on Sunday. [Sept^r 1770.]”





Illustrations to Dickens in the Market.

THE rush (observes a daily contemporary) into the auction-room of original drawings (not already otherwise appropriated) designed to illustrate the works of Charles Dickens, shows that the popularity of the great novelist is as fresh as ever. Two interesting sales of these memorials, so eagerly absorbed by collectors, have recently taken place at Sotheby's, and the prices obtained by the fortunate ex-proprietors are such as to offer a substantial solatium for the dispersion of these treasures, upon the preservation of which they may reasonably congratulate themselves. The precarious fate of such memorials may be assumed from the circumstance reported of Hablôt Knight Browne, who must be regarded as artistic exponent-in-chief of Dickens's creations, that when the artist had etched his designs on the plates, the originals were thrown into the fire, or given away incontinently to those of his friends who had the temerity to ask for them.

The illustrations to Dickens have happily escaped this ordeal, and their whereabouts may be satisfactorily ascertained. The original designs by Seymour and Phiz for the "Pickwick Papers" are in Paris, in the possession of Mr. W. Wright, who has also secured the "Pickwick vignette," and several of G. Cruikshank's designs for "Sketches by Boz." Mr. Stuart Samuel owns, among others, part of the "Boz" series, and these might have been studied during the past season in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, in the Humorists' Exhibition, where a feature was made of the original drawings to Dickens. Several of the sketches for

"*Oliver Twist*," "*Nicholas Nickleby*," "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," "*The Christmas Carol*," and others might have been there interviewed, together with the whole of the original "working" drawings, as transferred to his plates by the artist, for three of Dickens's novels, "*David Copperfield*," "*Dombey and Son*," and "*Bleak House*." There also was the admirable series of water-colour drawings for "*Oliver Twist*," made somewhat late in life, by G. Cruikshank for his patron, Mr. F. W. Cosens, who also rejoices in a unique series of illustrations in water-colours executed by Hablôt Knight Browne, under similar circumstances, to illustrate nearly all Dickens's works. Another interesting souvenir was the version by C. R. Leslie, R.A., painted for his friend the author, of "*Mr. Pickwick surprised by his friends with Mrs. Bardell in his arms*," which was secured at Dickens's sale. Mrs. Cruikshank possibly treasures up the two designs made by her husband over half a century ago—his artistic contributions to the "*Pic-Nic Papers*," and the six designs executed by Phiz for the same work, as edited by Dickens, may come into the market at any unexpected moment.

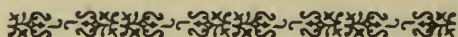
The highest prices hitherto reached have been given for Seymour's designs for "*Pickwick*." Six of these in various stages of completion appeared in the auction-room on June 14th. One sketch, "*The Pickwickians in Mr. Wardle's Kitchen*," had never been published, and seemingly supported the artist's theory, that the designs were originally executed as a tentative series to be "written up to" at a later date, when the "literary hand" came in. The remaining five were merely sketches for the drawings which subsequently passed into the possession of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. These were "*Mr. Pickwick Addressing the Club*" (a large version by "Phiz" in colours of the immortal founder of the club was exhibited at the *Humorists*'), "*The Pugnacious Cabman*," "*Dr. Slammer's Defiance of Jingle*," "*The Runaway Chaise*," and a slight outline of the figures subsequently embodied in the design for "*The Dying Clown*," better known as "*The Stroller's Tale*," which turned out so unhappily as concerned the artist's own fate. With these was a miniature portrait of Seymour, painted in monochrome by Taylor, and the historical letter in Dickens's hand, with the signature "writ large," to his unfortunate illustrator, probably the only one he ever received from the author, asking the artist, as a personal favour, to make another drawing for the etching of "*The Dying Clown*," and convivially adding, "I have asked Chapman and Hall to take a glass of grog with me on Sunday evening, when I hope you will be able to look in." These mementos long remained in the possession of

Seymour's family, and most interesting is the letter which formed part of the little collection, written by the artist's son to the original purchaser of these relics, who probably secured them for a trifle. The price reached by this small parcel would have amazed all the parties concerned in their production—Mr. Quaritch carried them off for £500.

The sum received by Seymour for the completed drawings, including the plates etched by his hand, probably did not exceed six guineas apiece. H. K. Browne, through whose facile artistic interpretation generations of Dickens's admirers must realize the novelist's universally familiar characters, it is believed, was satisfied to work for no more extravagant remuneration; the sale of his original drawings, designed to illustrate "*Martin Chuzzlewit*"; and the water-colour drawings for the "*Phiz vignettes*," followed the Seymour studies on the 9th of July last. A few of these sketches brought prices which might have astonished the illustrator no less than the author. The well-known and elaborate frontispiece "*Tom Pinch at the Organ*," the player's figure surrounded by a fanciful vision of the characters in the book, "an epitome of all the salient incidents," as evolved from the musician's reverie, expressed in miniature with great spirit, was carried off by Mr. Lever for £35; the buyer secured a bargain in "*Mr. Pinch and Ruth, unconscious of a visitor*," the famous "beef-steak pudding" episode, which was sold for the modest figure of £11 10s. "*Mr. Pecksniff on his mission*" (to the abode of Mrs. Gamp) reached £15 15s.; the "*Pleasant little family party at Mr. Pecksniff's*" brought £14 10s. Judging by the fierce competition, the drawings in which Sairah Gamp figured seemed the prime favourites, the design showing the monthly nurse with her "eye on the future," illustrating the passage—"Would you be so good, my darling dove of a dear young married lady . . . it's my card. Gamp is my name, and Gamp my nater" fell to Mr. Wright for £15. "*Mrs. Gamp makes Tea*," "*And quite a family it is to make tea for*," said Mrs. Gamp, "and wot a happiness to do it!" went for £18 18s. The most spirited struggle was evoked over the famous gin-and-tea-drinking symposium in Sairah's bedchamber, between Mrs. Gamp and that "graceless renegade" Betsy Prigg; "*Mrs. Gamp propoges a Toast*," is thus particularized in the sale catalogue, "The drawing of this celebrated historical subject, one of Phiz's happiest inventions, is finished with especial care;" this "descriptive bit" was not ill-placed, the drawing brought £35 10s., being secured by Mr. Pearson, the purchaser of the preceding lot.

The "*Phiz vignettes*," though smaller and of more recent execu-

tion, have the extra attraction of being tinted in colours. "Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Old Curiosity Shop" went to Mr. Wright for £22; Browne's version of "Scrooge and Marley's Ghost," differing materially from Leech's inimitable design on the same subject, brought £15; "The mad gentleman and Mrs. Nickleby" and "The Nickleby Family" averaged £14 apiece; "The Pecksniff Family and Tom Pinch" fetched £13 5s.; and the delightful frontispiece to "Pictures from Italy," one of Phiz's most successful efforts in water-colour art, was sold for the modest price of £8.



Lines for a Bookplate.

EVERY language has its stock of book mottoes, in which the honest reader is commended, and the book thief threatened with direst calamity. In the March issue of *THE BOOKWORM* (p. 102) we gave some lines with the above title. The following, also in French and Latin, is a somewhat different rendering of the same idea:—

Qui ce livre desrobera,
Pro suis criminibus
Sa tête au gibet portera
Cum aliis latronibus;
Quelle honte ce sera
Pro suis parentibus.
Si hunc librum reddidisset
Pierrot pendu non fuisset.





Thomas Dekker's "Dream."

ONE of the rarest of the very long list of works which this prolific writer published is entitled "Dekker, his Dreame. In which, beeing rapt with a Poeticall Enthusiasme, the great Volumes of Heauen and Hell to him were opened, in which he read many Wonderfull Things." This, a quarto of twenty-three leaves, was printed by Nicholas Okes, in 1620. Its rarity and interest induced the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps to issue a reprint (twenty-five copies only) in 1860. The portrait on the engraved title-page, which is here reproduced, is regarded as an authentic one of the author. We reprint a paragraph or two of the exceedingly interesting dedication to "Master Endymion Porter."

"If you ask why, from the heaps of men, I pick out you only to be that *murus ataneus* which must defend me, let me tell you (what you know already) that books are like the Hungarians in Paules, who have a privilege to hold out their Turkish histories for any one to read."

"Then, if you are angry that I thrust into your hands a subject of this nature, O good sir, take me thus far into your pardon, that it was impossible for me to beget a better; for the bed on which seven years I lay dreaming was filled with thorns instead of feathers, my pillow a rugged flint, my chamber-fellows (sorrows that day and night kept me company) the very, or worse than the very, infernal Furies. Besides, I herein imitate the most courtly revellings; for if lords be in the grand marquee, in the antimarke are players; so in

those of mine, though the devil be in the one, God is in the other ; nay in both. What I send you may perhaps seem bitter, yet it is wholesome ; your best physic is not a julep ; sweet sauces leave rotten bodies. There is a hell named in our creed, and a heaven, and the hell comes before : if we look not into the first we shall never live in the last. Our tossing up and down (here) is the sea, but the land of angels is our shore. Sail so long as we can bear up, through honours, riches, pleasures, and all the sensual billows of the world ; yet there is one harbour to put in at, and safely to arrive (there) is all the hardness, all the happiness. Books are pilots in such voyages : would mine were but one point of the compass, for any man to steer well by."



FROM DEKKER'S "DREAM."

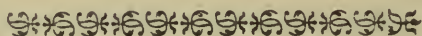


A Bibliopolic Centenary.

THE eminent Leipsic firm of publishers, K. F. Koehler, has signalized the centenary of its existence in a very fitting and useful manner—in a manner, in fact, which we sincerely wish certain English houses would follow. “Das Buchhandlungshaus K. F. Koehler in Leipzig, 1789–1889,” by Rudolph Winkler, gives a clear and comprehensive account of the various stages through which the house has passed—its periods of depressing uncertainty, and its various triumphs—during a century which has been eventful indeed for Germany. The work is not an independent review or sketch—neither does it pretend to be. It is essentially a book in praise of the Koehlers. “The hundredth anniversary,” writes the present head of the firm in a circular which accompanies the work, “of the existence of the firm K. F. Koehler, for which grandfather and father have devoted their life’s energies, and the continuance of which I am favoured with, calls on me to hand to my most esteemed supporters, as well as to all other friends of the house, a memorial which, though simple and without any pretence, endeavours with the aid of biographical materials to illustrate the being and growing of the firm.”

Herr Winkler has much of the proverbial Germanic love for elaboration and detail, but in a monograph such as that under notice, this quality is advantageous than otherwise. It is exceedingly interesting to follow, step by step, the growth of the house from the year 1789, when Karl Franz Gottlieb Koehler set up in business as a bookseller in the Nikolai-strasze, which his grandfather Simon had

bought for 1,850 thalers in 1702, until the last decade, during which the house has been much extended by the absorption of a number of well-known firms. The business grew very rapidly, and in 1790 Koehler removed to a considerably larger house in the Ritter-strasze, and here he remained until 1839. In 1808 he suffered imprisonment for selling a forbidden work entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte and the French People under his Rule." The heavy fines and mental anxiety which resulted from this action, brought on a serious illness of some months' duration. He died in 1833, and his elder son Franz assumed direction of the business. He added the more speculative branch of publishing to that of bookselling, and gradually his agents were to be found over all parts of the world. The second Koehler celebrated his Jubilee in 1869, and in three years more he was gathered unto his fathers. The third Franz now became the head, and the most conspicuous landmark in the history of the firm under his *régime* was, perhaps, the completion of the vast building in the Stephan-strasze, in which there is a small army of men in one way or another connected with this great publishing house.



The Sizes of Books.

THE quarto and octavo held the sway for more than a century, but died out with George III. Works of great authors first came out in two guinea quartos, and when the demand for these was satisfied, the booksellers issued a cheaper edition in the form of octavos, which were issued at about 12s. At, or shortly after, the commencement of the present century, the forms and sizes took a very decided turn, 12mo, 18mo, and 16mo becoming general. Books became very much cheaper and more portable: the exquisite little series of Sharpe, Cooke, Bell, and the like, greatly influenced the book-buying world. The revolution in books which took place in the dying years of the last, and the earlier ones of the present, was of a magnitude greatly beyond what is generally thought.



A Modern Bibliographer:

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT.

BIBLIOGRAPHY has within the past few years been reduced to a science, and, as such, its importance cannot be overestimated. Dibdin and Lowndes, who may be regarded as the fathers of bibliography, did a great deal of admirable and useful work, but as a general rule their methods lacked a concise and accurate principle which is the life and soul of bibliography. The temper of the time in which they lived probably accounts for their acceptance of many things upon trust ; and besides this the subject itself was essentially a labour of love. The number of enthusiasts who, like the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, would travel hundreds of miles to settle points which many people regard as insignificant, is, and always has been, very small—not because they underestimate the importance of minor points, but from the expense which a consistent acting up to this principle involves. The State has constantly ignored the claims of the bibliographer. It has squandered thousands of pounds upon such miserable poetasters as Shadwell, Cibber, Pye, Whitehead, and others ; and it still pays a large sum every year to a Poet Laureate, whose poems bring him in thousands annually—the “State aid” to whom is consequently little less than a public scandal.

Of late years, however, bibliography has been taken in hand by a few men who do not need State assistance, and whose enthusiasm and industry have placed all true students and collectors under obligations of the deepest and most enduring character. It would not be

possible to name one of these who has contributed so much to the elucidation of bookish matters as Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who, it may be mentioned, is the fourth generation of a literary family. It is rare indeed that the literary faculty is transmitted from father to son without a break for over a hundred years. William Hazlitt, the famous critic and essayist, was the grandfather of the subject of the present article.

Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, who was born on August 22, 1834, was educated at Merchant Taylors School, entered the Inner Temple as a student in 1859, and was called to the bar in November, 1861. A literary career offered many more attractions to Mr. Hazlitt than that of the law, and whilst yet a student he published, in 1860, a "History of the Venetian Republic: its Rise, its Greatness, and its Civilization," in four volumes. His first labour in the way of bibliography was "Old English Jest-Books, 1525-1639," which appeared in three volumes in 1864-66. The "Handbook to the Early Popular, Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain," which was published in 1867 (over 700 pages in double columns), was the first of an exhaustive set of books by which he will be perhaps best known to posterity. This volume is practically the forerunner of the three volumes of "Bibliographical Collections and Notes," which are the result of over thirty years' continuous labour. The titles of about 30,000 more or less rare books are here described, and to the bibliophile they are absolutely indispensable. Each volume is alphabetically arranged; and in the introduction to the second series the compiler observes:—

"The objection to the multiplication of alphabets by the sectional treatment, which I have adopted since the appearance of the Handbook in 1867, is a very valid objection indeed from the point of view of the consulter. But as this has been, and remains, a labour of love, and as the cost of production was a grave problem, I simply had no alternative; and to the suggestion which I offered in a prior Introduction, that, after all, these serial volumes might be regarded in the same light as so many catalogues of public or private collections, I have now the gratifying announcement to add, that a complete Index to the Handbook and the three Series of Collections and Notes is in preparation by Mr. Gray, of Cambridge, who has most generously volunteered to do the work, and will form a separate volume, to be published by Mr. Quaritch, when it is completed. I have incorporated (generally with additions and corrections) in my volumes by degrees nearly the whole of the *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, Corser's *Collectanea* (excepting, of course, the lengthy

and elaborate extracts and annotations), the British Museum Catalogue of Early English Books to 1640, the Typographical Antiquities of Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin, the Chatsworth, Huth, Ashburnham, and other private cabinets, and the various publications of Haslewood, Park, Utterson, and Collier."

A mere cursory glance through these volumes will afford a slight idea of their comprehensive and exhaustive character. In the second series, for example, there are fifty-four closely-printed columns relating to Charles I., and ten and a half columns to "London," from 1541 to 1794. "Scotland," again, has over twenty-one columns, whilst much space is devoted to James I., Ireland, England, Elizabeth, and France. The third and final series appeared in 1886, and this is now followed by "Supplements to the Third and Final Series." In a brief preface to the third series, Mr. Hazlitt makes the following cogent remarks:—

"The England in which we dwell is one with the England which lies behind us. So far as the period which I comprehend goes, it is one country and one race; and I do not think that we should precipitately and unkindly spurn the literature which our foregoers left to us and to our descendants for ever, because it may at first sight strike us as irrelevant to our present wants and feelings. . . . The considerer of modern opinions and customs is too little addicted to retrospection. He seems to be too shy of profiting on the one hand by the counsels or suggestions, on the other by the mistakes of the men who have crossed the unrepassable line, who have dealt with the topics and problems with which we have to deal." These are stirring and sensible words, and we should much like to see them more widely distributed than the limited issue of this volume will allow. Mr. Hazlitt's bibliographical works are published by Mr. Quaritch, who will shortly issue "A General Index" of the complete "Collections," which has been prepared by Mr. G. J. Gray, of Cambridge. *The Antiquary*, in reviewing the second series, remarks—the words are applicable to the entire series—

"The titles of every book or tract are given in full, having been transcribed by Mr. Hazlitt himself; and there is often appended to the entry interesting information about the condition, history, and, above all things, the present locale of the book. Such work as this requires labour, and skill, and knowledge of no ordinary kind. Now that Mr. Bradshaw is dead, there are few indeed who possess these qualities, and apparently only one who puts them at the service of his fellows. It has been often said of late that the bibliographer and indexer are more needed than the book-writer; and if this is

true, as we are inclined to think it, Mr. Hazlitt's work must, in relation to the age in which it is produced, be awarded a very high place. It enables us to ascertain what has been done in English literature, and therefore ought to enable us to do our work so much the better. Almost all departments of study are now occupied as much with a reconsideration of old facts as with the discovery of new, and for this purpose such books as Mr. Hazlitt's are indispensable."

As we have already observed, Mr. Hazlitt's bibliographical works will be regarded by posterity—as they are regarded by his contemporaries—as his most important practical publications. But he has done much excellent work in a somewhat bewildering number of ways; and has displayed a remarkable width and variety of culture. Up to the present moment his distinct books number thirty-five, and many of these are in two, three, or four volumes, and one—"Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays"—is in fifteen volumes, and another—Shakespear's Library—is in six. The greater number of these consist of standard books edited and revised by Mr. Hazlitt.

It is only natural that the grandson of the famous William Hazlitt should possess some interesting literary relics. The substance of most of these has been made public at one time or another by the fortunate possessor. But the originals still remain in his hands, and, among other things, there are thirty-five letters from Charles and Mary Lamb to the Hazlitts, besides a number of unprinted letters by the great critic. An edition of Samuel Daniel's works, given by Lamb to Coleridge, bears numerous MS. notes by both, and a copy of Lamb's works, 1840, contains an autograph presentation from Mary Lamb to Mr. Hazlitt's father. He has also an extensive series of letters from Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, and many others, which it is to be hoped will be published in the near future.

Mr. Hazlitt has a remarkably simple—and enviable—method of keeping his vast series of notes and memoranda in order. The system demonstrates most clearly that a few minutes of initial labour prevents a great amount of loss of time, temper, and patience. The notes and memoranda are clearly and carefully written on slips of paper, and they are then pasted in books on subjects to which they are immediately related. This is, however, principally done in the case of his own works, or of works of which he contemplates a new edition.

A BOOKHUNTER.



Trade Sales of the Last Century.

ONLY a few firms now keep up the old custom of trade sales, and giving a dinner on such occasions. We have before us two curious lists of books which were to be sold at trade dinners in the middle of the last century. The first is "A Catalogue of Books in Quires, which will be sold to a select number of Booksellers at the Queen's Head in Paternoster Row on Thursday, Nov. 7, 1754." The dinner was to be on the table at one o'clock. The second is "A Catalogue of Books in Quires, and Copies, to be sold at the Queen's Arms Tavern, in St. Paul's Churchyard, on Thursday the Tenth Day of November, 1757." Later hours seem to have been coming into vogue, for in this instance dinner is to be on the table at two o'clock precisely.

Differences are also apparent in the terms of the sales. In the first case purchasers were offered "three months' credit for ten pounds, six months for twenty pounds, and two six months for fifty pounds, signing notes from the day of delivery." In the later sale the terms were "three months' credit for ten pounds; two three months for twenty pounds; three three months for fifty pounds; and four three months for one hundred pounds, signing notes on the day of delivery." Very few of the titles mentioned are familiar nowadays, and if this can be said of the books, the statement is still more true in connection with the names of the buyers. As the catalogues are marked, we are able to mention some of the old booksellers who bought at the sales, selecting those who seem to have done the biggest business. The great Samuel Richardson heads the list; then

we have John Rivington, Davey, Wren, Crowder, Brotherton, Whiston, Longman, Dod, Staples, Barker, &c. An interesting item is the fact that Richardson himself bought 120 copies of his "Pamela" (4 vols. 12mo.) at 4s. 2d. each in sheets. This, it will be remembered, was the work which ran through five editions in one year, and was recommended even by preachers in the pulpit.

The signature of James Rivington is written upon one of the catalogues, and the name alone has some very interesting associations. James Rivington was a progenitor of the existing firm of that name, being the great-great-uncle of the present partners, whose great-grandfather was John Rivington, mentioned above, a brother of James. James subsequently became well known in connection with the American War of Independence, being the editor, proprietor, and printer of the *Royalist Gazette*, issued in New York, the office of which was attacked and gutted by a revolutionist mob.



The First Hebrew Bible.

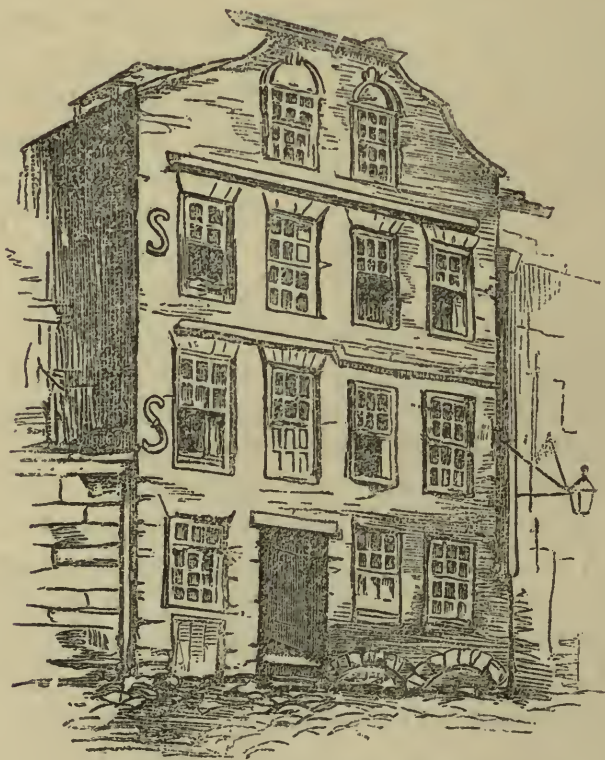
THE copy of the first Hebrew Bible, in the library of Exeter College, Oxford, belonged to a Mr. Sandford, the friend of Toup, Markland, Cracherode, and of many scholars of their period. Sandford always had a notion that he should stumble upon this Bible in England, and mentioned it to his friends with an air of anticipated triumph of its discovery. One day he went into the shop of Wilson, a bookseller in the Strand, and uncle of George Nichol, bookseller to William IV. He asked Wilson if he had "any old Hebrew Bibles in stock." The reply was to the effect that he believed he had one, a very old one. The transport of Sandford may be readily conceived when he found this volume to be the identical *editio princeps* of the sacred text in the Hebrew language. With the coolness of the true bookhunter, Sandford simply asked the price. The half-guinea demanded was immediately paid, and the fortunate bibliophile took the book home under his arm rejoicing. On his death it became the property of Exeter College by bequest.



Swift's Birthplace.

ACCIDENT is nearly invariably the cause of rendering a commonplace building or trivial circumstance one of historic importance, and almost universal interest. The birthplaces of famous men are especially of this category. The birthplace of the great Dean of St. Patrick's is no exception to this rule. But, like so many other notable houses, it is now "improved" off the face of the earth, and posterity has to be content with a picture thereof. Jonathan Swift, who was born on November 30, 1667, was a posthumous child, his thriftless father having died some months before his only son and namesake's appearance. The birth took place at No. 7, Hoey's Court, Dublin. Gilbert, in the "History of Dublin," states that Swift was born at No. 9, Hoey's Court, the house of his uncle, Councillor Swift; and Johnson, in his "Lives of Poets," was apparently of the opinion, with Spence, that Swift was born at Leicester. But there is no doubt about the fact that the author of "Gulliver's Travels" was born at No. 7, Hoey's Court, which is now pulled down, and the site enclosed in the Castle grounds. It is still remembered, says Mr. Craik, by the older inhabitants as one of the largest houses in the court. Before its destruction, however, a drawing of it was made, and an engraving, herewith reproduced, was given in that curious and useful miscellany of notes and queries, *Willis's Current Notes* for 1854. This now famous court was erected in the seventeenth century by Sir John Hoey, on a portion of the site of Austin's Lane and Sir James Ware's house, and, though now dirty and mean-looking, was in Swift's time one of the best in Dublin. Robert Marshall, third sergeant of the exchequer, and the friend of Swift's "Vanessa,"

resided here from 1738 to 1741, so that Swift was all his life connected with the spot of his birth. Swift was living at Dublin for two years between the ages of four and six, and then for seven years between fourteen and twenty-one. But he never loved his birthplace. He told his friends that he was born at Leicester, whither, during his college days at Dublin, his mother—whom he tenderly loved—had gone to reside with her own relations. When his uncle, Godwin Swift, died, Jonathan left Dublin, and sought his mother's house at Leicester. She was a tender, lovable woman, wayward, and occasionally perhaps more nearly akin to eccentric ; but not, on the whole, so far as we can see her at this distance of time, out of unison with her son's greatness and fame. Swift's birthplace at this period of his life lay far enough behind him, with no pleasant recollections, but he journeyed thither later on, and built his fame in Dublin city.



NO. 7, HOEY'S COURT, DUBLIN.



Grangerism and Grangerites.

THAT a certain class of bibliomaniacs and bibliolaters should be denounced as biblioclasts and bibliophobians by all the great community of bibliocists, bibliophilists, bibliographers, bibliopolists, bibliologists, bibliopegists, bibliotophists, bibliothecarys, and bibliognostes, would seem (observes a writer in *The Book Buyer*) to the lay mind, to imply a very serious condition of affairs. Yet this is, and has been, exactly the position of the Grangerites since the founder of this sect published his great work one hundred and eighteen years ago. James Granger (*cir.* 1716–76) was Vicar of Shiplocke in Oxfordshire, and author of a *Bibliographical History of England, from Elizabeth to the Revolution, consisting of Characters dispersed in different Classes, and adapted to a Methodical Catalogue of Engraved British Heads*. It was intended as an *Essay toward Reducing our Biography to a System, and a Help to the Knowledge of Portraits, &c.*, with a Preface showing the Utility of a Collection of Engraved Portraits to supply the defect and answer the various purposes of Medals. (London, 4°–1769.) To this was added in 1806, by Mark Noble (1784–1827), rector of Barming, in Kent, a *Continuation of Granger's History, from the Revolution to the End of the Reign of George I., the materials being supplied from the manuscripts left by Mr. Granger and the collection of the editor*. The first edition of Granger's work (1769) was in two quarto volumes, each in two parts—hence the erroneous impression that it appeared in four volumes as did the later editions, which were octavos. It was printed on only one side of the page, in order to facilitate the insertion of additional prints by the purchasers and owners, and was prefaced by a dedicatory epistle to Horatio Walpole, Esq., who, in

return, after Granger's death, said that its author had drowned his taste for portraits in an ocean of biography, and that, although he began by elucidating prints, he at last sought portraits only, that he might write the lives of the men they represented. Which sounds very much like Walpole.

In 1773 Dr. Johnson, who perhaps did not imagine how many of his own portraits would be known to the collectors of a century later, said:—"Granger's 'Biographical History' is full of curious anecdotes, but might have been better done. The dog is a Whig. I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress, but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown." In 1776 Mr. Boswell, who certainly did not realize that his own great work would be looked upon within a hundred years as simply a magnificent omnibus, into which Mr. Granger's disciples would crowd all the men of his own day, wrote from Edinburgh to Bolt Court:—"I have, since I saw you, read every word of Granger's 'Biographical History.' It has entertained me exceedingly, and I do not think him the *Whig* that you supposed. Horace Walpole's being his patron is, indeed, no good sign of his political principles."

Granger's History was the first book extended by the introduction of extra prints illustrative of its text, and Mr. Granger was the original Extra-illustrator, the father of the noble band of Grangerites. Unlike his descendants, he wrote his book to illustrate his portraits; he did not collect his portraits to illustrate his book. He was followed at once by other collectors, who wanted a valid excuse for their collecting, and an asylum for their collections; and Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Civil War of England," Walton's "Lives," "The History of the Worthies of England, endeavoured by Thomas Fuller, D.D.," John Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Persons," and other contemporary historical and biographical works, were extended and enlarged; many lesser illustrated books naturally suffering for the improvement of these. Granger's collection of upwards of fourteen thousand portraits was sold after his death. A correspondent of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1782, says that they were secured in one unbroken lot by Lord Mountstuart for fifteen hundred pounds—but this was not the case. They were sold at auction by Mr. Greenwood, in the Haymarket, April 6, 1778, and the following days, the catalogue describing them as "dating from the earliest specimens of engraving to the present time. Lord Mountstuart, afterwards first Marquis of Bute, was a patron of Granger, and is mentioned by Boswell in the letter to Johnson quoted above (August 30, 1776), as being anxious to find a proper

person to continue Granger's work, upon Granger's plan, offering to give such a person generous encouragement.

The most cruel things that have ever been said about the Grangerites are to be found in "The Book Hunter." John Hill Burton (1809-81) declares that the illustrator is the very Ishmaelite of collectors; his hand is against every man who loves books, and every book-lover's hand is against his. He destroys unknown quantities of books for the sake of enriching a single volume of his own with the portraits and other prints he finds in them; and what is worse, as he does not always make his ravages known, many a book is sold to the unwary person, who is ignorant of the damaged condition of his purchase. Mr. Burton could tell tales, he says, fitted to make the blood run cold in the veins of the sanguine book-hunter about the devastations of the Grangerites, who are in his eyes literary Attilas, the Gengis Khans of literary plunder and pillage, spreading ruin and terror around them; they are monsters—whether green-eyed or not he is not quite prepared to say—who do make the meat they feed on, and becoming excited in their work, go on ever widening the circle of their purveyances, and opening new avenues toward the raw material on which they operate. Granger himself is conceded to have been an industrious and respectable compiler, however, and Mr. Burton hints that he is not perhaps to be held responsible for all the harm done in his name. Dibdin also acquits him of *malice prepense*, although he asserts that Granger's History was published in an evil hour.

It is a matter of some surprise that the Grangerites, suffering for so many years the abuse heaped upon them, have said so little in their own defence. Even Mr. Tredwell, in his "Plea for Bibliomania," apologizes for, rather than defends, the seductive art of privately illustrating books; and confesses his own sins in cutting up a new garment, like the old lady in the fable, to mend an old one; forgetting that it is often possible and justifiable to restore old and treasured gowns and jackets with pieces taken from some new raiment that is hardly worth the making up, and certainly not worth the wearing out. An honest patch is better than shoddy at its best.

The Grangerites are, by no means, the only biblioclasts, nor the most persistent, nor the most ruthless. Mr. William Blades enumerates among "The Enemies of Books" ¹ fire, water, gas, heat, dust, neglect, bookworms, and other vermin, and even bookbinders and

¹ A charming edition of this work has recently been added to the "Book-lover's Library."

collectors ! An extra inserted print of man, or beast, or house, or town, or field, or plain, does not always mean the destruction or mutilation of some valuable volume which once contained it. It indicates, simply, the survival of what in that book was most fit to be retained. In very many volumes which come from the printer's hands the illustrations are the best part, not infrequently the only part of any worth whatever. Thousands of ephemeral books and pamphlets have contained portraits of some worthy, or views of some old theatre, or long-demolished church, or palace, or public building, which tell better the story of their originals than all that their contemporaries ever wrote of them ; and which, but for these prints, would be as much a matter of uncertainty now, and quite as incomprehensible, as the art of a dead actor or the habits of the Dodo. They were not saved to posterity by the books in which they were bound, but by the collectors and Extra-illustrators who realized their worth, and who plucked them from the burning, or from the rag and bottle shop. Brandy peaches are not so good, perhaps, as ripe peaches, but they are better than dried peaches, or than no peaches at all ; and they are available and valuable when fresh peaches cannot be obtained. On the shelves of the closets of hundreds of enthusiastic collectors of jam are jars of clingstones and Morris Whites, which would have comforted and refreshed no man if they had been left to rot upon the trees on which they grew. .

LAWRENCE HUTTON.





A Book-lender's Wail.

BOOK-LOVER, ne'er your volumes lend,
Not even to your dearest friend ;
For, sure as there's a Book-man's heaven,
When back—if ever back—they're given,
They'll be in such a wretched plight
Your soul will sicken at the sight ;
Or red as are the roseate streaks
Of sunset sky, will flush your cheeks,
With anger at the havoc wrought
Through want of heart or want of thought.

I love my books, and strive to see,
However humble their degree,
That gently they are handled, aye,
And fretful feel whene'er away
Some borrowing chum has carried them ;
And bitterly myself condemn
For having not the pitiless will
To tell him borrowing is an ill ;
An ill that cannot be endured,
An ill of which he must be cured.

Books I have lent, fresh as when they
Awaited publication day,
Though I had read them o'er and o'er,
And places marked—at least a score—
Where most I felt their charm, and when
Into my hands they've come again,
Dog-eared, ink-stained, the leaves have been,
Or buttery smears on them I've seen,
The margins torn, fly-leaves suppressed,
And backs awry—nay, e'en *non est*.

Myself, I'd sooner what I lent
 Were ne'er returned than it were sent
 Back to my keeping torn and tattered,
 Or half the pages grease-bespattered ;
 But, since in wantonness so thorough
 They spoil the volumes that they borrow,
 Or for all time do them retain,
 Why—*why*—let borrowers beg in vain ;
 Nor lend the meanest of your store
 Would you not rue it evermore.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.



Old-fashioned Play-bills.

BESIDES announcing their performances by sound of trumpet, it was customary in Shakspeare's time (Mr. J. C. Dibden tells his readers in a paper on "Playbills" in a recent number of the *Scottish Art Review*) to affix printed bills to the door-posts of the theatre. This was probably the earliest form of play-bill ; and the first record of its being so used dates back as far as 1553. What these primitive play-bills were like, or how they were worded, is a mystery. Not even a solitary specimen has been preserved to gladden the heart of the collector. The earliest play-bill known to be in existence is dated 1663, and reads as follows :—

By his Majesty's Company of Comedians,
 At the NEW THEATRE in DRURY LANE. THIS DAY, being THURSDAY,
 April 8, 1663, will be acted,

A COMEDY, called THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

The King	Mr. Wintersel.	Leontius	Major Mohun.
Demetrius	Mr. Hart.	Lieutenant	Mr. Clun.
Seleucus	Mr. Burt.	Celia	Mrs. Marshall.

The play will begin at Three o'clock exactly. Boxes, 4s. ; Pitt, 2s. 6d. ; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d. ; Upper Gallery, 1s.

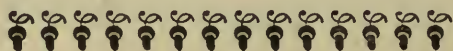
The bill is printed on one side of a small quarto sheet of hand-made paper, in plain but distinct type ; and in all the essential requisites for a programme it is as complete and useful as any of the be-advertised and be-scented productions of the present day.



Chained Books.

HEREFORD offers the finest specimens of chained libraries now to be found in the world. In 1715 Dr. William Brewster left a chained collection of books to All Saints' Church, of Hereford, and it may still be seen there. More remarkable, however, is the library of Hereford, which remains to-day the very image of an ancient monastic library. Its books are in cases of open shelves. Each book is attached to a chain, which ends in a ring sliding on an horizontal iron rod running the whole length of the shelf. The rods are fastened by locks at the end of each case. The chains are long enough to allow the reader to place the book upon a desk before the shelves. Even the library catalogue is riveted to its desk, and all accessions to the books are chained now just as in old times. The method of fastening the chains to the volumes makes it necessary for most of the books to have their foredges turned outwards; and this, too, is a very antique fashion. This quaint old chained library of Hereford Cathedral includes some such rarities as a manuscript Wycliffe Bible, Caxton's "Golden Legend," and Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Wynkyn de Worde. St. Paul's Cathedral Library in London has a relic of the ancient monastic library; it is a vellum folio, with its old chain attached. The library of Wells Cathedral was chained in former days, and some of its volumes still retain the rings to which the chains were linked. In 1481 Sir Thomas Lyttleton bequeathed to the convent of Hales-Owen a book "which I wull be laid and bounded with an yron Chayne in some convenient parte within the said church, at my costs, so that all preests and others may se and rede it whenne it pleaseth them." Fox's "Book of Martyrs" was often chained in the churches. Many of the rare tomes of the Oxford Bodleian Library used to be chained, and when James I. visited it he declared that were he not

a king he would desire no other prison than to be chained with so many good authors. When John Selden's books were given to the Bodleian in 1659, over £25 were spent in providing them with fetters. Not until the latter half of the last century did the Bodleian Library shake off all its shackles.



Recovery of an Ancient Manuscript.

AN ancient manuscript, belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, has recently been recovered under singular circumstances. Some fourteen years ago a collection of documents of the middle of the fifteenth century, giving an account of the proceedings before, and relative to, the canonization of St. Osmund, and which were kept in the muniment room at the cathedral, were taken away by Mr. Thompson, of the British Museum, to be bound. The work having been executed, the volume was returned to Salisbury, but afterwards disappeared. Efforts made to trace it proved unsuccessful. Recently a large portion of the library of the late Archdeacon Sanctuary was sold to a Salisbury bookseller, and among these books was found the missing volume, covered with dust and mildew, having, it is thought, been lying in a drawer in the library since before the death of Archdeacon Sanctuary's predecessor, who, it is supposed, put it in the drawer for temporary safety, and intended to place it with the other manuscripts in the possession of the Dean and Chapter, but died ere carrying out that intention. The bookseller, who obtained the manuscript under the circumstances described, marked it for sale at two guineas. Mr. Malden, of the Diocesan Registry, happened to see it, and, recognizing it, at once restored it to the cathedral.





The Outsides of Books.

THIS may fairly be claimed as a popular subject. It is, declares Mr. Davenport Adams,¹ one in which nearly every body—perhaps everybody—is interested. There can surely be few, if any, who do not care about the outside of a book. Even if a man never opens a volume, he likes its exterior to be pleasing. Nay, there are books which may be said to be produced and utilized only for their outward garb. How often does one find a volume described as a charming one “for the table”! It is for the table that certain publications are destined. Enter a drawing-room, and you will find a few books scattered here and there “with artful care.” I do not say they are intended never to be opened, but their primary function is to look nice—to “set off” the table-cloth, and, generally, to give a bright appearance to the room. And their adaptability for this purpose is so widely recognized that you can scarcely go anywhere without coming across books of this complexion. You find them exposed to view in your doctor’s or your dentist’s ante-chamber; you find them placed before you, usually very much the worse for wear, in hotel waiting-rooms. And the instinct which prompts all this display is genuine enough. It is perfectly true there is no furniture so agreeable to the eye as books. Nothing makes a room look at once so picturesque and homelike, if the volumes be but sufficiently varied in size and hue.

And that brings us in presence of a point of controversy. Ought there to be so much in variety in the exteriors of books? Ought they to be “got up” in so many different styles? Some people would answer these questions with a decided negative. These are

¹ “By-ways in Bookland.”

the persons who like uniformity in their libraries, who would have one shelf look for all the world like the facsimile of the other. These are the persons who, almost as soon as they buy a book, are desirous of having it rebound after some fantastic notion of their own. There is a class of purchasers which revels in long lines of volumes in "full calf gilt." You see that sort of thing in most old-fashioned collections, and the effect is not bad in some respects. The rows look handsome enough. They have solidity and richness. Nor do I say for a certain species of publication "full calf gilt" is not a very judicious form of binding. One likes to see the quarterlies and high-class monthlies done up in that style; it befits the seriousness of their contents. Let us give full play to this element of variety. Let every book have an individuality, a character of its own. Let us be able to identify it easily. Let it retain its original garb, so that we may always be able to distinguish it. Surely it is one of the greatest charms of a row of volumes that each has its special features, and can readily be found when wanted.

It may be laid down as a general rule that the binding of a book should have a distinct reference to the nature of its contents. It should be appropriate to the subject. One sympathizes with Posthumous in the play, when, apostrophizing the volume in his prison, he says :

" O rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise."

Juliet, when she hears that Romeo has slain Tybalt, asks :

" Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? "

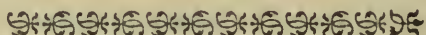
And in a like spirit Charles Lamb, in his well-known essay, complains of the "things in books' clothing" which, by reason of their inappropriate exteriors, afford so much disappointment to the reader. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it is some kind hearted play-book, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering population essay—to expect a Steele or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith ; those, indeed, are doleful and dispiriting experiences to which the unsuspecting student in enlightened times ought not to be subjected. If Mr. Gilbert's "Mikado" be right in the view that the punishment ought

to "fit the crime," so assuredly ought a book's binding to the matter that is contained within it. It should be the outward sign of the inward grace.

I am ready to admit that, as a rule, this is so. In general, it is quite easy to tell the nature of a volume from its cover, and for this the publishers are greatly to be thanked. An amateur, publishing for himself, may every now and then insist upon dressing up the production of his brains incongruously ; but, for the most part, the booksellers of to-day have a very excellent sense of what is fitting. The result is that those who care about books can differentiate them at a glance. They know what is the approved style and hue for biography and history, for poetry and fiction, for sermons, or gift-books, and so *ad infinitum*. The Life of So-and-So, the Annals of Such-and-Such, are unmistakable ; they have respectability written on every corner and angle of them. The dull brown, or the dull green, is sufficiently obvious to every one. And so with poetry. You know minor verse directly you see it. It has a *cachet* concerning which there can be no possible error. Happily, a Tennyson, a Browning, or a Swinburne, is equally recognizable. A novel, of course, bears its character on its face. The three-volume form is notorious. But it scarcely matters what shape fiction may take. It can be identified by instinct, whether it be in yellow boards or in more quiet habit. Sermons cannot be misapprehended ; there is no fear of their being taken on a railway journey instead of the latest book of memoirs. As for gift-books, whether for boy or girl, adult or juvenile, they have their destination marked upon them in all colours of the rainbow. Some complain of this and call it vulgar. No doubt it often is so. But a gift-book is produced for a definite purpose, and the public would be surprised, and probably annoyed, if it were not as gorgeous in gold and colours as it was expected to be. Gold and colours are what are wanted, and the publishers do well to supply them.

One thing, perhaps, is too little considered—that a book is, in most cases, intended to be read and to be preserved. Certain books are not issued for that purpose, but are deliberately manufactured to be thrown away when read. The shilling novel, one may presume, is not designed for a permanent existence. If it is, why is it so frequently brought out in a paper cover, which either comes off altogether or else curls up at the edges in the most irritating fashion ? It must be confessed that a paper cover is an infliction, demanding the eventual destruction of the book, or its prompt rebinding in more desirable style. But it is not sufficient only that

a volume should be bound. It should be bound so that it can be opened and perused with comfort. It should not be in too stiff a cover, or it will be awkward to hold. And the colour should not be in white, or in too delicate a colour, or one will not care to handle it. Nor should a book be bound too limply, for the cover will soon begin to look shapeless. A parchment binding is charming to gaze at for a time, but how quickly its glory fades! I should say to the ordinary book-buyer, in metaphoric language, Avoid the kickshaws and stick to the solids! In other words, leave the delicacies to the connoisseur, and give your attention to the books so clothed that you can read and keep them as long as you will.



A Unique Edition of "Manon Lescaut."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL curiosity is about to appear in Paris. It is a special edition, limited to thirty copies, of "Manon Lescaut," printed from new type, and illustrated (1) with a set of seven large engravings from water-colour drawings by Lionel Royer, in two states; one in colours, before letters, and one in bistre with descriptive legend; (2) nine original water-colour drawings painted on the volume by a different artist for each copy, forming the covers, false titles, frontispieces, head and tail pieces of the volume. Consequently each of the thirty copies is unique. The price per copy, each of which is numbered, is 1,000 frs., and the copies are supplied in the order of subscription, the fact of each copy having original designs by different artists preventing a simultaneous delivery.





The "Poor Man's Bible."

[*See Frontispiece.*]

BETWEEN sixty and seventy years ago a set of wood-blocks of an unknown engraver, dated 1540, but evidently designed at the end of the previous century, was bought at Nuremburg by the late Mr. Sams, of Darlington. In 1877 these blocks came into the possession of Messrs. Unwin, who showed them at the Caxton Exhibition in that year. Shortly afterwards impressions were taken from these in an edition of 250 copies, and the book was entitled "A New Biblia Pauperum." The "Biblia Pauperum," of the middle ages, it may be mentioned, was a method by which a knowledge of the leading incidents in the life of Christ was conveyed to those who used them. To what extent they circulated amongst the laity is a matter of doubt, but they formed a sort of pictorial text-book for the less learned members of the preaching orders—the *Pauperes Christi*—whose discourses would thus often acquire a greater dramatic power from the pictures which they had to translate into words for their hearers. The "Biblia Pauperum," and the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," were amongst the most popular of pre-Reformation books.

The popularity with which Mr. Fisher Unwin's "New Biblia Pauperum" was received induced him to issue the illustrations in a reduced form, and in 1884 accordingly appeared "A Smaller Biblia Pauperum, conteynynge Thyрте and Eyghte Wodecuttes illustratyng the Lyfe, Parablis, and Miraclis off oure Blessed Lorde and Savioure Jhesus Crist, with the Propre Descrypciouns thereoff extracted frō the Originall Texte off Iohn Wiclif, somtyme Rector of Lutterworth." It is in octavo size, consisting of 82

folios, and with a preface by the late Dean Stanley. Through the courtesy of Mr. Unwin, we reproduce one of these illustrations as our frontispiece, from which it will be seen that, however crude the engraving may be, the design is vigorous, and by no means without artistic talent. The blocks have not been recognized as belonging to any printed book, and the artist's mark, which appears on the thirty-seventh plate, is unknown. It seems highly probable, therefore, that the blocks were thrown aside and never used, after they had been engraved, till a lapse of near four centuries. They are illustrations of the life, miracles, parables, and sayings of our Saviour, and, occasionally, typical subjects for the Old Testament are introduced. There are altogether seventy-eight subjects represented on the thirty-eight plates. The text has been selected from Wiclif's translation of the New Testament, as being the only English version commonly known at the period when these blocks were engraved. The incidents of the engraving which we have selected for our frontispiece, are thus quaintly described in the Wicliffite version:—

“And it was don in tho daies a maundement wente out fro the emperroure august, that al the world schulde be discryued. The first discryuynge was maud of fyrn iustice of firie. And alle men wenten to make professioun eche in to his owne citee. And Joseph wente up fro galile fro the citee nazareth in to iudee in to a cite of dauith that is clepid bethleem for that he was of the hous and of the meynee of dauith that he schulde knowleche with marie his wiif that was weddid to hym and was greet with child.

“And it was don while thei weren there the daies weren fulfillid that sche schulde bere child and sche bare hir firstt borun sone and wlappid hym in clothis and leide hym in a cracche for ther was no place to hym in no chaumbre.

“And schepherdis weren in the same cuntre wakyng and kepinge the watchis of the nyzt on her flok and lo the aungel of the lord stood bisidis hem and the cleernesse of god schyned aboute hem and thei dredden with greet drede.

“And the aungel seide to hem nyle ze drede for lo I preche to zou a greet ioye that schal be to alle puple for a sauour is borun to dai to zou that is crist the lord in the citee of dauith and that is a token to zou ze schuln fynde a zunge child wlappid in clothis and laid in a cracche and sudeynli there was made with the aungel a multitude of heuenli knyztod heriynge god a seiynge glorie be in the hizist things to god and in erthe pees be to men of good wille.”



Vitré's "Bible Polyglotte."

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century President Le Jay, an eminent Paris lawyer and a man of wealth, encouraged Antoine Vitré, the royal printer, to enter upon the prodigious task of printing a polyglot Bible. Le Jay stood entirely alone as the patron of the enterprise. He advanced Vitré more than 100,000 crowns, a credit which resulted in his financial ruin.

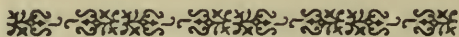
He met his losses with a dignity and composure at once admirable and surprising, rejecting Cardinal Richelieu's offer to make good his entire losses because the "grand minister" attached the condition that his (Richelieu's) name should be given to the polyglot and Le Jay's dropped from the work as its patron. Placed face to face with poverty Le Jay took orders, and was named Dean of Vezelai. Later he was created Councillor of State by Louis XV.

The famous "Bible Polyglotte" was finished in 1645, and consisted of nine large folio volumes, beautifully printed on fine paper, but its pages were literally sown with errors, misprints, &c.

Vitré survived the countless vexations arising from the enterprise, and, what was still more fortunate for him, saw his great enemy, Cardinal Richelieu, removed by death. Colbert placed Vitré at the head of the royal printing house. It is said that the punches and matrices of the fonts used in printing the "Bible Polyglotte" are still in existence, although for many years Vitré was suspected of having destroyed them to prevent their being used by other printers.

Curious Titles.

IN the middle of the seventeenth century an author wrote "an Antidote to the epidemical disorders of the times," which he entitles, "Stand Still ; or, a bridle for the times : a discourse tending to still the murmuring, settle the wavering, stay the wandering, strengthen the fainting." Jeremy Taylor wrote "The Golden Grove ; or choice manual, containing what is to be believed, practised, and desired, or prayed for." Ralph Venning wrote "Milk and Honey ; or, a miscellaneous collation of many Christian experiences, sayings, and sentences." Wills wrote "Mount Tabor ; or, private exercises for a penitent sinner, serving for a daily practice of the life of faith ; written in a time of voluntary retreat from secular affairs." White wrote "A way to the tree of life discovered in sundry directions for the profitable reading of the Scriptures ; occasionally describing the nature of a spiritual man." Ward wrote "The wonders of the loadstone ; or the loadstone newly reducted into a Divine and moral use." Yarrow wrote "Sovereign comforts for a troubled conscience, discovering the subtleties of Satan, with objections answered, to the great consolation of distressed minds." Robert Young, of Roxwell, wrote "A sovereign antidote against all grief, as also the benefit of affliction, how to husband it, and be supported under the most miserable exigencies with the victory of patience."



Castelnau's "Memoires."

CASTELNAU wrote his memoirs during his second embassy to England, and mentions many interesting particulars relative to British History, especially respecting Mary, Queen of Scots, and he is the only historian who has taken notice of Mary's daughter by Bothwell, who died a nun in the Convent of Soissons. An extraordinary rare large-paper copy of these "Memoires" of Michael de Castelnau recently appeared in the market. It is an edition issued at Bruxelles in 1731, in three volumes, with portraits and numerous coats of arms. The Duke of Hamilton's copy sold for nearly £50.



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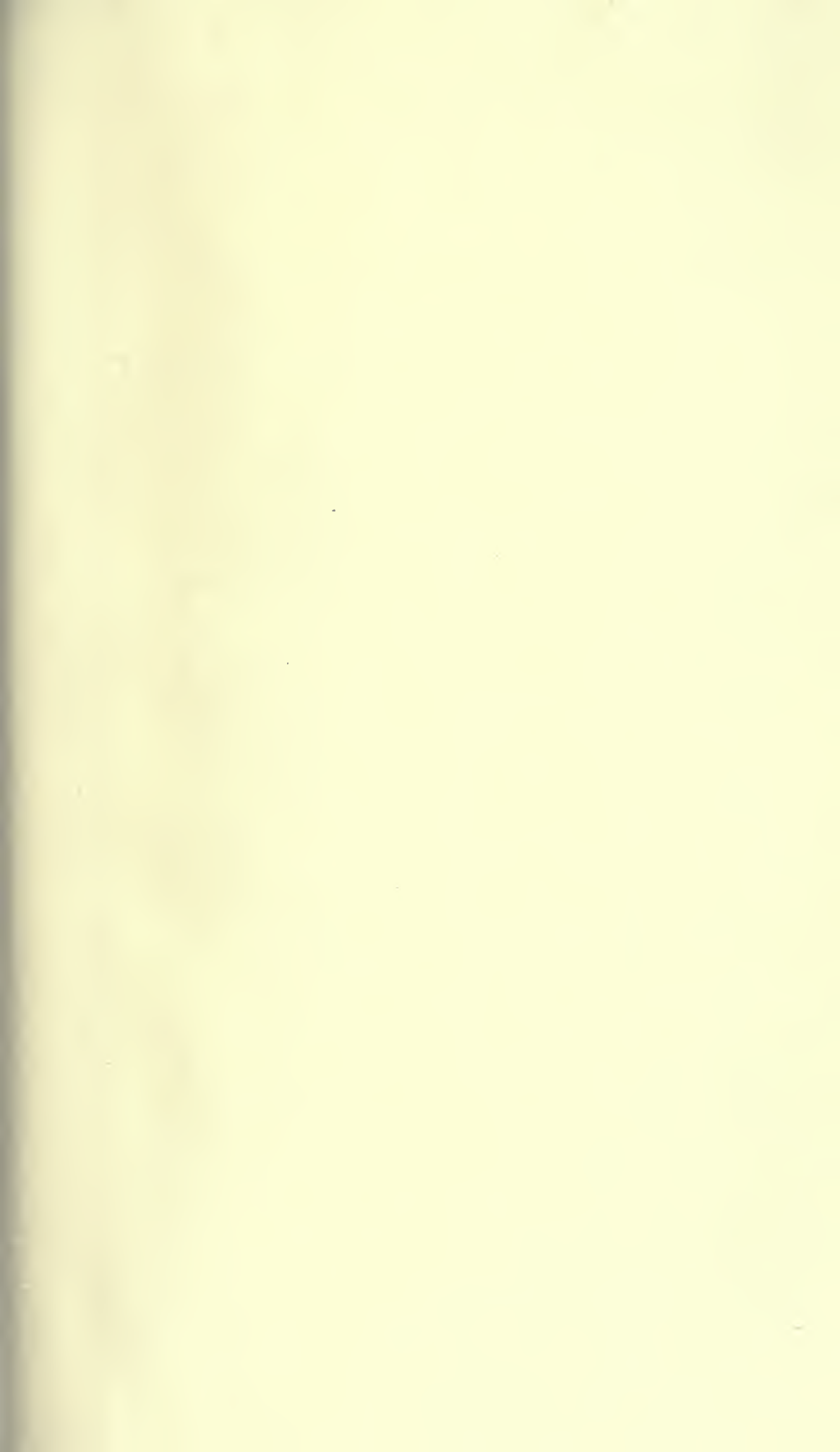
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